THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JANUARY 12, 1918 — 5c. THE COPY

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

In This Number

Marion Polk Angellotti—Ernest Poole—Isaac F. Marcosson—Will Payne—David Lawrence
Charles E. Van Loan—John Fleming Wilson—Samuel G. Blythe—Arthur Train—Will Irwin

Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

THE most conspicuous example of tire beauty, mile-producing quality, sturdy strength and downright honest value on the market. Made only with the famous Fisk Non-Skid tread—sold by dealers everywhere.

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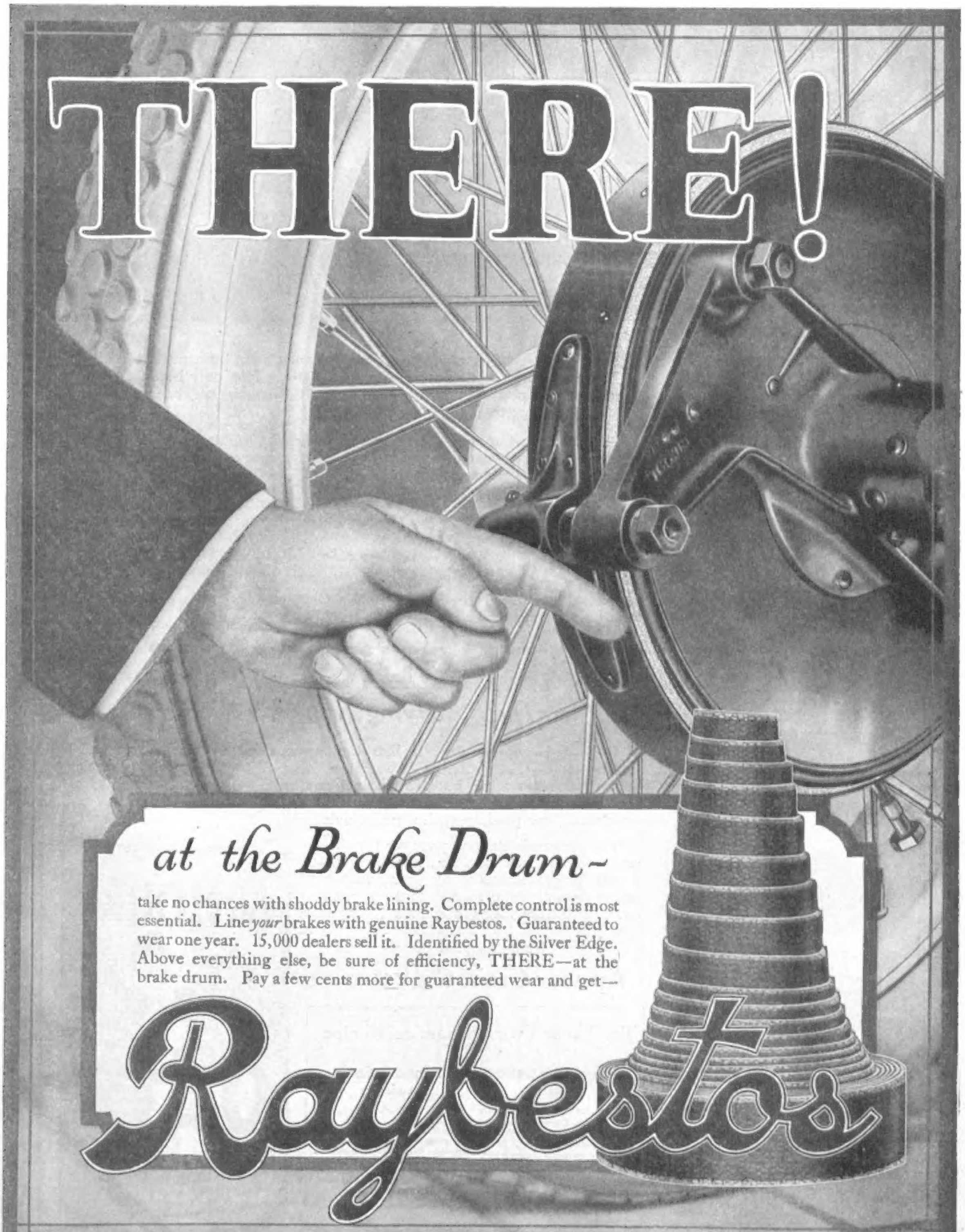
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at the Brake Drum-
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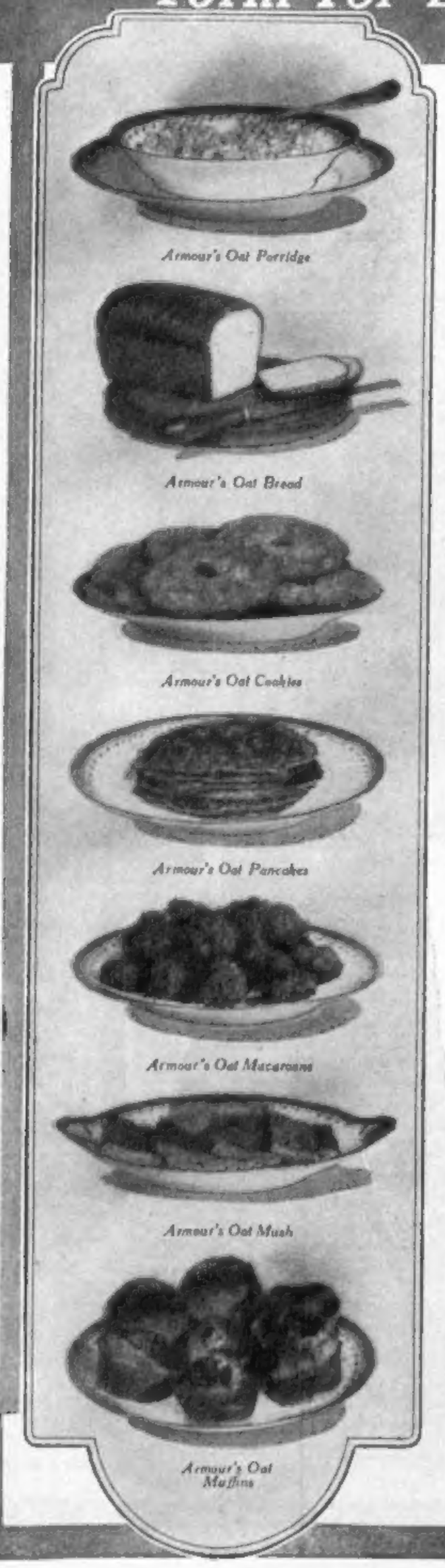
ARMOUR'S OATS

Serve Them Every Day In Some Appetizing Form For Breakfast, Luncheon And Dinner



PARTICULAR housewives by the thousands have been captivated by the surprising excellence of Armour's Oats. Not only because their flavor is so distinctively inviting, but because they can be cooked in so short a time—not more than 10 or 15 minutes being required.

And the almost unlimited variety of ways Armour's Oats can be prepared, pleases the thrifty woman intent on conserving food, at the same time she serves her family economically and well.

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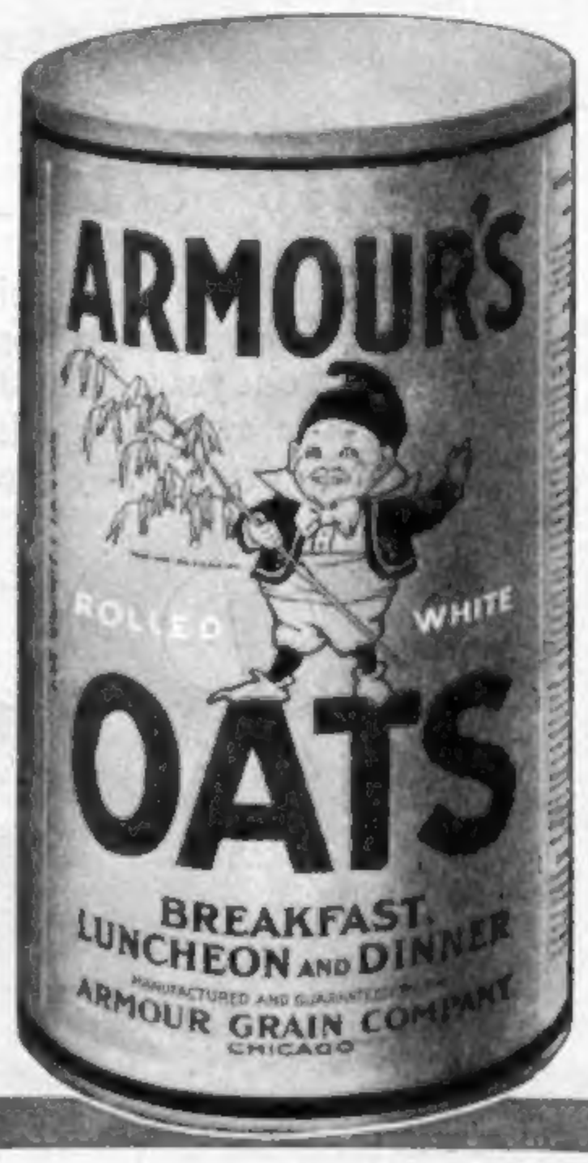

Try These Two Economical Recipes

Armour's Oat Mush

Pack oat porridge left from breakfast in greased 1-lb. baking powder box. Cover to prevent crust forming. Next morning remove, slice thin. Dip in flour, brown in greased frying pan. Serve with maple syrup.

Armour's Oat Pancakes

½ cup Armour's Oats, ½ cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup flour, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Place oats in bowl, add salt and boiling water—let stand five minutes—add milk, then flour and other ingredients. Mix thoroughly and bake on hot griddle.

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THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

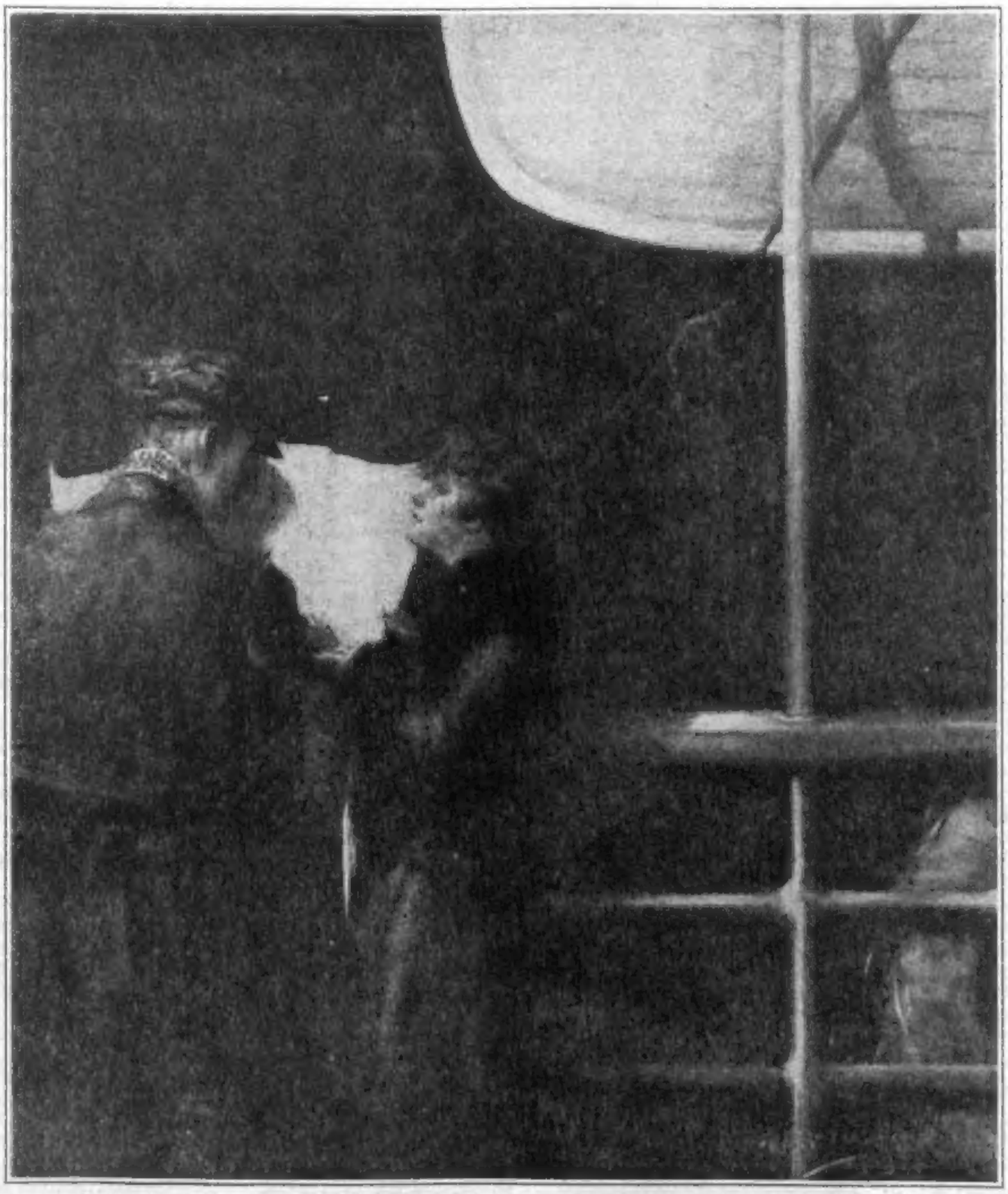
By Marion Polk Angellotti

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

THE restaurant of the Hotel St. Ives seems, as I look back on it, an odd spot to have served as stage wings for a melodrama, pure and simple. Yet a melodrama did begin there. No other word fits the case. The inns of the Middle Ages, which I believe reeked with trapdoors and cutthroats, pistols and poisoned daggers, offered nothing weirder than my experience, with its first scene set beneath this roof. The food there is superperfect, every luxury surrounds you, millionaires and traveling princes are your fellow guests. Still, sooner than pass another night there I would sleep airily in Central Park, and if I had a friend seeking New York quarters I would guide him toward some other place.

It was pure chance that sent me to the St. Ives for the night before my steamer sailed. Closing the doors of my apartment the previous week, and bidding good-by to the servants who had maintained me there in bachelor state and comfort, I had accompanied my friend Dick Forrest on a farewell yacht cruise, from which I returned to find the first two hotels of my seeking packed from cellar to roof. But the third had a room free, and I took it without the ghost of a presentiment. And what would or would not have happened if I had not taken it is a thing I like to speculate on.

To begin with, I should in due course have joined an ambulance section somewhere in France. I should not have gone hobbling on crutches for a painful three months or more. I should not have in my possession four shell fragments, carefully extracted by a French surgeon from my fortunately hard head. Nor should I have lived through the dreadful moment when that British officer at Gibraltar held up those papers, neatly folded and bound with bright, inappropriately cheerful red tape, and with an icy eye demanded an explanation beyond human power to afford.



"This Paper," She Whispered, "Has Something in It. It is Not About Me: it is Not Even True. But it May Make Trouble"

All this would have been spared me. But on the other hand I could not look back on that dinner on the Turin-Paris *rapide*. I should never have seen that little ruined French village, with guns booming in the distance, and the nearer sound of water running through tall reeds and over green stones and between great mossy trees. Indeed, my life would now be, comparatively speaking, a cheerless desert, because I should never have known the most—— Well, all clouds have silver linings; some have golden ones with rainbow edges. No, I am not sorry I stopped at the St. Ives; not in the least!

At any rate there I was, at eight o'clock of a Wednesday evening, in a restaurant full of the usual lights and buzz and glitter, among women in soft-hued gowns and men in their hideous substitute for the same. And across the table sat my one-time guardian, dear old Peter Dunstan—Dunny to me since the night when I first came to him, a very tearful, lonesome small boy whose loneliness went away forever with his welcoming hug—just arrived from his home in Washington to eat a farewell dinner with me, and for the hundredth time to impress upon me that I had better not go.

"It's a wild-goose chase," he snapped, attacking his entrée savagely. Heaven knows it was to prove so, and wilder than his dreams could paint; but if there were geese in it, myself included, there was also to be a swan!

"You don't really mean that, Dunny," I said firmly, continuing my dinner. It was a good dinner; we had consulted over each item, from cocktails to liqueurs; and we are both of us distinctly fussy about food.

"I do mean it!" insisted my guardian. Dunny has the biggest heart in the world, with a cayenne layer over it, and this layer is always thickest when I am bound for distant parts. "I mean every word of it, I tell you, Dev!" Dev, like Dunny, is a misnomer; my name is Devereux—Devereux Bayne. "Don't you risk your bones enough with the confounded games you play? What's the use hunting shells and shrapnel, like a hero in a movie reel? We're not in this war yet, though we soon will be, praise the Lord! And till we are I believe in neutrality—upon my soul I do!"

"Here's news then!" I exclaimed. "I never heard of it before. Well, your new life begins too late, Dunny; you brought me up the other way. The modern system, you know, makes the parent or guardian responsible for the child, so thank yourself for my unneutral nature and for the war medals I'm going to win!"

Muttering something about impertinence he veered to another tack. "If you must do it," he croaked, "why sail for Naples instead of for Bordeaux? The Mediterranean is full of those pirate fellows. You read the papers—the headlines anyway; you know it as well as I. It's suicide, no less! Those Huns sank the San Pietro last week! I say, young man, are you listening? Do you hear what I'm telling you?"

It was true that my gaze had wandered, toward the close of his harangue. I like to look at my guardian; the fine old chap, with his height and straightness, his bright blue eyes and proud silver head, is a sight for sore eyes, as they say. But just then I had glimpsed something that was even better worth seeing. I am not impressionable—but I was impressed by this girl, I must confess.

She sat far down the room from me. Her back alone was visible, save for a somewhat blurred side view reflected in the mirror on the wall. Even so much was, however, more than welcome, including as it did a smooth white neck, a small shell-pink ear, and a mass of warm, crinkly, red-brown hair. She wore a rose-colored gown, I noticed, cut

"According to Rumor the Duke of Reincycle Tour Was Lately Intrusted With a Mission of Exceptional Peril, Involving a Flight Into Hostile Territory"

low, with a string of pearls; and her sole escort was a staid, elderly, precise being, rather of the family lawyer type.

"I haven't missed a word, Dunny," I assured my vis-à-vis. "I was just wondering whether Huns and pirates had quite a neutral sound. And you know I have to go via Rome to spend a week with Jack Herriott; he has been pestering me for a good two years, ever since he's been secretary there."

Grumbling unintelligible things my guardian tasted his Chablis; and I, crumbling bread, lazily wishing I could get a front view of the girl in rose color, filled the pause by rambling on.

"Duty calls me," I declared. "You see, I was born in France. Shabby treatment on my parents' part, I've always thought it; if they had hurried home before the event I might have been President and declared war here instead of hunting one across the seas. In that case, Dunny, I should have heeded your plea and stayed; but since I'm ineligible for chief executive, why linger on this side?"

I Wondered Whether He Suspected Me of Slipping Out to Evade My Bill

He scowled blackly. "I'll tell you what it is, my boy," he accused with lifted forefinger; "you like to pose, that's what is the matter with you! You like to act stolid, matter-of-fact, correct; you want to sit in your ambulance and smoke cigarettes indifferently, and raise your eyebrows superciliously when shrapnel bursts round! And it's all very well now; it looks picturesque; it looks good form, very! But how old are you, eh, Dev? Twenty-eight, is it? Twenty-nine?"

"You should know, none better, that I am thirty," I responded. "Haven't you remembered each anniversary since I was five, beginning with a hobbyhorse, and working up through knives and rifles and ponies to the latest thing in cars?"

Dunny lowered his accusing finger and tapped it on the cloth. "Thirty," he repeated fatefully. "All right, Dev. And strong and fit as an ox, and a crack polo player, and a fair shot and boxer, and not bad with boats and cars and horses, and pretty well off too! So when you look bored it's picturesque; but wait! Wait ten years, till you take on flesh and the doctor puts you on diet, and you stop hunting chances to kill yourself and play golf instead, like me! Then, my boy, when you look stolid you won't be romantic. You'll be stodgy, my boy. That's what you'll be!"

Of all words in the dictionary there is surely none worse than this one. The suggestions of stodginess are appalling, including, even at best, hints of overweight, general uninterestingness, and a disposition to sit at home in smoking jacket and slippers after one's evening meal. And as my guardian suggested, my first youth was over. I held up both my hands in token that I asked for grace.

"*Kamerad!*" I cried pathetically. "Come, Dunny, let's be sociable. After all, you know, it's my last evening; and if you call me such names you will be sorry when I am gone! By the way, speaking of Huns—it was you, the neutral, who mentioned them—does it strike you there are quite a few of them on the staff of this hotel? I hope they won't poison me. Look at the head waiter; look at half the waiters round; and see that blond-haired, blue-eyed menial—do you think he saw his first daylight in these United States?"

The menial in question was a uniformed bell boy winding in and out among tables and paging some elusive guest. As he approached his chant grew plainer.

"Mr. Bayne," he was droning, "Room Four Hundred and Three." I raised a hand in summons, and he paused beside my seat.

"Telephone call for you, sir," he informed me.

With a word to my guardian I pushed my chair back and crossed the room. But at the door I found my path barred by the maître d'hôtel, who had sprung forward at sight of my progress like an arrow from a bow.

"Excuse me, sir; you're not leaving, are you?" The man was actually breathing hard. Deferential as his bearing was, I saw no cause for the inquiry, and with some amusement and more annoyance I wondered whether he suspected me of slipping out to evade my bill.

"No," I said, staring him up and down, "I'm not!" And I passed down the hall to the entrance of the telephone booths. Glancing back, I could see him still standing there gazing after me; and his face, I thought, wore a relieved expression as he saw whither I was bound.

The queer incident left my mind as I secluded myself, got my connection, and heard across the wire the indignant accents of Dick Forrest, my former college chum. Upon leaving his yacht that morning I had promised him a certain power of attorney—Dick is a lawyer, and is called a good one, though I can never quite credit it—and he now demanded with unjudicial heat why it had not been sent round.

"Good heavens, man," I cut in remorsefully, "I forgot it! The thing is in my room now. Where are you? That's all right—you'll have it by messenger within ten minutes." And hastily rehooking the receiver I bolted from my booth.

In the restaurant door against a background of paneled walls the maître d'hôtel still stood, as if watching for my return. I sprang into an elevator just about to start its ascent, and saw his mouth fall open and his feet bring him several quick steps forward.

"The man is crazy," I told myself with conviction as I shot up four stories in as many seconds and was deposited in my hall.

There was no one at the desk where the floor clerk usually kept vigil, gossiping affably with such employees as passed. The place seemed deserted; no doubt all the guests were downstairs. Treading lightly on the thick carpet I went down the hall to Room Four Hundred and Three, and found the door ajar and a light visible inside.

My bed, I supposed, was being turned down. I swung the door open, then halted in my tracks. With his back to me, bent over a trunk which I had left locked but which now yawned wide open, was a man.

Stepping inside I closed the door quietly, the while I scrutinized my unconscious visitor from head to foot. He wore no hotel insignia—was neither porter, waiter nor valet.

"Well, how about it? Anything there suit you?" I inquired affably with my back against the door.

Exclaiming gutturally he whisked about and faced me where I stood quite prepared for a rough-and-tumble—and I saw, instead of a typical housebreaker of fiction, a pale, rabbitlike, decent-appearing little soul. He was neatly dressed; he seemed unarmed, save for a great ring of assorted keys; and his manner was propitiatory and mild-eyed as that of any mouse. There must be some mistake. He was some sober mechanic, not a robber. But on the other hand he looked ready to faint with fright.

"*Mein Gott!*" he murmured in a sort of fishlike gasp.

This illuminating remark was my first clew. "Ah! *Mein Herr* is German?" I inquired, not stirring from my place.

The demand wrought an instant change in him—he drew himself up, perhaps to five feet five. "Vat you got against the Germans?" he asked me almost with menace. It was the voice of a fanatic intoning *Die Wacht am Rhein*; a zealot speaking for the whole embattled *Vaterland*.

The situation was becoming farcical. "Nothing in the world, I assure you," I replied. "They are a simple, kindly people. They are musical. They have given the world Schiller, Goethe, the famous *Kultur*, and a new conception of the possibilities of war. But I think they should have kept out of Belgium, and I feel the same way about my room—and don't you try to pull a pistol or I may feel more strongly still!"

"I ain't got no pistol, *nein*," declared my visitor sulkily. His resentment had already left him; he had shrunk back to five feet two.

"Well, I have, but I'll worry along without it," I remarked with a glance at the nearest bag. In the light of targets I don't regard my fellow creatures with great enthusiasm, and moreover I could easily have made two of this mousy champion of a warlike race. Illogically, I was feeling that to bully him was sheer brutality—besides which my dinner was not being improved by the delay.

"Look here," I said amiably. "I can't see that you've taken anything. Speak up lively now; I'll give you just one chance. If you care to tell me how you got through a locked door, and what you were after, I'll let you go. I'm off to the firing-line, and it may bring me luck!"

Hope glimmered in his eyes. In broken English, with a childlike ingenuousness of demeanor, he informed me that he was a first-class locksmith—virst-glass he called it—who had been sent by the management to open a reluctant trunk. He had entered my room, I was led to infer, by a mistake. "I go now, *ja?*" he concluded, as postscript to the likely tale.

"The devil you do! Do you take me for an utter fool?" I asked, excusably nettled; and stepping to the telephone I took the receiver from its hook.

"Give me the manager's office, please," I requested, watching my visitor. "Is this the manager? This is Mr. Bayne speaking, Room Four Hundred and Three. I've found a man investigating my trunk—a foreigner, a German." An exclamation from the manager, and from the listening telephone girl a shriek. "Yes, I have him. Yes, of course I can hold him. Send up your house detective, and be quick! My dinner is spoiling ——"

The receiver dropped from my hand and clattered against the wall. The little German, suddenly galvanized, had leaped away from the trunk, not toward me and the door beyond me but toward the electric switch. His fingers found and turned it, plunging the room into the darkness of the grave. Taken unawares I barred his path to the hall,

only to hear him fling up the window across the room. Against the faint square of light this revealed I saw him hang poised a moment; then, with a desperate noise, a moan of mixed resolve and terror, he disappeared.

II

STANDING there staring after him I felt like a murderer of the deepest dye. It is one thing to hand over to the police their natural prey, a thief taken in the act—quite another, and a much more harrowing one, to have him slip through your fingers, precipitate himself into midair, and drop four stories to the pavement, scattering his brains far and wide. There was not a vestige of hope for the poor wretch.

Unnerved, I groped to the window and peered downward for his remains. My first glance proved my regrets to be superfluous. Beneath my window—which, owing to the crowded condition of the hotel, opened on a side street—a fire escape descended jaggedly; and upon it just out of arm's reach my recent guest clung and wabbled, struggling with an attack of natural vertigo before proceeding toward the earth.

By this time my rage was such that I would have followed that little thief almost anywhere. It was not the dizziness of the yawning void that stayed me—I would have climbed the Matterhorn with all cheerfulness to catch him at the top. But sundry visions of the figure I would cut, the crowd that might gather, and the probable ragging in the morning papers were too much for me, and I sorrowfully admitted that the game was not worth the price.

The little man's nerves, meanwhile, seemed to be steadying. Feeling each step he began cautiously to work his way down. To my wrath he even looked up at me and indulged in a grimace—but his triumph was ill-timed, for at that very instant I beheld, strolling along the street below, humming and swinging his night-stick, as leisurely, complacent and stalwart a representative of the law as one could wish to see.

"Hi there! Officer!" I shouted lustily. My hail, if not my words, reached him; he glanced up, saw the figure on the ladder, and was seized instantaneously with the spirit of the chase.

Yelling something reassuring, the gist of which escaped me, he constituted himself a reception committee of one and started for the ladder's foot. But our doughty Teuton was a resourceful person. Roused to the urgency of his plight he looked wildly up at me, down at the officer, and then hastily pushing up the nearest window hoisted himself across its sill, and again took refuge in the St. Ives Hotel!

With a bellow of rage the policeman dashed toward the porte-cochère, while I ducked back into the room, rapidly revolving my chances of cutting off the man's retreat below. If the system of numbering was the same on every floor my thief must of course emerge from Room Three Hundred and Three. But this similarity was problematical; and to invade apartments at random, leaving a trail of women's shrieks behind me and maybe even waking babies, was too desperate a shift to try.

There remained to wait, with what patience I could summon, for the house detective.

And where was he, by the way? I had turned in my alarm a good five minutes ago!

In an unenviable humor I stumbled across the room, tripping and barking my shins over various malignant hassocks, tables and chairs. Finding the switch at last I flooded the room with light, and saw myself in the mirror, with tie and coat askew.

"Now," I muttered, straightening them viciously, "we'll see what he took away." But the trunk seemed undisturbed when I examined it, and my various bags and suit cases were securely locked. I had found Forrest's power of attorney and was storing it in my pocket when voices rose outside.

A group of four was approaching, comprising a spruce dress-coated manager; a short, thick-set, broad-faced man who was doubtless the long-overdue detective; a professional-appearing gentleman with a black bag, obviously the house physician; and the policeman whom I had summoned from his stroll below. The latter, in an excitable brogue, was recounting his late vision of the thief, "hangin' between hivin and earth, no less"; while the detective scornfully accused him of having been asleep or jingled, on the ground of my late telephone to the effect that I was holding the man.

The manager, as was natural, took the initiative, bustling past me into my room and peering eagerly round. "I needn't say, Mr. Bayne," he orated fluently, "how sorry I am that this has happened—above all, beneath our roof. It is our first case, I assure you, of anything so regrettable. If it gets into the papers it won't do us any good. Now the important thing is to take the fellow out by the rear, without courting notice—— Why, where is he?" hopefully. "Surely he isn't gone?"

"Sure, and didn't I tell ye? 'Tis without oies ye think me!" The policeman was resentful, and so, to tell the truth, was I. The whole maddening affair seemed bent on turning to farce at every angle; the doctor, as a final straw, had just offered sotto voce to mix me a soothing draft!

"Gone? Of course he is gone, man!" I exclaimed with some natural temper. "Did you expect him to sit here waiting all this time? What on earth have you been doing—reading the papers—playing bridge? A dozen thieves could have escaped since I telephoned downstairs!"

"But you said," he murmured, apparently dazed, "that you could hold him." A tactless remark, which failed to assuage my wrath.

I am Not Impressionable—But I Was Impressed by This Girl, I Must Confess

"So I could," I responded savagely "But I didn't expect him to turn into a conjuring trick, which is what he did! He went out that window head foremost, down the ladder, and into the room below. Let's be after him—though we stand as much chance of catching him as we do of finding the King of England!" And I turned toward the doorway, where the manager, the doctor and the detective were massed.

The manager put his hand upon my arm. I looked down at it with raised eyebrows, and he took it away. "Excuse me, sir," he said, adopting a manner of appeal, "but if you'll reflect for a moment you'll see how it is, I know. People don't care for houses where burglars fly in and out of windows; it makes them nervous; you wouldn't believe how easily a hotel can get a bad name and lose its clientèle! Besides, from what you tell me, the fellow must be well away by this time. You'd do me a favor—a big one—by dropping the matter here."

"Well, I won't!" I snapped indignantly. "I'll see it through—or start something still livelier!

"Are you coming down with me to investigate the room beneath us or do you want me to ring up police headquarters and find out why?"

The policeman, in the hall, on the outer fringe of the group, looked at me across the intervening heads and dropped one slow, approving lid. "If the gintleman says so ——" he remarked in heavy tones fraught with meaning, and fixed a cold blue appraising gaze on the detective, who thereupon yielded with an unexpectedly good grace.

"Aw, what's eating you?" was his amiable demand. "Sure, we was going right down there anyhow soon's we found out how the land lay up here."

The five of us took the elevator to the lower floor. An unfriendly atmosphere surrounded me; I was held a hotel wrecker without reason and without ruth. We found the corridor empty, the floor desk abandoned—a state of things rather strikingly the duplicate of that reigning overhead—and in due course paused before Room Three Hundred and Three, where the manager, figuratively speaking, washed his hands of the affair.

"Here is the room, Mr. Bayne, for which you ask." If I would persist in my nefarious course, added his tone.

The detective, obeying the hypnotic eye of the policeman, knocked. There was silence; the bluecoat, my one ally, was crouching for a spring. Then light steps crossed the room and the door was opened. There stood a girl—a most attractive girl; the girl whom I had seen downstairs. Straight and slender, spiritedly gracious in bearing, with gray eyes questioning us from beneath lashes of crinkly black, she was a radiant figure as she stood facing us, with a coat of bright-blue velvet thrown over her rosy gown.

"Beg pardon, miss," said the policeman brightly; "this gintleman's been robbed."

As her eyebrows went up a fraction I could have murdered him, for how else could she read his statement save that I took her for the thief?

"I am very sorry," I explained, bowing formally, "to disturb you. We are hunting a thief who took French leave by my fire escape.

"I must have been mistaken—I thought that he dodged in again by this window. You have not seen or heard anything of him, of course?"

"No, I haven't. But then, I just this instant came up from dinner," she replied. Her low contralto tones, quite impersonal, were yet delightful; I could have stood there talking burglars with her till dawn. "Do you wish to come in and make sure that he is not in hiding?" With a half smile for which I didn't blame her she moved a step aside.

(Continued on Page 66)

The Russian Armies in Revolt

By ERNEST POOLE

ANYONE who imagines that Russia and her armies are no longer one of the immense determining factors in this war is blind to the true state of things. For if the Bolsheviki fail Russia may still count in the war; and if the Bolsheviki succeed their success is bound to affect the radical forces in other lands. It may even start an impulse that will sweep all over Europe. For Europe is in a state of change, in which what happens in one nation is sure, to a greater or less degree, to have an effect on all the rest. Old things are gone, and what new things are latent there we do not know.

In Europe at the present time there are thirty-five million men in arms. For the most part this stupendous mass has been under firm control. But now over ten millions are in revolt, and what they will do it is hard to tell. They are the force in Russia to-day; all factions are bidding for their support. And even if their Government makes peace before this article is published they are not through; for you cannot demobilize ten million men without giving rise to disorders so vast as to be felt round the world. Moreover, out of the chaos of rioting and civil war into which Russia is plunging now there may arise in the next few months some leader or some great idea round which all or part of the armies will rally again. For the Russian soldier is by no means a coward. In the past he has fought as bravely as any soldier on the earth. He will not fight now because he sees no cause for which he will give his life; in his mind there is still no connection between the Revolution and the war begun by the Old Régime. But deep down within him is that slow-burning passion, that semireligious zeal which, if given a great idea or some great personality, may yet become a terrific force in a revolutionist army.

Three-Fourths of the Russian Soldiers Did Not Read or Write. They Did Not Understand at All Why They Were at War With Germany, Nor Had They Any Idea of the Danger to Russia if Germany Won

For three years we have read of disciplined armies. Here is one of another kind. And for those of us who are watching this war with an eye to what may lie ahead, it is well to try to understand clearly and in full detail the growth and organization of these committees of soldiers, which have shown such real vitality that the fate of Russia seems now in their hands. For what has happened in the army is a deep and vital part of their whole Revolution, which we, as a democracy, should do our best to comprehend before trying to pass judgment. It may affect all Europe more than we can realize now.

A Campaign of Education

THE most comprehensive view of the rise and swift development of the Russian committees of soldiers was given me in August, 1917, by General Verkhovsky, then in command of all the troops in the region about Moscow. Soon afterward he became Kerensky's Minister of War.

A tall man, about forty years old, slightly stooped, with close-cropped black hair and a high receding forehead, he wore glasses over serious eyes, and spoke, with a strong accent, a slow deliberate English. Altogether he appeared more like a student than a general. And yet he wore the Cross of St. George for conspicuous bravery; and only a few days before, in the open court of the Kremlin, he had addressed thousands of soldiers with such success that after his speech they had seized him and tossed him three times in the air, which is the Russian soldier's way of giving three cheers for an officer.

Here was a man who, placed in command of nearly three million mutinous troops, had succeeded, at least to some degree, in building up a following. How had he done it and what was his aim? I was interested to find out. I talked to him in the Kremlin, in a low red-stucco palace there, close by the church where the czars were crowned.

"To begin with," he said, "you Americans should understand what our armies were like before the Revolution took place. Three-fourths of the Russian soldiers did not know how to read or write, and they had no conception of the state. They knew only that they had a Czar, and that they must obey him or they would be flogged. They did not understand at all why we were at war with Germany, nor had they any idea of the danger to Russia if Germany won. No one had thought it worth while to explain. The army had been kept in hand by the discipline of the lash. There was no Russian Army, but only an armed people.

"And so, when the war had lasted two years, the men began to show signs of revolt. In the summer of 1916 the whole Seventh Siberian Army Corps refused to advance; and this was no isolated fact. With little or no understanding of what they were fighting for, the soldiers mutinied time and again. I found disorders last winter at many points along the Front. There was a lack of food and fuel, of clothing and munitions. Often, in some sections, the troops had little or nothing to eat for three or four days. Scrofula and scurvy were all along the Russian line.

"Moreover, most of the best officers had been killed earlier in the war, so many of the regiments had but three or four real officers. The rest were merely makeshifts with no military training. And the higher officers had too often been selected not for fighting qualities, but because they upheld the Old Régime. That this régime was growing pro-German, few of us had any doubt. Rumors of more and more intrigues for a separate peace kept reaching us, and most of us officers at the Front felt we should be beaten unless there was a speedy change. In December I went to Petrograd to tell the real Russian patriots that unless there was a revolution soon all would be lost.

"But when the Revolution broke out, to the ignorant peasant soldier the new freedom meant anarchy—freedom from duties of every kind. And from what he had known of his officers he feared that to obey them might lead him back under the Old Régime, with a loss of his new liberty. The political and the social revolutions were mixed in his head; and, besides, he had inherited dense ignorance from the past. The Bolsheviki at the Front urged him to use his new power against the Russian bourgeois; and the only bourgeois at the Front were the officers, who had better pay and better meals and living quarters. So he put them down as bourgeois and started the class struggle preached by the Bolsheviki. There were many German agents, too, and written proclamations were sent over from the German side. The situation was made worse by the fact that the Allies refused to agree to the new Russian peace terms of no annexations or contributions. The Russian soldier gathered from this that the Allies did want annexations. He put them down as imperialists, who were in the war for what they could get.

"But the Russian soldiers are children, accustomed to guidance from above; and so, in forming their new committees, they almost always included certain officers they could trust. Though I had been Chief of Staff of a newly formed army division, the soldiers, sailors and workmen of Sebastopol made me chairman of their head committee there, which controlled both the Fortress and the Black Sea Fleet. And so it was at other points. Only where there were no really intelligent leaders to explain the true aims of the Revolution did the soldiers mutiny against the Provisional Government.

"Meantime, in Petrograd, Kerensky had begun to do the first thing that was needed—to replace the higher officers by men in whom the soldiers had faith. He transferred me to Moscow and put me in charge of one-fourth of the armies. I found utter disintegration here. At once, where it was possible, I put into the higher commands officers the men would trust and who at the same time had had real military training. It was hard to get the two combined; so instead I often put in a man for his qualities as a soldier, and then gave him as his aide an officer fitted to explain to the men the plans of our new Government.

"'To get a better life,' we said, 'for the whole Russian people, we must save the Revolution from enemies within and without.' In Europe there had been two czars; and the one in Berlin was still on his throne, and was straining his utmost now to win such a victory as would endanger not only Russian liberty but freedom in every liberal land. 'And so, tovarisch [comrades], we must fight!' Through the soldiers' committees we spread the idea that every soldier must obey, must drill and get ready to go to the Front—to defend the Revolution. In my region I was able to put my supporters in control of many soldiers' committees, so that the simple soldier heard the same thing from his officer and from the soldiers' committee he himself had organized."

Beginnings of Discipline

"SO MUCH for education. In this we have still made only a start, for we have had to fight against both the German and the Bolsheviki propaganda against the war. And, therefore, for those who refused to obey we must of course resort to force. But what kind of force? That was a question so difficult that, at first, we did little or nothing at all. But we have made headway even in this.

"The first step was the handling of individual soldiers who took advantage of the lack of restraint to commit all sorts of petty crimes. For such crimes we formed in each company a little court of soldiers, and for the more serious crimes we organized regimental courts, which included a few officers. This system had large success and is spreading through the army. Soon every soldier will understand that for every offense he will be punished, not by hostile powers above but by his own comrades in arms.

"The second question was how to control not only individuals but whole regiments in mutiny. For this, of course, we had to wait until we had won a strong support. What we tried to do was to show the men that our new discipline was a vital part of the Revolution, and that all mutineers were, therefore, counter-revolutionists. In this we have already had some success. At Nizhni-Novgorod last month, when several regiments mutinied, our organization was so strong that, with the approval of the soldiers' committee here, we were able to send detachments of cavalry and infantry and artillery to Nizhni. There we surprised the mutineers and so were soon able to bring them to terms. Their leaders are in prison now, not to be tried by a soldiers' court but by a high court-martial. But meantime this whole affair was explained in a proclamation, one hundred

thousand copies of which were sent to the committees of soldiers under my command.

"In brief, we have always tried not to work against the committees, but through them. We have always explained as we went along. It is slow, but it is the only way to build up a real discipline based on the consent of all. And no other kind is possible here. We can issue no arbitrary commands, as they could under the Old Régime. We issue every order in the name of the Revolution, and we try our uttermost to make every soldier understand. And by this plan we have at least made considerable headway. The soldiers' courts, both higher and lower, are now beginning to handle all the individual crimes.

"Mutiny is on the decline. Regiments are beginning to drill back here in the depots, whereas a month ago there was still no drill at all. Before, my staffs were isolated. Now they are connected by telegraph and telephone. From the depots we are already able to send regiments to the Front. And there, while as yet they will not advance, at least they stay in the trenches and are holding the Russian line.

"The retreat at Tarnopol, with its terrible loss of life, was a lesson to all mutineers. For the Old Régime saying still holds true: 'It takes a clap of thunder to cause the Russian peasant to bow and make the sign of the cross.'"

This was the point of view of one of the highest men in command. Through all the disorders this winter it will be well to keep in mind that such men still exist in Russia and may, at almost any time, regain a powerful following.

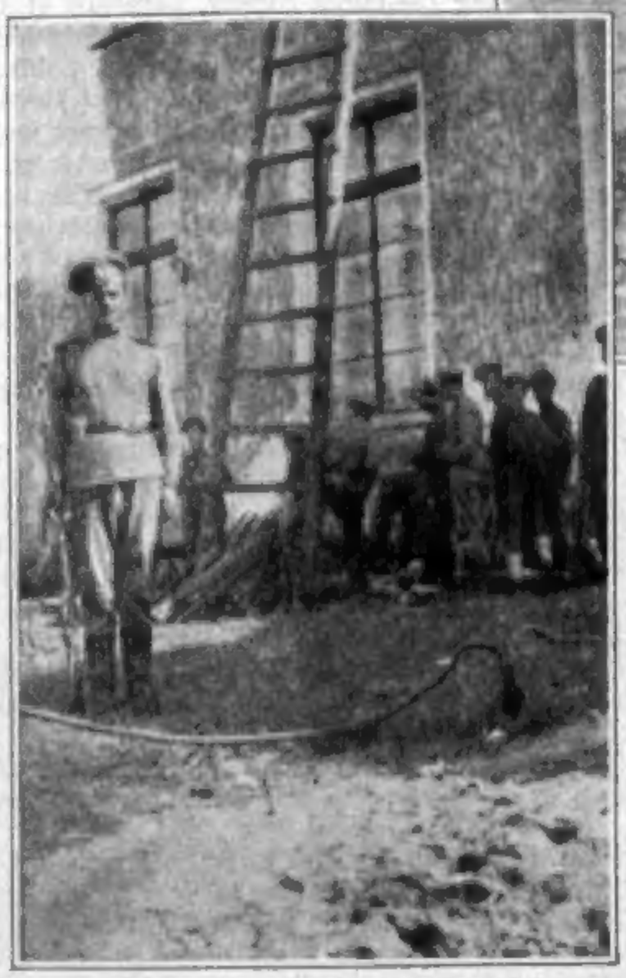
A somewhat similar viewpoint, though from a different angle, was given me in Petrograd by a leader in the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. The majority of that council was in favor of going on with the war; all summer speakers at the Front were trying hard to build up the morale of the army. And this man was one of three in the council's special army committee who had been directing the attempt to restore some measure of discipline.

A Petrograd lawyer before the war, he had enlisted as a volunteer, had been at the Front for nearly three years and had become an officer. He was a socialist of one of the moderate factions. In figure trim and vigorous, with a strong dark face and clear black eyes, he spoke English fluently. His voice was hoarse, because for three days and nights he had been almost constantly speaking to soldiers at the Front.

The Reign of Chaos

"PRACTICALLY all real socialists of military age," he said, "have been at the Front since the war broke out; for that is part of socialism. You must socialize danger first of all. If your country is in danger, certainly you must bear your share. I myself was a volunteer. But that does not mean you must blindly obey a Government like that of the Czar. And so when that Government would have made a separate peace, we turned out the Czar and his followers and put in a Government of our own.

"I was down at the Front at the time. In our officers' mess, composed of men of all political parties, we had talked against the Old Régime; for we knew they were hindering the war in every way that was possible, and were in constant touch with Berlin. Then we guessed they would try to bring on a fake Revolution in Petrograd in order that they might have an excuse to break their treaty with England and France. But their fake Revolution soon became real; for the Cossacks from our division, who had been summoned to Petrograd to put down the disorders, turned against the Old Régime, even firing on the police. Other regiments did the same. The army made the Revolution a success within a week. And at first among our officers there was immense rejoicing; but then, as the Revolution dived deep into our whole national life and meantime played the devil with our soldiers at the Front, most of the officers changed their tune.



Loyal Troops Guarding Bolsheviki Guns Captured in the July Insurrection

"In our sector of the Western Front there was food for only thirty-six hours. After that it was each man for himself; and the soldiers took things into their hands. Most of them acted simply like a lot of boys turned loose. They talked and argued and sang songs; they hurrahed for the great Revolution and got food wherever they could. As a rule there was no violence; but here and there they seized the chance to pay off old scores with officers. On top of this came the Bolsheviki and German secret agents, starting trouble everywhere, haranguing the soldiers and giving out leaflets, persuading them to climb out of the trenches and fraternize with the enemy.

"Meantime the false rumor spread that there was panic everywhere in Russian towns and villages—and robbery and murder. And hundreds of thousands of soldiers went home, both to protect their families and to get their share of the land, which they heard was to be given

A Regiment From the Front, Loyal to Kerensky. The Banner Reads "Freedom Through Victory"

to the peasants. Within a week there were in Russia hundreds of long heavy trains, the cars packed full of soldiers, while others rode upon the tops and ran the engines. There were some frightful disasters. One train ran away on a long down grade and collided with a freight train that was filled with dynamite.

"If anyone is a pessimist as to the lack of discipline now he has only to think of those early days and of the improvement we have made. But at first our work went slowly; and it was a tragic position for those officers, like myself, who were known as radicals and who therefore still had some control. For the simple soldiers, who are like children, said to us: 'Now all is changed. We need not die, and we are going to live like kings! To begin with, we want bread and peace.' And we could give them neither. They said: 'We are peasants. We want the land.' And we had to reply: 'You must wait for that until the war is over.' So they said: 'Then the Revolution has done nothing for us at all!' Many grew bitter against us because we stood out for discipline. Since last spring I have received four hundred and fifty letters threatening me with death for having betrayed the new liberties. Some say the soldiers' committee caused the confusion. It was not so. The confusion came first; and it grew so bad that the soldiers saw they must restore some kind of order and system, if only to get food supplies. So they began to form their committees. They organized first by companies, and soon there were hundreds of such committees hunting about for food supplies on foot or in motors, or even on trains. They saw this method would not work; so the small committees began to combine in committees for each regiment. But even this proved a failure. Not only to get food supplies but to settle all kinds of questions between themselves and their officers, they saw they must have a stronger and wider organization. They came to some of us for advice; and we then directed that one officer and four men from each regiment should be sent as delegates to a congress of our army. There were sixteen thousand delegates, representing six hundred thousand men. The congress chose some fifty men to form a head committee, and this group was left in charge.

Women Soldiers of the Battalion of Death in the Kremlin, Moscow

"And this happened all along the Front. With certain variations, each of the eighteen armies worked out a plan about like this: One big committee for the army and one for each corps and for each division, for each brigade and each regiment. That is the system in force to-day."

The First Army Congress

"THE soldiers were by no means against all their officers. There was a good deal of violence against the officers who were believed to favor secretly the Old Régime; but the average soldier's attitude was not vicious or vindictive; it was simply that of a peasant boy who had lived in a small village, knew nothing of the aims of the war, had been in the trenches for three years and saw no reason for getting killed. He was often utterly staggered by the power and the problems that rose up in front of him, and his instinct was to turn to educated men for help. In our first army congress sixteen thousand soldiers elected fifty deputies, and of these fourteen were officers, two were colonels and one was a captain serving on the general staff. To this group I belonged.

"But there were many officers who felt nothing but disgust for the whole Revolution and would do nothing to help our work. This attitude was especially true among the men in the higher commands. They wished to try to abolish all the new committees. We knew it was impossible, and we felt that through the committees lay our only chance of restoring discipline. Little by little we tried to build up a new revolutionist army. In the committees we tried to cut out all discussion of the land and other social problems. We said: 'Our part in the Revolution, boys, is to hold back the enemy and give Kerensky a chance at home to build a new free Russia. If we let the Germans in there will be the devil to pay; and in the mess that follows, the Czar may climb back on his throne. We've got our job cut out for us. There are problems enough right here at the Front without borrowing any more from home.' We tried to keep them working on such matters as the food supplies and other immediate daily needs. We tried to hold them all in line.

"But it has not been easy work. It has been a constant struggle between us and the extremists to control the great unwieldy mass of soldiers in each regiment. It has been a process of building up a structure, which is then pulled down—but not all down; and so each time we build something stronger. It has been like this: Soldiers arise in a regiment as violent agitators, gain power and are made delegates to committees higher up; but the farther up they

(Continued on Page 73)

DIVES AND THE DEMAGOGUES

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE financial center of the world, as the world is at present constituted, or as it is likely to be for a long time to come, is the junction of Broad and Wall Streets in New York. Here stand the Subtreasury, the House of Morgan, the Stock Exchange, the Hanover Bank and the Bankers' Trust; and hard by are scores of other tremendous money institutions. Here is the center of the world's money mart, and here and hereabouts are the counters, strong boxes and offices of the men who are managers and trustees of that mart.

It was raining on the world's financial center on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 24, 1917—raining a hard, cold, drenching rain, and the wind blowing in from the sea whipped that cold rain across the open spaces in sheets. It was a nasty afternoon—a time to stay indoors. Everybody who could, and some who shouldn't, stayed indoors too. The curb market, down Broad Street a bit, had stopped an hour and a half before. The clerks were getting ready to scuttle for the Subway. The lights were lit, and shone mistily through the wet. A dismal day was dismally closing.

An old man, a little bent at the shoulders, without overcoat or umbrella, came to the junction of the two streets, buffeting his way through the rain and hurrying as fast as he was able for some important place. He met another man, younger, big and sturdy, who was on an errand through the wet. They stopped for a moment, shook hands and said a word or two. Then the old man hastened along Wall Street, and the younger man turned down Broad.

That was at half after four o'clock on the rainy afternoon of Wednesday, October twenty-fourth. The older man was George F. Baker, chairman of the board of directors of the First National Bank of New York, one of the greatest financial institutions in the world. The younger man was Daniel G. Reid, capitalist, director in many of the great banking and industrial institutions. Both men are very rich; both are multimillionaires; both are what the demagogues term plutocrats.

Their errands were identical. Mr. Baker, aged seventy-seven, was out in that rain, without coat or umbrella, because he had heard of a place where his solicitation might get a big subscription to the second Liberty Loan. Mr. Reid was on his way to secure a similar result. They had been out most of that day. And they were not the only ones in New York. Scores and scores of the greatest financiers, capitalists, bankers and millionaires in New York were hastening about at that identical hour, urging, demanding, securing millions upon millions for the success of the loan that meant and still means the success of the war. Mr. Reid sold fifty million dollars in Liberty Bonds, Mr. Baker as much, if not more. Others sold their millions upon millions. And all subscribed millions themselves.

The Place Where Money Grows

NEXT morning the New York papers carried a dispatch from Oklahoma City giving excerpts from an interview a reporter had with the Hon. Champ Clark, speaker of the National House of Representatives. In that interview Mr. Clark was reported as saying that a ring of New York financiers were hampering the Government in its Liberty Loan campaign, endeavoring to make it a partial failure, so the next loan would bear a higher rate of interest.

"These men," so a part of the reported interview ran, "are the spiritual descendants of the ring that operated during just such an emergency during the Civil War, and by their methods forced the price of war bonds to forty and fifty, and one day to thirty-nine. It is the duty of every citizen to make this loan a success in spite of these New York traitors. I positively refuse to divulge the source from which I obtained the information upon which I make this accusation."

That was the next morning. Later Mr. Clark withdrew his accusation; but that isn't the point. The point is that he said it at all, and the further point is that when he did say it he gave voice not only to a sentiment that undoubtedly was prevalent throughout the country, but to a sentiment that has been prevalent for a long time, which is that the rich men of the country are lacking in patriotism, and concerned only in the accumulation of money, by whatever means, and generally to the detriment of the people.

It is a natural human trait to disparage the means and methods of a man who has more money than you have. That is as old as time, as old as man. Some years ago we as a people began to make a political tenet of that disparagement, and to assail wealth as a political issue. Most of the radical movements in politics in this country have had for their basis the denouncing of wealth and its owners; and this was rather definitely set into concreteness by President Roosevelt with his own peculiar line of denunciation, wherein he flayed "predacious plutocrats," "malefactors of great wealth," "men with soft bodies and hard faces," and so on. It has become a sort of creed with the great bulk of Americans. Consequently Speaker Clark wasn't voicing his own ideas particularly. He was merely reciting what had come to him by absorption, for outside of New York there is little good said of New York, and especially of the rich men of New York. New York is the place where most money is. Hence, New Yorkers come in for the greater denunciation. It simply is the result of the cause producing an exaggerated outside effect.

This condition is not unique for New York, of course, for wealth is a red rag to the unwealthy wherever it is held. It is truer of New York because there is more of New York, more money and more men with money. Rich men of Chicago, in their measure, or of Philadelphia, or Boston, or St. Louis, or San Francisco, or of any other place, come in for their share. Thus, though I am writing this article about the rich men of New York, and what they have done and are doing to disprove the charges made concrete by Speaker Clark and mouthed for years and years by many another, I am writing it because I happen to be in New York at the moment. I could write the same sort of article about Chicago, or Philadelphia, or Boston, or St. Louis, or San Francisco, or any other place where there are rich men, treating each place in its degree but getting the same conclusions and finding the same facts. What I shall say here about the patriotism of the rich men of New York can be applied to the rich men of any other place, large or small, in the United States. The men of New York are not *sui generis* in this matter. They are in greater number. What I shall say about New Yorkers is equally applicable to all other Americans of similar responsibilities and wealth. It goes for all, for they have all proved up in the same way the New Yorkers have.

The Cries of American Bolsheviki

NOR is this article any defense of the wrongdoings of wealth; or palliation of the abuses, both political and economic, of wealth; or excuse or exoneration therefor. With much money comes power, and that this power has been wrongfully applied, both in the accumulation of even greater stores of money and in the affairs of our Government, in injustice to the small fellow, and in many other despicable and sometimes criminal ways, is admitted. The rich men are no better than they should be—nor half so good. They deserve no consideration on that score. What I maintain is that they are not traitors, that they are as keenly alive to the needs of our Government in this crisis as any others—more keenly, no doubt, for they understand the financial needs of the country more clearly; and that their conduct since we went into the war has been highly patriotic and deserving of its meed of commendation. I am no apologist for the plutocrats or defender of them; but when they are called traitors, when they are said to be using the needs of the country for their own personal ends, when they are held as nonpatriotic, as many do hold them, it is time to present a few facts to show that the accusation is false and that the rich men of the United States are doing more than their share to help make the world safe for democracy and to help the United States secure and maintain its own safety.

Ever since this war began the radicals of all sorts—including the various socialist, I. W. W., LaFollette, pacifist, free speech, pro-German and all the other domestic Bolsheviki—have ranted that this is a capitalistic war, some ascribing one phase of capitalism to it and some another, but all agreeing that it is capitalistic. There is to be no argument about that here, but there is one thing that is undeniably true, and that is this: It wouldn't be much of a war without the capitalists; it would not be a war at all without the capitalists. The men who fight the war come from the people, and so does some of the money that supports and provides and equips those men; but the great bulk of the money that the Government needs and must have comes from the capitalists, the men who have it and who have given it and are giving it ungrudgingly, and who will continue so to give it.

It is the mere truth to say that we could not fight this war a minute if the men with money in the United States refused to loan that money to the Government. We never could have begun it, to say nothing of continuing it as far as we have continued it and forcing it to a successful issue as we shall force it. No system of taxation that could be devised would have secured enough money for the war, or a tenth of enough money for the war. No system of levy that could have been put in operation, save confiscation, could do this. Taxation can proceed only to a certain point. Confiscation would do no good, for confiscation would paralyze every productive source. This war must be conducted on the basis of faith and loans—credit from the men who have credit to give, and the resources to make that credit of value. You may tax a man for all he has, but if you do that you cannot repeat. Loans are the basis of all warlike operations, and naturally loans must be sought where there is something to loan.

The Liberty Loans were great popular loans. Many millions of Americans did subscribe, but when the final figures are totted up it will be found that the great bulk of the money secured in the first and second Liberty Loans came from a comparatively few people, bulking them against our total population. So it will be with the succeeding loans. Who were these comparatively few people? The rich men, of course, and particularly the rich men of New York; not because the rich men of New York are more patriotic than the rich men of any other place, but because there are more of them, because New York is the money center not only of the United States but now of the world.

The recent Liberty Loan is the most available medium for proving this statement, and for showing how unfounded the charge is that the financiers of New York, the rich men, are lacking in patriotism; but it is not the only medium. Complete tabulations have not yet been made of the statistical results of this second loan, but there are enough figures available to show that New York led in every way, not only in percentage of subscription above allotment, but in percentage of total wealth that subscribed—that is, the rich men of New York loaned more money in proportion to their wealth than the rich men of any other section of the country; for it must not be forgotten that the New York quota of the three-billion minimum was three times greater than the quota of any other Federal Reserve district, and that New York's oversubscription was seventy-two per cent, while the next highest oversubscription was sixty-two per cent, and that in the Richmond district, where the quota was $120,000,000 as against the $900,000,000 required from New York. It is stated that New York subscribed five and thirteen-hundredths of the total wealth of the district in this second loan, which is incomparably greater than any other subscription figured on the same basis.

The financiers of New York did this; the rich men of New York, the "predacious plutocrats," the "malefactors of great wealth." And in like manner and measure the same types of men, the rich men and financiers of other sections, did their great shares. But let me particularize about New York because New York is close at hand at the moment, still using the second Liberty Loan as an example, before going into proof along other lines. The New York Central Liberty Loan Committee was made up of twelve or fifteen of the most important bankers in the country, including Benjamin Strong, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank; J. P. Morgan, Jacob Schiff, Frank A. Vanderlip, George F. Baker, Charles H. Sabin, Albert H. Wiggin, Seward Prosser, and others of the leaders. During the Liberty Loan campaign these men met every day, and also they gave dozens of the men from their organizations, without cost, for the work. They not only directed the great city-wide campaign, but they as individuals gave most of the remainder of their time and effort to furthering the loan in their own institutions and among individuals and corporations they were in a position to reach.

Patriots Denounced as Traitors

THEY canvassed individually, and each subscribed liberally. It was on an errand of individual solicitation, or demand perhaps, that George F. Baker, aged seventy-seven, was out all that rainy day in October and on many other days, going from board meeting to board meeting, and urging increased subscriptions and greater effort; and Reid was on a similar errand. So, too, were dozens of other big men, rich men. They went to others who have money and secured subscriptions. They introduced resolutions in board meetings providing for subscriptions in increased amounts over the amounts previously voted. They worked night and day, and then they were set down as "traitors."

It is doubtful whether the amount secured for this loan can ever be separated into its interesting parts, as to the results obtained by individual work; but it can be stated that if these men, these rich men in New York, had contented themselves with subscribing merely what they felt they should subscribe the second Liberty Loan would not have been so great a success. If they had not gone out and worked unceasingly there would have been no such result. They made lists at their committee meetings, marked down men who had money and who had not done their share, and went at those men hammer and tongs. They watched board meetings sharply, and when a corporation was laggard a member of the board of that corporation

saw to it that the directors came to taw in a fitting manner. They scoured the city, ransacked the banks, using their knowledge of financial New York discreetly, and they were responsible for the great showing made by New York, for the tremendous success of the loan there; and in like manner the rich men of Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco and every other city were the agents who made the loan a success.

According to figures furnished by the National City Bank of New York, New York's total subscription for the second Liberty Loan was $1,550,453,450. These figures are presumably those furnished by the Treasury Department. The figures of the New York Federal Reserve Bank at the time this article was written, revised and corrected to the first of December, are $1,134,769,300, and New York's quota, for the minimum of three billions, was $900,000,000, and the quota for the maximum of five billions was $1,069,473,000—which gives an adequate idea of what these men did, notwithstanding the high success of the campaigns for smaller amounts.

When I say rich men of New York I mean the active financiers, of course. There are many rich men in New York who are simply rich, and these do not come under the demagogical designation of plutocracy. They may be so described potentially, but not actually. I am dealing with the men who are held by the unthinking to be the chief agents of the money devil—not only plutocrats but "predacious plutocrats"—and I am here to say that neither the first nor the second Liberty Loan would have been so successful either in New York or in any one of the eleven other Federal Reserve districts if these men of New York, and their type elsewhere, had not patriotically worked and tremendously contributed to make it a success. Even the money devil must have his due.

Some Financial Life-Preservers

AS I HAVE said, I have used the second Liberty Loan as an example of the way these men have worked for their country in this crisis, because the thing is concrete, and the figure at hand. It must not be supposed that the only work the rich men of New York and of other cities have done in aiding the Government has been Liberty Loan work—far from it. Ever since the war began, in July, 1914, the rich men, the bankers and the financiers of New York and the United States, have been constantly in and at the service of the Government, and have done incalculable labor, and subscribed and invested incalculable money, in order to make our country's progress easier, or, indeed, in order that the country might make any progress at all.

In the vaults of one of the great banking institutions in New York there were, late in November, three billion dollars in securities of foreign countries—three billion dollars! They were bonds mostly, all sorts of bonds—English consols, French bonds, Italian bonds, Swedish bonds, Spanish bonds—bonds from about every country under the sun. Three billion dollars of them in one banking institution! I do not know how many more there were in other banks, but I saw these. Now, then, these bonds—three billions of them—are held as collateral for loans furnished by the banks of New York to the rest of the world in order that war necessities might be met, and the furnishing of this money was as much to the benefit of the United States as selling Liberty Bonds was, for it helped to keep things stable and thus preserved the values of the securities of the United States.

More than that, during the course of the war—I am speaking on the authority of one of the great financiers of this country and in round numbers—the financiers of the United States have absorbed two billion dollars' worth of American securities sent here by foreign countries, furnished the money to buy them and hold things steady here. This, too, was as patriotic, in its way, as the buying of Liberty Bonds. It was as great a service to the United States. And the financiers of New York did it all in the course of the day's work, and without advertisement or exploitation.

Let me go farther along these lines and catalogue some of the other acts of financial patriotism by these men:

Item: Since the war began, and before, New York financiers have loaned the Government—taken certificates of indebtedness—for temporary and pressing use, more money than all the rest of the country together.

Item: Since the war began New York has provided almost fifty per cent of all the funds used by the Government for war purposes.

Item: Since our entry into the war New York financiers have pledged three hundred millions of dollars for banking loans to insure a stable money market.

Item: During the course of the first Liberty Loan, when such campaigns were new to our people, who are, or were, unfamiliar with bond investments, New York subscribed three hundred million dollars to be used, if required, to bring shortages in other districts up to the required quotas, in order that the loan might be a success—that is, New York stood ready to go three hundred millions of dollars more than the more than a billion New York subscribed to make this first loan a success—to help out the other sections of the country if help were needed because of the unfamiliarity of our people with bond investment.

Item: In two months after the President made his appeal, New York's Federal Reserve district added three billions of dollars to the resources of the Federal Reserve system by coming in with state banks and trust companies to that enormous amount.

These are some of the ways the financiers of New York, the "predacious plutocrats," rallied to the support of the country. There was another instance of it that was vital: While the second Liberty Loan was in progress the price of the three and a half per cent bonds fell to two points below par, or to ninety-eight. They might have fallen farther, and if they had the effects on the loan then in progress might have been unfortunate, for even with the interest increased to four per cent for the second loan there was small incentive in buying four per cent bonds when three and a half per cent bonds, nontaxable, could be bought for ninety-eight.

The Treasury Department was quick to see the danger of this, and the Treasury Department turned, as it always does when in trouble, to the financiers in New York. It was imperative that these bonds should be supported in the market, absorbed as offered, held up to their par. Consequently a further organization of New York financiers was perfected, and in addition to all their labors in making the second Liberty Loan a success these New York men subscribed one hundred million dollars and bought the three and a half per cent bonds of the first loan, as they were offered, sustained the market and held up the bonds, thus immeasurably helping to make the second loan the great success it was; and while that was going on there were people out in our country, in all parts of America, calling them traitors, and mouthing abuse of them as fostering a "capitalistic" war for their own financial benefit.

Heavy Losses But No Complaints

THESE men had invested to the extreme limit, to the extent of their capabilities and the capabilities of their organizations, both in the first loan and in the second loan, and on top of this they took a hundred millions more in order that the second loan might not fail. A hundred millions of dollars! The quota of the Atlanta district, of the entire district, for the second loan, at its minimum of three billions, was only eighty millions of dollars; the quota of the Dallas district, the entire district, was only seventy-five millions of dollars; the quota of the Minneapolis district was but one hundred and five millions of dollars, and the quotas of the Richmond and Kansas City districts but one hundred and twenty millions of dollars each. These men took a hundred millions more of a previous loan, hauled in the slack to that enormous amount in addition to all they did for the first loan and all they were doing for the second loan. Handy sort of "traitors" to have in stock, it would appear.

The decline in the values of securities which has been in progress for the past year has left nearly every one of these men poorer, by far, than he was a year ago. Various tables have been prepared showing just how severe these declines have been, but there is no need of quoting the figures or of referring to the situation further than to say that notwithstanding this falling in values of securities, nothwithstanding the fact that a rich man to-day is practically a poor man in many instances because of the nonfluidity of his securities and because of the lack of market for them nothwithstanding these severe losses—the men who have been aiding the Government with their money and their effort are not complaining. They are far better losers than the demagogues who assail them. I know a number of men who are millions poorer to-day than they were a year ago, and I have yet to hear a word of complaint out of them.

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The Greased Pig

Business That Isn't Necessary

By WILL PAYNE

TEN years ago this winter a good friend of mine had a job that distressed him. He was an officer of a flourishing bank, but that wasn't the job he was working at ten years ago. He was over on the West Side of Chicago conducting a hastily improvised establishment where cold and hungry men could get a hand-out of sandwiches and hot coffee.

He knocked off work late at night and came home in a depressed state of mind. There seemed to be no end of those men. There was no doubt that they were hungry or that they would remain hungry unless they could get food at some establishment where they didn't have to pay for it.

In the industrial centers of the United States there were a good many establishments that winter like the one my friend conducted. At the same time—as you will see if you care to look back at the newspaper files of that period—many benevolent people were bestirring themselves as best they could to discover some means of subsistence for those men which would be more flattering to a man's natural self-respect than a free-soup kitchen. In most of the larger cities, I believe, there were "mayors' committees" or "citizens' committees" to canvass all possible sources of employment in the hope of scaring up jobs, however temporary, for some hundreds of thousands of men who wanted to work but could find no work to do.

As you will see by referring to the newspaper files, the country was then struggling with an exigent problem of unemployment. We had been enjoying a boom. Then in the fall there had been a financial panic followed by a sharp setback to business and industry. Plants were laying off hands, railroads curtailing employment. Broadly speaking, nearly every concern wanted less help and hardly any concern wanted more help.

The Shortage of Labor and Materials

THE business fabric of the country had shrunk, squeezing many people out of work. There are various ways of gauging the country's industrial activity. Measuring the output of pig iron is one of them, because everything of iron and steel is made from pig, and the busier the country is the more iron and steel it will use. For two years we had been making upward of twenty-five million tons of pig iron annually. This setback occurred and the output dropped below sixteen million tons. Output of soft coal and various other trade indices tell the same story. Because there were no jobs five hundred thousand fewer immigrants came here than in the year before.

The condition of the poor in industrial centers was distressful, and benevolent people in trying to find a man a job were not at all particular whether the plant that might take him on was producing necessary things or the most theoretically superfluous things. They would as soon he went to work making bird cages as plows. The great thing was to get him work.

If you study the industrial history of these prosperous United States for the last forty years you will discover that the important problem has usually been to find jobs enough to go round. Excess of men in proportion to jobs has been an important problem far oftener than excess of jobs in proportion to men has. Underemployment has been pretty nearly a standing condition, while overemployment has happened very rarely. If your survey extends to Europe you will see that unemployment, or underemployment, has been even nearer to a chronic condition. Probably, by and large, unemployment has been the greatest affliction of the poor.

If the condition of labor has been slowly improving—as I think no informed and candid reader will deny—that is partly due to the invention of more jobs. Judging by long experience, a man who can invent jobs—as by bringing into use some new device whose production extends the demand for labor—is meliorating the condition of those who depend upon their hands for a livelihood. In its relation to labor this war is simply a wholesale invention of new jobs.

War has created an excess of jobs in proportion to men—an apparent labor shortage. We must make a great lot of things that we were not making a couple of years ago or even last year; of ships, twenty times as many as we made in 1916; of airplanes, thousands where we made only dozens before; vast quantities of guns of all sorts and sizes, army trucks, tents, uniforms. We must make this enormous quantity of new things while at least a million and a half vigorous young hands are laid off from productive work.

There aren't enough labor and materials in the country to make all the new things and all the old things too. The railroads can't transport them; they are choked up with traffic now. There isn't capital enough to finance all the old things and all the new. Last year we may have saved up out of our income, for Federal taxes and investments of all sorts, six or seven billion dollars—perhaps somewhat more than that. This year the Government wants nineteen billions for taxes and investment in Liberty Bonds.

Obviously we must cut down. We simply can't carry this year's program on top of last year's program. We see that plainly in the shortage of labor, shortage of steel, shortage of coal, shortage of transportation—which have already developed.

The only question is, How to cut down? Quite a lot of impulsive people are ready with the answer. They say: "We must stop production that is not necessary to subsist the population and to carry on the war, so that all our materials and labor may be used for necessary subsistence and for war."

That sounds delightfully plausible and at first glance it looks quite simple, for the means of doing it are ready at hand, Congress having amply provided them. The Government can say who shall get iron, steel, copper and who shall not. It can say who shall get coal and who shall not. It can say who shall get transportation and who shall not. A mere scratch of the pen, by the duly constituted authority at Washington, will settle any one of those questions as to any particular business. And as a matter of course, if any sizable business can't get basic materials, fuel or transportation it must immediately shut up shop.

Equipped in that ample manner for cutting out all nonessential production, let us take up the list of important products and look it over in alphabetical order. We at once come to automobiles. Certainly automobiles are not essential for subsisting the population or for carrying on war. Populations subsisted without automobiles from the Garden of Eden down to the present young century, and fought countless wars. Automobiles consume a great quantity of steel. They consume the labor, first and last, of hundreds of thousands of hands. They use a great deal of transportation. They employ much capital.

Among other things they use chrome steel, which is the sort the Government especially needs for munitions. The supply is limited and the Government's needs promise to be almost unlimited. The Priority Board therefore rather naturally issued an order that no more chrome steel should be delivered to anybody except for munitions work.

As you can't make a watch without a mainspring, no matter how much other watch-making material you may have on hand, so you can't make an automobile without all the essential parts. To shut off the supply of steel would be to shut down the plants. One nonessential business would be cut out at a stroke, in the vigorous fashion which some economists are advocating.

Not So Easy As It Seems

BUT some untoward results of that course at once become evident. Scores of great factories stocked with various sorts of materials and representing altogether an investment running into hundreds of millions would stand idle—certainly not a good condition when we need supremely to produce to the limit of our capacity in order to carry the burden of war. Tens of thousands of workmen would be thrown out of employment. Quite a lot of them own homes at the place of their employment. All of them with families are settled down there. Of course in time, with the present urgent demand for labor, they would be drawn off into other employments. But that would certainly take some time. Meanwhile the men would suffer a good deal of hardship and for a time some part of them would certainly lie idle.

Probably there isn't a village of fifteen hundred inhabitants in the United States which does not contain at least one family whose livelihood depends upon the automobile business. My observation of country towns leads me to believe that the average for a town of fifteen hundred to two thousand inhabitants would be about three families True, some of that business—repairing and storing cars, and so on—would continue in gradually diminishing volume. But if the automobile business were cut off every hamlet would feel the difference.

Hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of credit rests on that business first and last. The country-town garage probably has its loan at the bank. The local dealer has his loan. Paper issued by the manufacturers is held by a good many investors and figures in a good many bank loans. Simply cutting out the automobile business would diminish many incomes, and it would send a very perceptible shiver through the fabric of credit at a time when the fabric can't afford to shiver. The business pays many millions in taxes and buys, certainly, millions of Liberty Bonds.

In short, when the people at Washington looked it over more carefully they saw that cutting out this nonessential business wouldn't answer at all. So they got the manufacturers together and arranged a rational program, which involved cutting down the output of so-called pleasure cars fifteen per cent to begin with and using for government work the manufacturing capacity thereby released. The Government wants for war purposes an immense quantity of things that can be made in an automobile factory more

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By its Command Over Steel, Copper, Fuel, Transportation, the Government Can Shift Factory Production and Turn the Released Capacity Gradually Over to War Work

A MIXED FOURSOME

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

WHEN the returns were all in, a lot of people congratulated the winners of the mixed-foursome cups, after which the weak-minded ones sympathized with Mary Brooke and Russell Davidson.

Sympathy is a wonderful thing, and so rare that it should not be wasted. Any intelligent person might have seen at a glance that Mary didn't need sympathy; and as for Russell Davidson, there never was a time when he deserved it.

And in all this outpouring of sentiment, this handshaking and back-patting, nobody thought to offer a kind word to old Waddles. Nobody shook him by the hand and told him that he was six of the seven wonders of the world. It seems a pity, now that I look back on it.

Possibly you remember Waddles. He was, is, and probably always will be, an extremely important member of the Yavapai Golf and Country Club. Important, did I say? That doesn't begin to express it. Omnipotent—that's better.

To begin with, he is chairman of the Greens Committee, holding dominion over every blade of grass which grows on the course. He is intimately acquainted with every gopher hole, hoofprint and drain cover on the club property. Policing two hundred broad acres is a strong man's job, but Waddles attends to it in his spare moments. He waves his pudgy hand and says: "Let there be a bunker here," and lo! the bunker springs up as if by magic. He abolishes sand traps which displease him, and creates new ones. The heathen may rage, and sometimes they do, but Waddles holds on the even tenor of his way, hearing only one vote, and that vote his own.

Then again, he is the official handicapper—another strong man's job—with powers which cannot be overestimated. Some handicappers are mild and apologetic creatures who believe in tempering justice with mercy and pleasing as many people as possible, but not our Waddles.

Heaven pity the wily cup hunter who keeps an improved game under cover in order that he may ease himself into a competition and clean up the silverware!

Waddles hates a cup hunter with a deep and abiding hatred and deals with him accordingly. There was once an 18-handicap man who waltzed blithely through our Spring Handicap, and his worst medal round was something like 85. His fat allowance made all his opponents look silly and he took home a silver water pitcher worth seventy-five dollars.

This was bad enough, but he crowned his infamy by boasting openly that he had outwitted Waddles. The next time the cup hunter had occasion to glance at the handicap list he received a terrible shock.

"Waddy," said this person—and there were tears in his eyes and a sob in his voice—"you know that I'll never be able to play to a four handicap, don't you?"

"Certainly," was the calm response.

"Then what was the idea of putting me at such a low mark?"

"Well," said Waddles with a sweet smile, "I don't mind telling you, in strict confidence: I cut you down to four to keep you honest."

The wretched cup hunter howled like a wolf, but it got him nothing. He is still a four man, and if he lives to be as old as the Dingbats he will never take home another trophy.

Not only is Waddles supreme on the golf course but he dominates the clubhouse as well. He writes us tart letters about shaking dice for money and signs them "House Committee, per W." Really serious matters are dealt with in letters signed "Board of Directors, per W." The old boy is the law and the prophets, the fine Italian hand, the mailed fist, the lord high executioner and the chief justice, and if he misses you with one barrel he is sure to get you with the other.

You might think that this would be power enough for one weak mortal. You might think that there are some things which Waddles would regard as beyond his jurisdiction. You might think that the little god of love would come under another dispensation—you might think all these things, but you don't know our Waddles. He is afflicted with that strange malady described by the immortal Cap'n Prowse as "the natural gift of authority," and such a man recognizes no limits, knows no boundaries, and wouldn't care two whoops if he did. Come to think of it, the Kaiser is now under treatment for the same ailment.

Since I have given you some faint conception of Waddles and his character I will proceed with the plain and simple tale of Mary Brooke, Bill Hawley and Russell Davidson.

Some of the Women Said That Mary Wasn't Pretty, But They Would Have Had a Hard Time Proving It to a Jury of Men

Beth Rogers was in the foursome too, but she doesn't really count, not being in love with anyone but herself.

II

LADIES first is a safe rule, so we will start with Mary. My earliest recollection of this young woman dates back twenty-and-I-won't-say-how-many-more years, at which time she entertained our neighborhood by reciting nursery rimes—"Twinka, twinka, yitty tar," and all the rest of that stuff.

I knew then that she was an extremely bright child for her age. Her mother told me so. I used to hold her on my lap and let her listen to my watch, and the cordial relations which existed then have lasted ever since. She doesn't sit on my lap any more, of course, but you understand what I mean.

I watched Mary lose her baby prettiness and her front teeth. I watched her pass through that distressing period when she seemed all legs and freckles, to emerge from it a different being—only a little girl still, but with a trace of shyness which was new to me, and a look in her eyes which made me feel that I must be growing a bit old.

About this time I was astounded to learn that Mary had a beau. It was the Hawley kid, who lived on the next block. His parents had named him William, after an uncle with money, but from the time he had been able to walk he had been called Bill. He will always be called Bill, because that's the sort of fellow he is.

As I remember him at the beginning of his love affair Bill was somewhat of a mess, with oversized hands and feet, a shock of hair that never would stay put, and an unfortunate habit of falling all over himself at critical moments. He attached himself to Mary Brooke with all the unselfish devotion of a half-grown Newfoundland pup, minus the pup's rough demonstrations of affection.

He carried Mary's books home from school, he took her to the little neighborhood parties, he sent her frilly pink valentines, and once only once—he stripped his mother's rose garden because it was Mary's birthday. It also happened to be Mrs. Hawley's afternoon to entertain the whist club, and she had been counting on those roses for decorations. If my memory serves me, she allowed Mary to keep the flowers, but she stopped the amount of a florist's bill out of her son's allowance of fifty cents a week. The Hawleys are all practical people.

Mary's father used to fuss and fume and say that he hoped Bill would get over it and park his big clumsy feet on somebody else's front porch, but I don't think he really minded it so much as he pretended he did. Mrs. Brooke often remarked that since it had to be somebody she would rather it would be Bill than any other boy in the neighborhood. Even in those days there was something solid and dependable about Bill Hawley; he was the sort of kid that could be trusted, and more of a man at sixteen than some fellows will ever be.

During Mary's high-school days several boys carried her books, but not for long, and Bill was always there or thereabouts, waiting patiently in the background. When another youngster had the front-porch privilege Bill did not sulk or rock the boat, and if the green-eyed monster was gnawing at his vitals there were no outward signs of anguish. We always knew when one of Mary's little affairs was over because Bill would be back on the job, nursing his shin on Brooke's front steps and filling the whole block with an air of silent devotion. I suppose he grew to be a habit with Mary; such things do happen once in a while.

Then Bill went away to college, and while he was struggling for a sheepskin Mary entered the débutante period Some of the women said that she wasn't pretty, but they would have had a hard time proving it to a jury of men Her features may not have been quite regular, but the general effect was wonderfully pleasing; so the tabbies compromised by calling her attractive. They didn't have a chance to say anything else, because Mary was always the center of a group of masculine admirers, and if that doesn't prove attraction, what does?

In addition to her good looks she was bright as a new dollar—so bright that she didn't depend entirely on her own cleverness but gave you a chance to be clever yourself once in a while. Mary Brooke knew when to listen. She listened to Waddles once, from one end of a country-club dinner to the other, and he gave her the dead low down on the reformer in politics—a subject on which the old boy is fairly well informed. I think his fatherly interest in her dated from that evening—and incidentally let me say it was the best night's listening that Mary ever did, because if Waddles hadn't been interested—but that's getting ahead of the story.

"There's something to that little Brooke girl!" he told me afterward. "A society bud with brains! Who'd have thought it?"

Bill came ambling home from time to time and picked up the thread of friendship again. It grieves me to state that an Eastern college did not improve his outward appearance to any marked extent. He looked nothing at all like the young men we see in the take-'em-off-the-shelf clothing ads. He was just the same old Bill, with big hands and big feet and more hair than he could manage. He danced the one-step, of course—the only dance ever invented for men with two left feet—but his conception of the fox trot would have made angels weep, and I never realized how much hesitation could be crowded into a hesitation waltz until I saw Bill gyrate slowly and painfully down the floor. Mary always seemed glad to see him, though, and we heard whispers of an engagement, to be announced after Bill had made his escape from the halls of learning. Like most of the whispering done, this particular whisper lacked the vital element of truth, but the women had a lovely time passing it along.

"Isn't it just too perfectly ideal—sweethearts since childhood! Think of it!"

"Yes, we so seldom see anything of the sort nowadays."

"There's one advantage in that kind of match—they won't have to get acquainted with each other after marriage."

"Well, now, I don't know about that. Doesn't one always find that one has married a total stranger? Poor, dear Augustus! I thought I knew him so well, but ——"

And so forth, and so on, by the hour. Give a woman a suspicion, and she'll manage to juggle it into a certainty. Shortly before Bill's graduation, the dear ladies at the

"I've Given Him a Mark That'll Make Him Draw Right Down to His Hand. He Won't Play Any Four-Flush Here"

country club had the whole affair settled, even to the probable date of the wedding, and of course Mary heard the glad news. Naturally, she was annoyed. It annoys any young woman to find the most important event of her life arranged in advance by people who have never taken the trouble to consult her about any of the details.

At this point I am forced to dip into theory, because I can't say what took place inside Mary's pretty little head. I don't know. Perhaps she wanted to teach the gossips a lesson. Perhaps she resented having a husband pitchforked at her by public vote; but however she figured it she needn't have made poor old Bill the goat, and she needn't have fallen in love with Russell Davidson. Waddles says it wasn't love at all—merely an infatuation; but what I'd like to know is this: How are you going to tell one from the other when the symptoms are identical?

III

PERSONALLY, I haven't a thing in the world against Russell Davidson. He never did me an injury and I hope he will never do me a favor. Russell is the sort of chap who is perfectly all right if you happen to like the sort of chap he is. I don't, and that's the end of the matter so far as I am concerned.

He hasn't been with us very long, and still it seems long enough. He came West to grow up with the country, arriving shortly before Bill's graduation, and he brought with him credentials which could not be overlooked, together with an Eastern golf rating which caused Waddles to sit up and take notice.

Ostensibly Russell is in the brokerage business, but he doesn't seem to work much at it. Those who know tell me that it isn't necessary for him to work much at anything, his father having attended to that little matter. Some of the dear ladies were mean enough to hint that Mary had this in mind, but they'll never get me to believe it.

At any rate the gossips soon had a nice juicy topic for conversation, and when Bill came home, wagging his sheepskin behind him, he found the front-porch privilege usurped by a handsome stranger who seemed quite at home in the Brooke household, and, unless I'm very much mistaken, inclined to resent Bill's presence on the premises.

It just happened that I was walking up and down the block smoking an after-dinner cigar on the evening when Bill discovered that he was slated for second-fiddle parts again. Russell's runabout was standing in front of the Brooke place, there was a dim light in the living room, and an occasional tenor wail from the phonograph. I heard quick, thumping footsteps, a big, lumbering figure came hurrying along the sidewalk—and there was Bill Hawley, grinning at me in the moonlight.

"Attaboy!" he cried, shaking hands vigorously. "How're you? How're all the folks? Gee, it's great to be home again! How's Mary?"

"She's fine," said I. "Haven't you seen her yet?"

"Just got in on the Limited at five o'clock. Thought I'd surprise her. Got a thousand things to tell you. Well, see you later!"

He went swinging up the front steps and rang the bell.

I was finishing my cigar when Bill came out again and started slowly down the walk. His wonderful surprise party had not lasted more than twenty minutes. I had to hail him twice before he heard me. We took a short walk together, and reached the end of the block before Bill opened his mouth. On the corner Bill swung round and faced me: "Who is that fellow?" It wasn't a question; it was a demand for information.

"What fellow?"

"Davis, or Davidson, something like that. Who is he?"

There wasn't a great deal I could tell him. Bill listened till I got to the end of my string, with a perfectly wooden expression on his homely countenance. Then for the first, last and only time he expressed his opinion of Russell Davidson.

"Humph!" said he. And after a long pause: "Humph!"

You may think that a grunt doesn't express an opinion, but as a matter of fact it's one of the most expressive monosyllables in any language. It can be made to mean almost anything. A ten-minute speech with a lot of firecracker adjectives wouldn't have made Bill's meaning any clearer.

The two grunts which came out of Bill's system were fairly dripping with disapproval.

"It's a wonderful night." I felt the need of saying something. "Must be quite a relief after all that humidity in the East."

"Uh huh."

"I understand you played pretty good golf on the college team, Bill."

"Uh huh."

"We've made a lot of improvements out at the club. You won't know the last nine now."

"Uh huh."

I couldn't resist the temptation of slipping a torpedo under his bows. I thought it might wake him up a trifle.

"Mary is playing a better game now. Davidson has been teaching her some shots."

Bill wanted to open up and say something, but he didn't know how to go about it. He looked at me almost piteously and I felt ashamed of myself.

"I'll be going now," he mumbled. "Haven't had much sleep the last few nights. Never sleep on a train anyway. See you later."

That was all I got out of him, but it was enough. It wasn't any of my affair, of course, but from the bottom of my heart I pitied the big, clumsy fellow. I felt certain that Mary was giving him the worst of it, and taking the worst of it herself, but what could I do? Absolutely nothing. In life's most important game the spectators are not encouraged to sit on the side lines and shout advice to the players.

As for Bill, I think he fought it out with himself that night and decided to return to his boyhood policy of watchful waiting. It wasn't the first time that he had lost the front-porch privilege, and in the past he had won it back again by keeping under cover and giving the incumbent a chance to become tiresome. Bill declined to play the second-fiddle parts; he took himself out of Mary's orchestra entirely. He did not call on her any more; but I am willing to bet any sum of money, up to ten dollars, that Bill knew how many times a week Russell's runabout stood in front of the Brooke place. Five would have been a fair average.

Russell had things all his own way, and before long we began to hear the same vague whisperings of a wedding, coupled with expressions of sympathy for Bill. Bill heard those whisperings too—trust the dear ladies for that—but he listened to everything with a good-natured grin, and even succeeded in fooling a portion of the female population; but he didn't fool Waddles and he didn't fool me. Bill met Mary at dinner parties and dances now and then, and whenever this happened the women watched every move that he made, and were terribly disappointed because he failed to register deep grief; but Bill never was the sort to wear his heart outside his vest. Russell was very much in evidence at all these meetings, for he took Mary everywhere, and Bill was scrupulously polite to him—the particular brand of politeness which makes a real man want to fight. And thus the summer waned, and the winter season came on—for in our country we have only two seasons—and it was in November that old Waddles finally unbuttoned his lip and informed me that young Mr. Davidson would never do.

It was in the lounging room at the country club. We had finished our round, and I had paid Waddles three balls as usual. It never costs less than three balls to play with him. We were sitting by the window, acquiring nourishment and looking out upon the course. In the near foreground Russell Davidson was teaching Mary Brooke the true inwardness of the chip shot. He wasn't having a great deal of luck. Waddles broke the silence by grunting. It was a grunt of infinite disgust. I searched my pockets and put a penny on the table.

"For your thoughts," said I.

"They're worth more than that," said Waddles.

"Not to me."

There was a period of silence and then Waddles grunted again.

"Get it off your chest," I advised him.

"That fellow," said Waddles, indicating Russell with a jerk of his thumb, "gives me a pain."

"And me," said I.

"I thought Mary Brooke had some sense," complained Waddles; "but I see now that she's like all the rest—anything with a high shine to it is gold. Now the pure metal often has a dull finish."

"Meaning Bill?" I asked

"Meaning Bill. He isn't much to look at, but he's on the level, and he worships the very ground she walks on. Why can't she see it?"

"Why can't any woman see it?" I asked him.

"But somebody ought to tell her! Somebody ought to put her wise! Somebody "

"Well," I interrupted, "why don't you volunteer for the job?"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Waddles. "It's one of the things that can't be done. Tell her and you'd only make matters that much worse. And I thought Mary Brooke had brains!"

There was a long break in the conversation, during which Waddles munched great quantities of pretzels and cheese. Then:

"I wasn't much stuck on that Davidson person the first time I saw him!" His tone was the tone of a man who seeks an argument. "He's a good golfer, I admit that, but he's a cup hunter at heart, he's a rotten hard loser, and—well, he's not on the level!"

"You've been opening his mail?" I asked.

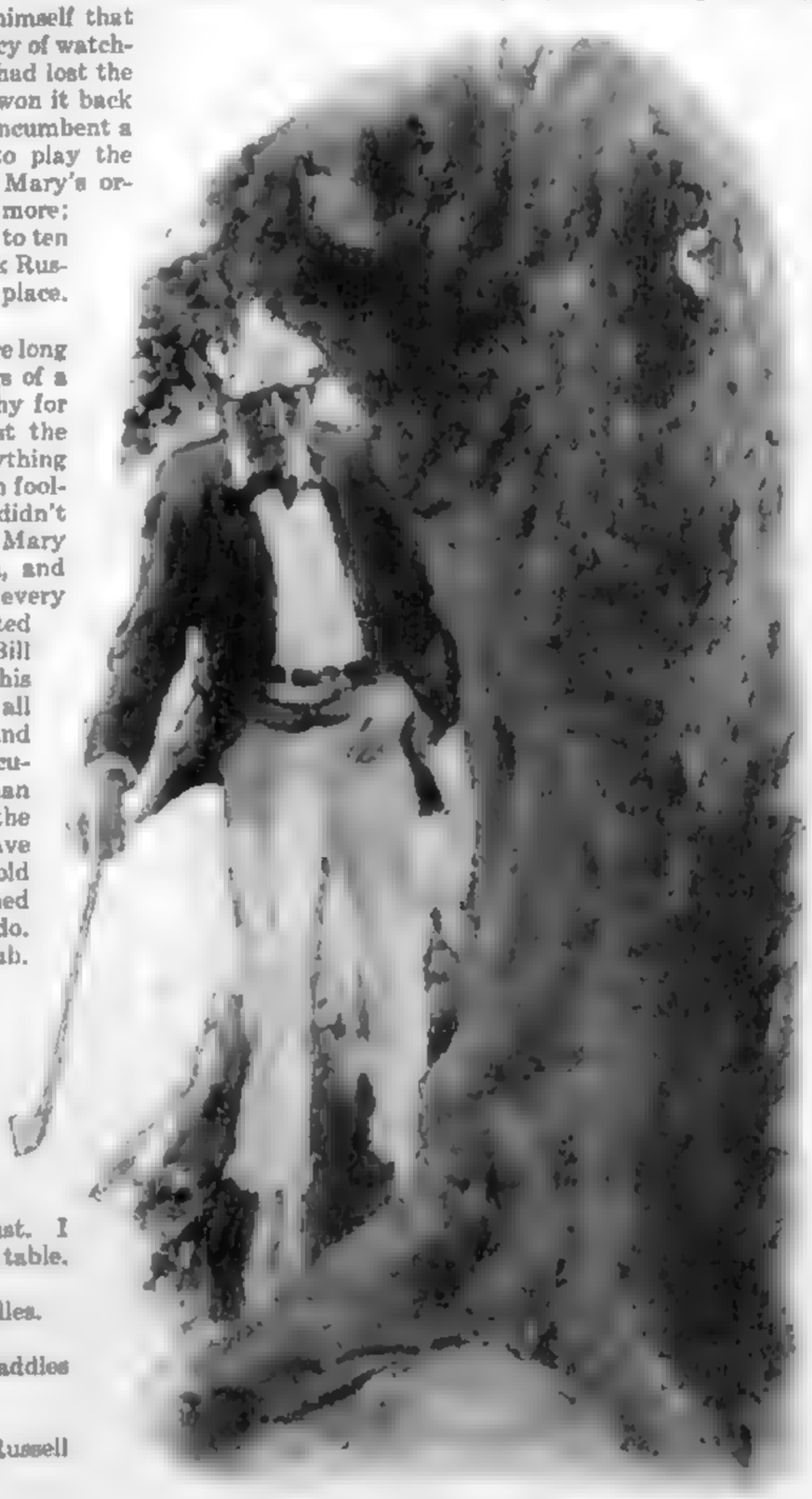
"Not at all. Listen! You know the Santa Ynez Gun Club? Well, he's joined that, among other things. He's a cracking good duck shot. I was down there the other night, and we had a little poker game."

"A little poker game?" said I.

"Table stakes," corrected Waddles. "Davidson was the big winner."

"You're not hinting ——"

"Nothing so raw as that. Listen! Joe Herriman was in the game, and playing in the rottenest luck you ever saw. Good hands all the time, understand, but not quite good enough. If he picked up threes he was sure to run into a straight, and if he made a flush there was a full house out against him. Enough to take the heart out of any man. Finally he picked up a small full before the draw—three treys and a pair of sevens. Joe opened it light enough, because he wanted everybody in, but the only man who



Judging by the Language Which Floated Up Out of the Ravine It Must Have Been All of Provoking

stayed was Davidson, who drew one card. After the draw Joe bet ten dollars for a feeler, and Davidson came back at him with the biggest raise of the night—a cool hundred."

"Well," said I, "what was wrong with that?"

"Wait. The hundred-dollar bet started Joe to thinking. He had been bumping into topping hands all the evening, and Davidson knew it.

"'If I were you,' says Davidson in a nice kind tone of voice, 'I wouldn't call that bet. Luck is against you to-night, and I'd advise you, as a friend, to lay that pat hand down and forget it.'

"Joe looked at him for a long time and then he looked at his cards; you see he'd been beaten so often that he'd lost his sense of values.

"'You think I hadn't better play these?' asks Joe.

"'I've given you a tip,' says Davidson. 'I hate to see a man go up against a sure thing.'

"'Well,' says Joe at last, 'I guess you've done me a favor. It wasn't much of a full anyway,' and he spread his hand on the table. Davidson didn't show his cards—he pitched 'em into the discard and raked in the pot—not more than fifteen dollars outside of his hundred."

"And what of that?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," said Waddles; "nothing, only I was dealing the next hand, and I arranged to get a flush at the five cards that Davidson tried to bury in the middle of the deck."

"What did he have?"

Waddles snorted angrily.

"Four diamonds and a spade! A four flush, that's what he had! The two sevens alone would have beaten him! And all that sympathetic talk, that bum steer, just to cheat the big loser out of one measly pot! What do you think of a fellow who'd do a trick like that?"

I told him what I thought, and again there was silence and cheese.

"Do you think Mary is going to marry that—that crook?" demanded Waddles.

"That's what they say."

More cheese.

"I'd like to tell her," said Waddles thoughtfully, "but it's just one of the things that isn't being done this season. I'd like to give her a line on that handsome scalawag—before it's too late. I can't waltz up to her and tell her that he's bogus. There must be some other way. But how? How?"

Waddles sighed and attacked the cheese again. You'd hardly think that a man could get an inspiration out of the kind of cheese that our House Committee buys to give away, but before Waddles left the club that evening he informed me that a mixed-foursome tournament wouldn't be half bad—for a change.

"You won't get many entries," said I. "You know how the men fight shy of any golf with women in it."

"Don't want many."

"Then why a tournament?" I asked. "The entry fees won't pay for the cups."

"I'm giving the cups," said Waddles, and investigated the cheese bowl once more. "Two of 'em. One male cup and one female cup. About sixteen dollars they'll set me back, but I've an idea—just a sneaking, lingering scrap of a notion—that I'll get my money's worth."

And he went away mumbling to himself and blowing cracker crumbs out of his mouth.

IV

OF COURSE you know the theory of the mixed foursome. There are four players, two men and two women, and each couple plays one ball. It sounds very simple. Miss Jones and Mr. Brown are partners. Miss Jones drives, and it is up to Mr. Brown to play the next shot from where the ball lies, after which Miss Jones takes another pop at the pill, and so on until the putt sinks. Yes, it sounds like an innocent pastime, but of all forms of golf the mixed foursome carries the highest percentage of danger and explosive material. It is the supreme test of nerves and temper, and the trial-by-acid of the disposition.

In our club there is an unwritten law that no wife shall be partnered with her husband in a mixed-foursome match, because husbands and wives have a habit of saying exactly what they think about each other—a practice which should be confined to the breakfast table. There was a case once—but let us avoid scandal. She has a new husband and he has a new wife.

Waddles' mixed-foursome tournament was scheduled for a Thursday, and it was amazing how many of the male members discovered that imperative business engagements would keep them from participating in the contest. The women were willing enough to play—they always are, bless 'em!—but it was only after a vast amount of effort and Mexican diplomacy that Waddles was able to lead six goats to the slaughter. Six, did I say? Five. Russell Davidson needed no urging.

The man who gave Waddles the most trouble was Bill Hawley. Bill was polite about it, but firm—oh, very firm. He didn't want any mixed foursomes in his young life, thank you just the same. More than that, he was busy. Waddles had to put it on the ground of a personal favor before Bill showed the first sign of wavering.

When I arrived at the club on Thursday noon I found Waddles sweating over the handicaps for his six couples.

"Don't You Care," Grinned Bill. "That's Just My Distance With a Mashie. And as for Long Grass, I Dote on It"

Now it is a cinch to handicap two women or two men if they are to play as partners, but to handicap a woman and a man is quite another matter, and all recognized rules go by the board. I watched the old boy for some time, but I couldn't make head or tail of his system. Finally I asked him how he handicapped a mixed foursome.

"With prayer," said Waddles. "With prayer, and in fear and trembling. And sometimes that ain't any good."

I noted that he had given Mary Brooke and Russell Davidson the lowest mark—10. Beth Rogers and Bill Hawley were next with 16, and the other couples ranged on upward to the blue sky.

"Of course," I suggested, "the low handicap is something of a compliment, but haven't you slipped Davidson a bit the worst of it?"

"Not at all," growled Waddles. "He was just crazy to get into this thing, and he wouldn't have been unless he figured to have a cinch; consequently, hence and by reason of which I've given him a mark that'll make him draw right down to his hand. He won't play any four-flush here." Waddles then arranged the personnel of the foursomes, and jotted down the order in which they would leave the first tee. When I saw which quartet would start last I offered another suggestion.

"You're not helping Bill's game any," said I. "You know that he doesn't like Davidson, and ——"

Waddles stopped me with his frozen-faced, stuffed-owl stare. In deep humiliation I confess that at the time I attributed it to his distaste for criticism. I realize now that it must have been amazement at my stupidity.

"Excuse me for living," said I with mock humility.

"There is no excuse," said Waddles heavily.

Bill turned up on the tee at the last moment, and if he didn't like the company in which he found himself he masked his feelings very well.

"How do, Mary? Beth, this is a pleasure. How are you, Davidson? Ladies first, I presume?"

"Drive, Miss Rogers," said Davidson.

Now a fluffy blonde is all right, I suppose, if she wears a hair net. Beth doesn't, and her golden aureole would make a Circassian woman jealous. Still, there are people who think Beth is a beauty. I more than half suspect that Beth is one of them. Beth drove, and the ball plumped into the cross bunker.

"Oh, partner!" she squealed. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"That's all right," Bill assured her. "I've often been in there myself. Takes a good long shot to carry that bunker."

"It's perfectly dear of you to say so!"

"Fore!" said Mary, who was on the tee, and the conversation ceased.

"Better shoot to the left," advised Russell, "and go round the end of the bunker."

Mary stopped waggling her club to look at him. If there is anything in which the female of the golfing species takes sinful pride it is the length of her drive. She likes to stand up on a tee used by the men and smack the ball over the cross bunker. She wouldn't trade a two-hundred-yard drive for twenty perfect approach shots. She may be a wonder on the putting green, but she offers herself no credit for that. It is the long tee shot that takes her eye—the drive that skims the bunker and goes on up the course. Waddles says the proposition of sex equality has a bearing on the matter, but I claim that it is just ordinary, everyday pride in being able to play a man's game, man fashion.

Coming from a total stranger, that suggestion about driving to the left would have been regarded as a deadly insult; coming from Russell ——

"But I think I can carry it," said Mary with a tiny pout.

"Change your stance and drive to the left." The suggestion had become a command.

"Fore!" said Mary again—and whacked the ball straight into the bunker—straight into the middle of it.

"Now, you see?" Russell was aggravated, and showed it. "If you had changed your stance and put that ball somewhere to the left you might have given me a chance to reach the green. As it is ——"

He was still enlarging upon her offense as they moved away from the tee. Mary did not answer him, but she gave Beth a bright smile, as much as to say "What care I?" Bill trailed along in the rear, juggling a niblick, his homely face wiped clean of all expression.

There wasn't much to choose between the second shots—both lies were about as bad as could be—but Russell got out safely and Bill duplicated the effort.

Beth then elected to use her brassy, and sliced the ball into the long grass. Of course she had to wail about it.

"Isn't that just too maddening? Partner, I'm so sorry!"

"Don't you care," grinned Bill. "That's just my distance with a mashie. And as for long grass, I dote on it."

Mary was taking her brassy out of the bag when Russell butted in again—with excellent advice, I must confess.

"You can't reach the green anyway," said he, "so take an iron and keep on the course."

There was a warning flash in Mary's eye which a wiser man would not have ignored.

"Remember you've got a partner," urged Russell. "Take an iron, there's a good girl."

"Oh, Russell! Do be still; you fuss me so!"

"But, my dear! I'm only trying to help ——"

The swish of the brassy cut his explanation neatly in two, and the ball went sailing straight for the distant flag—a very pretty shot for anyone to make.

"Oh, a peach!" cried Bill. "A peach!"

"And you," said Mary, turning accusingly to Russell, "you wanted me to take an iron!"

"Because you can keep straighter with an iron," argued Davidson.

"Wasn't that ball straight enough to please you?" asked Mary with just a touch of malice.

"You had luck," was the ungracious response, "but it doesn't follow that all your wooden-club shots will turn out as well. The theory of the mixed foursome is to leave your partner with a chance to hit the ball."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Beth. "Now you're making me feel like a criminal!"

"Lady," said Bill, "if I don't mind, why should you?"

"I think you're an angel!" gushed Beth.

(Concluded on Page 59)

SWAT THE SPY! — By David Lawrence

SPIES are of two kinds—those that feed on military and naval information, and those that spread words of poison. The first seek to reduce the effectiveness of our armed forces abroad; the second endeavor to weaken, if not disintegrate, our national unity at home. Surreptitiously these covert scouts for the enemy transmit to the Imperial German Government data wherewith to plan counter-thrusts against us on land and sea. By methods no less seductive, agents of the enemy resident in our midst discharge their germs of venom into the throbbing organism of American democracy

Popular fancy pictures the spy as a false-whiskered, black-mustached individual of strange garb, of broken accent and elusive eyes, of furtive tread and slinking gait. Spies are nothing of the kind. They excel in deception not because they wear a disguise but because they do not wear a disguise. They are, as a rule, difficult of detection because indistinguishable from the mass, because in external appearance and manner no difference is apparent between them and the law-abiding folks among whom they practice their subtle villainy. They pass in and out of our cities in street cars and automobiles, travel back and forth on our trains, quietly, unobtrusively, mingling casually and not unnaturally with the people about them. They are not skilled in the science of the occult. They are not gifted with a mystic imperceptibility. On the contrary, they are past masters in the simple art of conformity

Always the least conspicuous and the least assertive, usually the most plausible and most harmless-looking of persons, they fit easily into the communities where they operate. No task is too trivial for a single spy or agent if to do more would excite suspicion. Nothing is too dishonorable. Nothing is too unmoral—for their creed is that of Machiavelli, and their craft as deceptive as the camouflaged horse of ancient Troy. With them the means, no matter what it is, always is justified by the end that is sought—success to the Fatherland.

Ignored, neglected, left to wander at will over the sleepy face of an unawakened country, spies multiply, infesting rural communities as well as thickly populated cities—a swarm of enemies who feel no scruple of conscience and recognize no tenet of law. Daring men and scheming women they are—for the female of the species is more deadly than the male—preying sedulously on our good nature, national flexibility and guilelessness. To thwart their plots of cunning many Government agencies have been especially organized, but only one organization can, after all, reach out effectively and swat the spy. That organization is the American people.

Information Useful to the Enemy

BUT how? To answer that very question the writer consulted everybody in Washington who has anything to do with running down spies and enemy agents—from the attorney-general and his assistants, the chiefs of our bureaus of investigation and secret service, and officials of the War and Navy Departments, to the detectives who have hunted German mischief makers in this country and abroad. To indicate how every loyal American can help to break up the spy system of our foes it is necessary to understand the motives and purposes behind the different kinds of trouble the Germans have fomented or attempted to foment while America was neutral and to sketch those plans of enemy agents which already have unfolded themselves since this nation entered the war.

When the United States was still neutral the German effort was concentrated on preventing the export of munitions and supplies to the Entente Allies. This was to be done either by embargo councils that would influence Congress or by the more direct method of strikes and explosions in steel plants and munition factories and by placing time bombs aboard cargo ships. Collaterally ran the intrigue to create a pressure upon Great Britain to make peace while Germany without loss of prestige might impose her will on Europe.

Similar principles of policy underlie Germany's activity to-day, but the methods are more ruthless, more deliberate and more cunningly contrived than before to paralyze the military and naval arms of the United States and to divide the mass of the American people into conflicting factions which by their strife and controversy should retard the progress of the war machine and delay aid to the Allies, while Germany batters away at the free nations which failed to amass munitions during unsuspecting years of sincere and peaceful intention.

Usually our good-natured American citizen says with a trace of impatience: "Oh what difference does it make if Heinrich or Fritz does live next door to a shipyard? He can't tell them more than the fact that a single ship is being built there. And how is he going to communicate with Germany anyway?" Or another remarks: "I don't understand why the newspapers say a ship arrived at 'an Atlantic port' or 'a Pacific port.' Can't the Germans see the boats come and go? And isn't there a censorship to prevent messages from being sent?"

But though the interrelation of trivial information and enemy plotting may not be immediately apparent, it is by piecing together things which may look insignificant that business and professional men can help. So can observant conductors on trains, watchful switchmen in the yards, keen-witted salesmen in stores, alert hotel employees, grocers, cigar dealers, and so on. Everybody can assist in fighting the same intriguers who dissipated Russian unity, who spread disaffection in the Italian Army of Cadorna and who, as the revelations of Bolo Pasha proved, might have destroyed France Germs of disloyalty likewise have been planted here to disunite us, but they must not be permitted to multiply. It is easy to start a spy mania. It is easy to spend one's time foolishly in pursuit on an empty trail. It is easy to use the outcry against spies as a means to vent individual spite or gain personal revenge. It is as easy to be wrong about spies as it is difficult to be right.

Just because your neighbor is of German birth or descent and is now naturalized, just because someone else, whom you do not know, moves into your street and talks with a foreign accent isn't prima-facie evidence that you have discovered a German agent. Nor is the fact that someone has indignantly announced that he wouldn't buy Liberty Bonds or that America had no business in the war anyway. These things may be contributory facts, but they also may prove to be the irresponsible gossip of misguided people.

So far as the United States Government is concerned, it gives everybody a clean bill of health as to utterances before April 6, 1917. That is the dividing line. When the United States was not a belligerent many people sympathized with Germany. Just why this was so it is not necessary now to inquire. What a man said before America entered the war is not going to be used against him if his Americanism thereafter is sound; but in the event of suspicious behavior, of course things that happened prior to April sixth may throw an interesting light on the personal history of the one suspected.

The Government at Washington wants to discourage spy hysteria. There are millions of loyal German-Americans who are now even more zealous than ever to prove their fidelity to the cause of their adopted country, and thoughtless individuals can heap no end of injustice and cruelty upon those who are Americans not by chance but by choice.

On the other hand, the existence of a spy peril is not an abstract matter, it is a concrete fact. Spies and enemy agents have been detected already and more of them can be caught in the future if loyal citizens are on the watch.

A. Bruce Bielaski — Chief of the Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice. Hundreds of Trained Investigators Report to Him Daily on the Activities of German Spies. Above — William J. Flynn, Chief of the United States Secret Service

Beware of Arguments

WHAT kinds of information are useful to the enemy and what kinds are useless? The spy in chief operates on the theory that nothing is useless. He is omnivorous. His agents are instructed to find out everything. The man who wonders why the newspapers suddenly have been asked to refer to ship arrivals at "an Atlantic port" or "a Pacific port" may think this a foolish restriction. On the contrary it increases the number of agents the enemy must employ, and since ships leave from several ports on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards the chances correspondingly increase of detecting those spies who are watching arrivals and departures. Barring aliens from certain zones and compelling them to register are other measures which a country on the defensive must take to render the work of spies doubly difficult. Somewhere in the link of communication there may be a break—a go-between may confess and the whole spy system is uncovered.

Similarly with respect to the construction of ships and enemy aliens who lurk in the vicinity of shipyards. In each place the Germans have set men to watch the progress of construction and to make regular reports thereon. It is the same with the manufacture of guns and ammunition and the distribution of troops. One hundred principal spies, each assisted by a half dozen men or women reporting regularly from various parts of the United States, could estimate exactly the amount of ammunition and the number of men in training, the time of their expected departure for Europe, amenability to training and all the facts that will enable the German General Staff to know when to expect the bulk of the American forces abroad and the character of each division, each regiment, each battalion. To the intelligence officers of the German Army this would be valuable information. It would enable them to know which are our Regulars, National Guard and National Army troops, and to hurl against the weakest contingents the most experienced German regiments.

So the military necessity of the moment is to prevent spies from learning anything about the personnel or detail of any of our military units. And the easiest way that spies get data of this sort is by provoking arguments or controversies among those who are well-informed. Though congressional inquiries, for example, into inefficiency in matters of ordnance and supply

are prompted by patriotic motives, unless the War Department is careful in its answers the enemy can obtain from the congressional debates material which its spies might not have gathered in months!

Naval information involves the same difficulty. The German effort constantly is to get newspapers or individuals to complain about the slowness of our shipping or naval program. Our officials have been misled by such tactics into making complete and comprehensive statements of exactly what tonnage is going to be available every month for the next year. Great Britain and France have kept such information secret. Their plan has been to confuse the enemy and keep him guessing. And that's what America's policy ought to be. Precautions have been taken in naval stations to protect navy secrets, and the parents and relatives of our seamen should be particularly reticent about the names of ships and other things they see in port. It looks trivial, doesn't it? But it may mean the entanglement of a certain spy whose business it is to get that information; and that particular spy's arrest may lead to the complete frustration of a system that menaces the lives of our soldiers and sailors on the high seas.

Just what are all the means of secret communication between the United States and Germany is not yet definitely known. The cables are strictly censored. Codes within apparently simple commercial messages are no doubt being used, but the navy thinks it has reduced this to a minimum. On the other hand, wireless is still the great mystery. If the Germans have perfected any device that conceals the presence of their instruments or if they maintain stations in certain Latin-American countries it is obvious how quickly a relay can be established between points in the United States and Germany. Simple messages or letters to points in Northern Mexico or Cuba might be transmitted to enemy agents who have wireless communication with Germany or with supposedly neutral ships at sea. Whatever these devices may be, the business of the people in America is to stop as much information as possible at the source and to augment the instrumentalities of espionage within our borders.

Enemy Agents Among the Neutrals

THERE is such a thing as spy sense—that indefinable instinct which tells in a general way the vicinity in which spies are operating yet is not always able to locate them exactly. During the first few weeks following America's entry into the war the spy system organized by Captains Von Papen and Boy-Ed was leaderless and the Federal authorities believe completely disrupted. For a long time Germany made no effort to reorganize it. America was not to be bestirred into active participation in the war if the Imperial Government could prevent. Apathy was a valuable ally. So enemy agents lay low and waited instructions. Now these orders have come. The Department of Justice recently sensed the importation of a large number of German spies through Scandinavian countries. They brought word to those on American soil. And the fight has begun in earnest.

It is essential to remember that not always are German spies Germans. They are most frequently the subjects of neutral countries. Every nation has its criminal class, which will hire itself out to do most anything. Even Americans did not hesitate to act as messengers for Germany prior to April sixth of last year. So the Beware! sign must be hung out before neutral as well as enemy aliens. Certain Dutchmen, Danes, Swedes, Swiss, Spaniards, Mexicans and even Russians have been under suspicion from time to time, and among them no doubt are some enemy agents. Unfortunately the majority of law-abiding Swedes, Danes, Dutchmen, Spaniards and other neutrals who reside in this country may thereby become the unjust victims of social segregation. But in wartime only American citizens are free from suspicion. And notwithstanding our own benevolent neutrality toward the Allies before we entered the war, even Americans were not permitted to go about in England and France without a permit, and detectives frequently kept a close watch on them at that.

Yet there is no excuse for injustice if a few simple rules which the Government advises are followed. In the first place, if you think there is something queer or strange about a man, for example, who gives his business as that of selling typewriters and yet who never seems to be engaged in that occupation and apparently knows very little about it, and you feel from your own knowledge and experience in the typewriter business that his claim is spurious, the nearest Federal or police officer should be notified by letter. United States marshals and district attorneys have means of investigating such information. It may of course happen that the individual you have suspected is not a spy at all, but a plain crook, and the case is referred to the police. On the other hand, your fears may prove groundless. But the authorities in any event will keep confidential the fact that any suspicion ever was raised; in fact, since the outbreak of the war hundreds of thousands of cases have been reported to Federal agents of German-Americans and others who refused to buy Liberty Bonds or who were outspoken in their opposition to the war. Nine out of every ten proved to have absolutely no connection with the enemy. But the Government cannot afford to ignore a single complaint, because it already has obtained much valuable information in this way from the public.

There's one kind of letter, however, that is absolutely ignored and valueless. It is the anonymous communication. Instances have occurred in which bitter controversies of a personal character have resulted in malicious attempts by one enraged individual to produce embarrassment for another by reporting alleged spy activities. Persons who are discovered in such practices render themselves liable to legal complications of a serious character. The Government is not interested in your personal enemies, but in the foes of the nation.

When the loyal American observes suspicious behavior and is sincerely anxious to combat spies he should of course sign his own name and address. His part in the affair will not be disclosed. A plain statement of the circumstances under which a suspect was observed should be included. Letters should be sent either to the Department of Justice in Washington or to the Federal agencies in any of the large cities. If there is no United States marshal or United States district attorney in your immediate vicinity the postmaster will forward the complaint to the nearest office of investigation. Whenever in doubt, write direct to the Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice in Washington.

To Guard Against Spies Daily Admittance to the State, War and Navy Buildings is by Pass, Which Must Contain a Photograph of the Bearer.

Above—Troops Guard the Entrance to the Washington Navy Yard; Would-be Visitors are Carefully Scrutinized

The headquarters of the German spy system to-day is in Mexico. When certain things happen in the United States certain persons move accordingly in Mexico. The connection has been proved. Yet the Mexican Government, absorbed in troubles of its own, has neither the funds nor the organization to run down German agents, most of whom are plentifully supplied with money and manage not to compromise themselves. If the United States while a neutral, with all her power and resourcefulness, was able with difficulty to checkmate the operations of German agents and only after they had been operating in this country for many months under the direction of the German Embassy itself, what can be expected from loosely organized institutions in Mexico, even granting that the latter have the best intentions?

Hints to Americans in Mexico

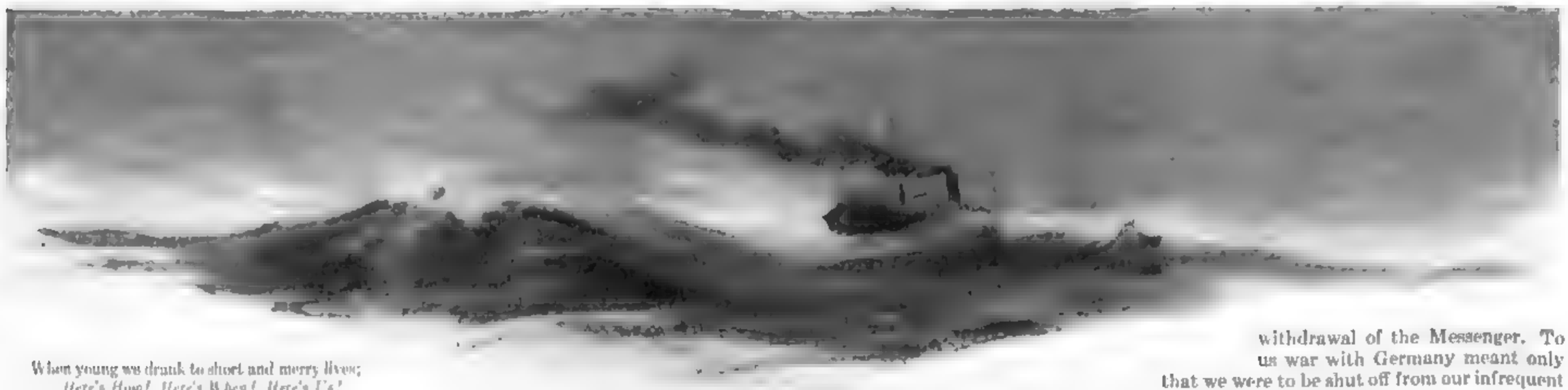
SO AMERICAN residents in Mexico and other Latin-American countries owe an important obligation to their own Government. They should notify the American Embassy in Mexico City, or the consulates, of the suspicious maneuvers or open activities of Germans or neutrals interested in defeating the military or naval operations of the United States. And since the Germans must naturally try to use the Texas Border as a means of communication loyal Americans who reside in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and California must be especially cautious of irregularities at the boundary, either of individuals or in seemingly harmless articles of freight. Laundry and wearing apparel might easily conceal communications of the most important character which a German agent would not dare to intrust to the mails. Messages might be pinned or pasted within the lining of overcoats or on the inside of a consignment of shirts. Customs authorities on the border can be none too careful. The direction of information just now is across the Mexican Border as well as toward Cuba. Persons in the Southern States—telegraph operators, railroad men, freight agents—all can be useful in this work. Undoubtedly provoking delays to legitimate shipments will occur, but wartime imposes many an inconvenience that is exasperating yet absolutely unavoidable when the essential object is kept in mind.

Through the American Protective League, a volunteer organization entirely unofficial, but with which the Department of Justice cooperates, thousands of Americans in banks, railroads, industrial and manufacturing trades and occupations have been enlisted to watch for spies. Membership does not include authority. Obviously, to give the badge of power to hundreds of thousands of untrained detectives might produce complications. They act, however, as loyal complainants. On the basis of their information agents of the Department of Justice begin investigations. The American Protective League of its own accord has inquired into many thousands of cases of slackerism, and much of the work of enforcing the selective-draft law has been taken from the shoulders of the department by the volunteers of the league.

But the first line of defense against spies is the police force and constabularies of city, county and state. The man on the beat and the letter carrier, whose business it is to know everyone in the neighborhood, can scent irregularities or suspicious circumstances, and the policeman can investigate on the spot too. The Federal authorities will be spared much time and expense if the local police are first consulted by the loyal citizen. Only if the police seem remiss and no legitimate explanation appears of the activities of a suspected enemy agent should the matter be brought to the attention of higher officials. Loyal citizens must be guided by the circumstances of each case, but in general they are advised to keep even their suspicions to themselves after they have reported to the proper officials.

Continued on Page 62

Commodore Erroll's Subscription



When young we drank to short and merry lives;
Here's How! Here's When! Here's Us!
In age we drank because we'd lived too long
Here's Health! Here's Luck! Here's Them!
We're old; the bottle's done; the stars are dim;
Right Bods! Cockerow! All Hands!
And for the youth that once gave tongue in song
Heigh-ho! Yes, Boy! La-la!
This once we lift but empty glasses up—
All Up! Once More! The Last!
A toast to Death, who comes too late to right our wrong!
Past Due! Too Late! So Long! —*Spilled Liquor.*

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

IT WAS late in April when the mail packet from Fanning Island brought the news to us at Bothwell Beach that the United States had at last declared war on Germany. I imagine that each one of us, except the commodore, had a personal letter as well as the brief paragraphs in the newspapers to tell us about it. We were a small colony of American exiles on Bothwell Beach, drawn to that remote spot by the prospect of future gain or—possibly—despair over past losses.

Three years before, when our French and British associates had bade us farewell and departed to join their countries' forces, there had been ugly rumors that the rest of us, though Americans by birth, were a decadent crew, sluggards, indifferent to the cataclysm that threatened to drag our race into the gulf. But during those long years, unbroken in our latitude by the advent and departure of the four seasons, the first sting of that scandal had left us; we led our desultory existence in peace and read the infrequent papers brought by the Messenger only to dispute idly over petty details. Not one of us had expected an actual declaration of our country's intent to take sides; not even he whom we called, by courtesy, "The Commodore," though from the first he had espoused the part of the Allies and preached to us from morning till night the duty of all true Americans.

I found my closest intimate, Sam Todd, staring over his letters and cursing audibly and feebly.

"Well," I remarked, "I suppose you got the same news."

"Hang it all!" he snorted. "What are *we* going to do?"

I didn't mistake this question; I answered it just as he expected me to:

"We'll be shut off here like rats on a raft, Sam. It was hard enough before to get a steamer down here to load our goods for the Coast. Now we'll have to sit here and starve!"

"Exactly!" he growled.

Then he cursed himself, Bothwell Beach, the politicians who had got us into war, the climate, our business, the future, the past, the present; and wound up with one inclusive anathema on the world.

"Here's a note from that agent in San Francisco telling me that, in view of the demand for ships and the high rates of insurance, and all that poppycock, he is unable to charter a vessel for us and advising me to prepare for a lengthy period of inactivity," I responded.

We growled like dogs over this, with the little bay sparkling before us in its eternal brilliancy and the sound of the monotonous surf in our weary ears. The eyes of both of us saw the smudge of smoke on the horizon that marked the departing Messenger, and both of us withdrew our gaze from that to rest it, with disgust, on the single craft that floated in our harbor.

"It may be a year before we get another mail," Sam said sullenly. "The mate of the Messenger said it'd likely be their last trip."

"That leaves Bothwell Beach with only the Hampton Roads as a possible recourse," I answered.

My friend looked at me with justified contempt.

"And Commodore Erroll to defend the station," he added.

I laughed. The commodore had been our butt for years; the butt of Bothwell long before we youngsters had dumped our luggage on its beach and walked up to the bare wooden station to greet the one man who never got a letter from home, or planned in time to quit the lonely island to spend his gains in his native place. Him we knew only too well, with his smooth manner, his fiery speech, his boasting, and his addiction to extraordinary intoxicants; but of his real history we should have had to confess we knew little or nothing, except what we gathered from his rambling tales, his incredible mysterious hints of an ennobled past, and the single fact that he was an unreconstructed Southerner.

His vessel, a small underpowered steamer magniloquently named the Hampton Roads, was his solitary possession. For years it had been unseaworthy. In two years the commodore, even when most uplifted by liquor, hadn't ventured to make so much of a trip as the short crossing of the twenty-mile pass between Bothwell and its neighbor, Randall Reef. It was a joke to think that all we people had left in the way of a navigator and a ship were these two, both utterly obsolete.

"Anyway," I said, "let's go see the Old Man and tell him what news we have."

"He's already ripped open all the newspapers," Sam growled. "Like as not we'll have to listen to his confounded stories and how he'd win the war. Drat him!"

"By all means," I agreed. "Let the commodore be dratted. But he's the senior on *this* island and we ought to have some consideration for the old boy. You know he'll be hurt if we don't humor him. And—who knows?—we may need his old Hampton Roads before we're done."

My companion sniffed.

"Marooned, by gad! And I'll bet the Government'll never even take the pains to inquire about us! Confound those fools at home—never thinking of anything but their own petty affairs! Here we are, three thousand miles from the nearest ——"

"Shut up!" I said briefly; Sam is a difficult man to get along with when he starts on his grievances.

The commodore received us with unusual brusqueness. He was seated, as ordinarily, in his own big chair, handy to the sideboard. But I noticed that he hadn't opened the case of whisky which the Messenger's boat had landed for us, and no glass stood by his elbow. He held a paper open on his knees and pored over it with an occasional "Humph!"

Sam and I smashed the top of the case and got a bottle out. When we had sampled the contents we seated ourselves, in a more amiable temper, and chatted about the news. Presently the half dozen others of our little colony drifted in and the talk became general. It finally settled down to an ill-humored discussion of the plight in which we were left by the withdrawal of the Messenger. To us war with Germany meant only that we were to be shut off from our infrequent communication with civilization.

Hiram Esterley put the general sentiment in a nutshell:

"We've got to find out some way what the United States is going to do for us. It can't leave us high and dry, this way. We're citizens and our business has got to be protected; and we've got rights that must be respected. Yes, sir! We must make the Government say what it's going to do for us!"

An absolutely strange voice broke on our ears. We started up and looked round for its source. Then, to our complete astonishment, we understood that the commodore was speaking.

"What!" he roared at us, his usually pallid face aflame. "Do I understand you triply condemned offspring of a degenerate tribe of unpedigreed nonentities to intimate that the United States has got to say what it's going to do for a lot of unqualifiedly lost souls without any anatomical feature except a cartilaginous spine and an ochre-colored liver?"

We gaped in amazement at the usually mellifluously spoken Old Man. His shaggy brows were drawn down in a portentous scowl. His voice rasped, like shark skin:

"You heaven-forsaken Gadarene swine mean to sit here on this quadruplicate replica of the sweet by-and-by and demand that your own country take any pains at all to warm your d——d milk for you so you can write to the girls for fresh pictures to stick up in your everlastingly condemned looking-glasses, and smirk—yes, smirk, by the 'ternal!—at your own malformed flat faces?"

The commodore brought his hand down on the outspread paper with a bang that rattled the blinds.

"Have a drink, sir," sneered Sam. "You're overheated."

The Old Man glared at the proffered glass, snatched it and flung the liquor on the floor, with what was strangely like a sob. Then he got to his feet, and included us all in a glance so savage, contemptuous and scorching that we involuntarily drew back to give him passage. He went out, slammed the screen behind him so that its hinges snapped, and strode down the white-sand pathway toward the beach.

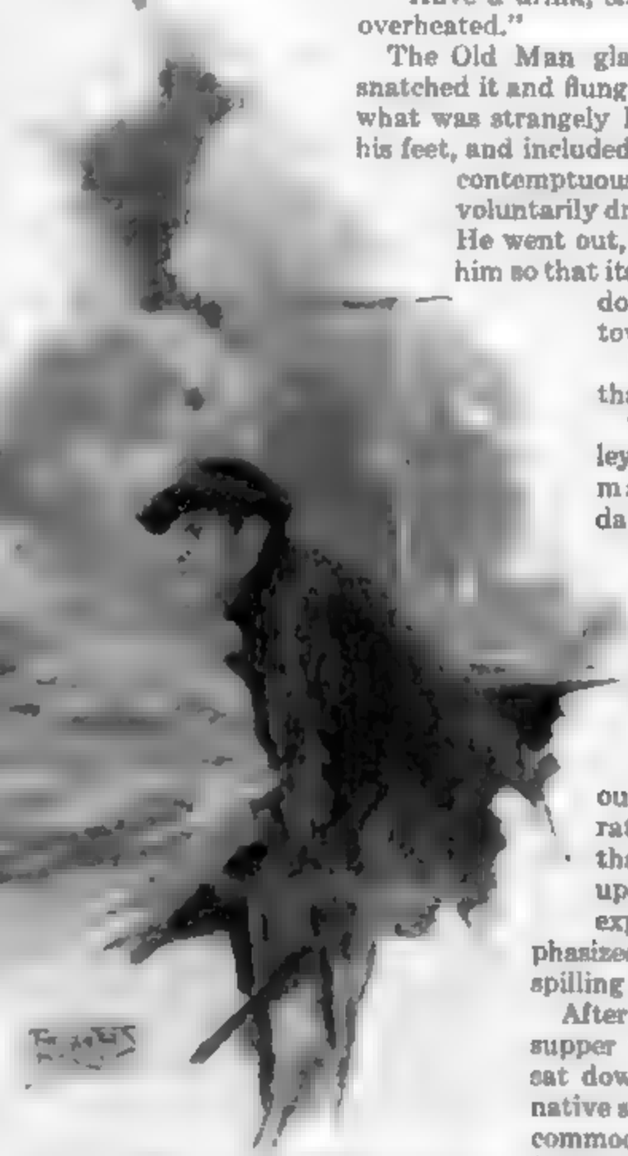
"Now what do you think of that?" muttered Sam.

"Think?" repeated Esterley with an entire change of manner. "Think? We daren't think!"

He followed the commodore.

Usually we celebrated steamer day in a mild fashion; but now, by common consent, we stowed away the newly opened case, picked up our papers, and went separately to our quarters. We felt that our little world had been upset by the commodore's inexplicable burst of temper, emphasized by his almost incredible spilling of good liquor.

After sundown we gathered for supper in the big mess room and sat down silently to the meal the native servants had provided. The commodore did not appear—even for the business meeting, which always followed at the end of steamer day. Esterley, who was steward for



The Old Man Hadn't Been Down in Twenty-Four Hours. He Had Eaten Nothing and Drunk Nothing

the time, made his report without comment and closed it with the curt statement that, though he had sent off an order by the Messenger, it was doubtful whether we should receive fresh supplies for an indefinite time.

"How much have we on hand?" Sam Todd inquired.

"Plenty for a year," was the reply.

"We should worry!" quoth Sam. "Lots can happen in a year. The war will be over. One thing—it won't touch us."

"It appears to me that we have a little war on our hands right now," remarked Hiram quietly. "The commodore went down to the beach and put off to the Hampton Roads. Take it from me, the old fire eater is going to break up our happy family!"

"We'll sit on him and make him be good," Sam answered tartly. "He thinks he's boss of this beach just because we've all stood for him and humored him. Confounded old rascal! Whyn't he ever go home? Say, tell me that! Why's he stick right here on Bothwell Beach all these years, with never a letter from home? Tell me that!"

Sam's voice died away slowly in the hot room. He glared round for an answer, slammed one fist on the table, and rose with a snort of disgust.

"Sit down, sir!" boomed a voice in the doorway; Erroll stood in it, his beard cocked at a belligerent angle and his eyes blazing on us all.

"I'll be ——" began Sam, but I pulled him to his seat; there was something in the Old Man's expression that made me feel a slight thrill of expectance.

The commodore stalked on in and seated himself in his usual chair at the head of the table. Then he grimly surveyed us.

"We've flown the Stars and Stripes over this beach for thirty years," he said. "Even when we had Smith and Hawke and Trimble and Burns—all British—we hoisted the American flag on steamer days. The Britishers quit this beach when they heard their country was at war. Now we're only Americans left. Our country is at war! We aren't going to sit idly here and watch the sky for the smoke of a steamer that can't be spared on our little affairs. As a former officer in the American forces I constitute myself the chairman of this meeting, which will decide ——"

"What American forces, may I boldly ask?" said Todd. "The Confederate States of America?"

The smooth irony in his tone almost broke the spell the Old Man had laid on us; but there was a sharp slither of fire in the commodore's eyes that made even Todd drop his glance. His question went unheeded and unanswered.

"I'm ready to hear your suggestions," Erroll announced.

"What can we do?" I asked.

"We're marooned here, without any chance of getting away," said Hiram.

"Besides, there is nothing we could do," I added.

"Is that all?" the commodore demanded dryly. "If it is I'll merely state what I shall do."

He paused and wiped his lips with a trembling hand. His eyes, slightly clouded, seemed to watch ours for an encouraging look, an expression of sympathy, of friendliness. But we were sore and angry. We scowled at our plates. The Old Man sighed.

"I shall prepare my steamer for sea at the earliest possible moment," he said slowly. "Then I shall sail for the American Coast.

"It goes without saying that any of you gentlemen who desire to take passage on the Hampton Roads, to volunteer for the war, will be welcome."

There was a dead silence for a moment. We were taken completely by surprise. One or two of us ejaculated "The Hampton Roads!"—as much as to say "What insanity is this?" But we had had a taste of the Old Man's scathing tongue that afternoon and we were in no mind to seek a second dose of it. With deceiving mildness Todd inquired gently:

"But have you a crew for your steamer? Coal? Provisions?"

"There are nine of us!" was the tart reply.

We stared at each other. This was not the man for our money. Someone shoved back his chair as a signal for our getting up and leaving the dotard to his maunderings. Oddly enough, no one rose. Esterley looked at the ceiling and remarked generally:

"Oh, I suppose we might contribute provisions."

Involuntarily I spoke up:

"Sam and I have three hundred tons of coal. But, of course, the Hampton Roads' boilers wouldn't carry a pound of steam. Besides, who would pay for the coal?"

Still the commodore sat silent, watching us. Burton, who hadn't had a word to say till now, murmured:

"It's over five thousand miles to the Coast. All that could be expected of us is a subscription to a loan."

"Liberty Bonds?" said Todd.

"Sure!" said someone else. "Subscribe."

"And how shall we subscribe?" demanded Pinkerton, another man who had taken no part in the discussion.

The commodore's harsh voice broke in on us.

The Commodore Brought His Hand Down on the Outspread Paper With a Bang That Rattled the Blinds

"Permit me to write your letter," he remarked. "Thus:

"*America:* Nine of us send a hundred dollars as our share in the war against Germany. We have provisions for one year only. See to it that we get our mail promptly. We're too busy to come home. With best wishes—if you see that we get our mail and liquor regularly ——"

He stopped, and Todd squirmed.

"Be fair, commodore!" he muttered. "None of us drinks much."

But the Old Man seemed not to be listening for that. He kept his steady watch on us, waiting for us to speak out loud.

"I went to sea for four years," remarked Esterley dreamily. "My opinion is that the Hampton Roads would have been rejected by Jonah in favor of the whale—any whale—as a transport. But I'll go."

None of us looked up. Pinkerton was the station's engineer and mechanic. We felt that it wouldn't be fair to catch his eye. We waited maliciously. Didn't we know Old Pinkerton? And the commodore, with all his bluster, couldn't go back of his authority.

"The engines in your vessel, sir," said Pinkerton softly, "are of the vintage of before the war. They aren't even fit for patterns for a Jap ironworker. Your boilers tremble when the barometer marks an increase in the atmospheric pressure. If I remember rightly, the feed pump wouldn't churn butter. However, if you insist ——"

Pinkerton had failed us utterly. Sam Todd waved a disgusted paw at him.

"Drat you!" he said acridly. "You think you're some special kind of American, don't you? You and your d——d patriotism! Well, I come from a confoundedly better town than you do, and my folks are infinitely superior to yours in education, social standing and general smartness. But I suppose I'll have to shovel your coal."

There was nothing for the rest of us to do but yield gracefully. The commodore nodded and rose to his feet.

"Very good, gentlemen!" he said gruffly. "Bothwell Beach drops everything and goes home. We start work on the Hampton Roads in the morning. Mr. Pinkerton will be chief engineer and Mr. Esterley mate."

I think we all felt a little like boys bound on a lark that night. We stayed up till all hours, laughing and talking, and planning what we should do when we got home. Our cash capital, pooled, amounted to four thousand dollars, and we agreed that half of it should go to buying the bonds which our newspapers announced were being offered to finance the war. It went without saying that our business on the island would be let go adrift for the present. And yet we—all of us—knew that the Hampton Roads would never arrive anywhere except at the bottom of the sea. We didn't need Pinkerton's dispassionate statement of her rottenness to convince us of that.

"It's the completest wild-goose chase that ever entered the mind of a crazy old unreconstructed fire eater of an ex-Confederate pirate!" Sam complained to me. "We all know it. And we're all going, just because we're the same dratted asses our people sent out here to keep us from messing the family social standing up beyond repair."

"Keep your personal scandals to yourself," I told him. "Some of us are here on pure business."

"And leaving for pure cussedness," Sam retorted. "Oh, we're a sweet lot of gallant Americans! We'll beach the old packet on the lee side of Randall and come back in the small boat, having done our duty. Our expedition will last twenty-four hours, and then we'll come to our senses and be satisfied—or the commodore will be satisfied, which is the same thing."

As Todd had put the secret feeling of us all into words, I made no answer.

The next morning I woke at dawn, had my bath, and lazily prepared for the day. I thought—somewhat shamefacedly—that probably the commodore would have got over his spasm of patriotism and the whole affair would be dropped. Half an hour later I lost this notion.

It is difficult for me to express the alteration in the Old Man we had known so long and so familiarly. Remember, he had been a garrulous old boy, fond of his glass, a loafer among loafers, a man who one moment was a suave old gentleman with a respectable manner; the next a boaster, a profligate dotard, babbling of a golden past that was a dream. We had long since set him down as a man who had quit the States in his ramshackle old steamer because he wasn't wanted. He was, to speak precisely, what some of us would grow into if the sun and the whisky and the monotony of our exile didn't kill us first. But now ——

Before the sun was well up he had Pinkerton and Esterley out on the Hampton Roads. They came ashore with serious faces. They talked briefly and to the point. Pinkerton was no longer our quiet boon companion, but chief engineer and in authority. Esterley's casual manner was the same as of old, but he chose his subordinates curtly and set us all at work. The commodore's fiery and imperious eyes were everywhere, and his hoarse voice boomed along the beach in unqualified tones of command.

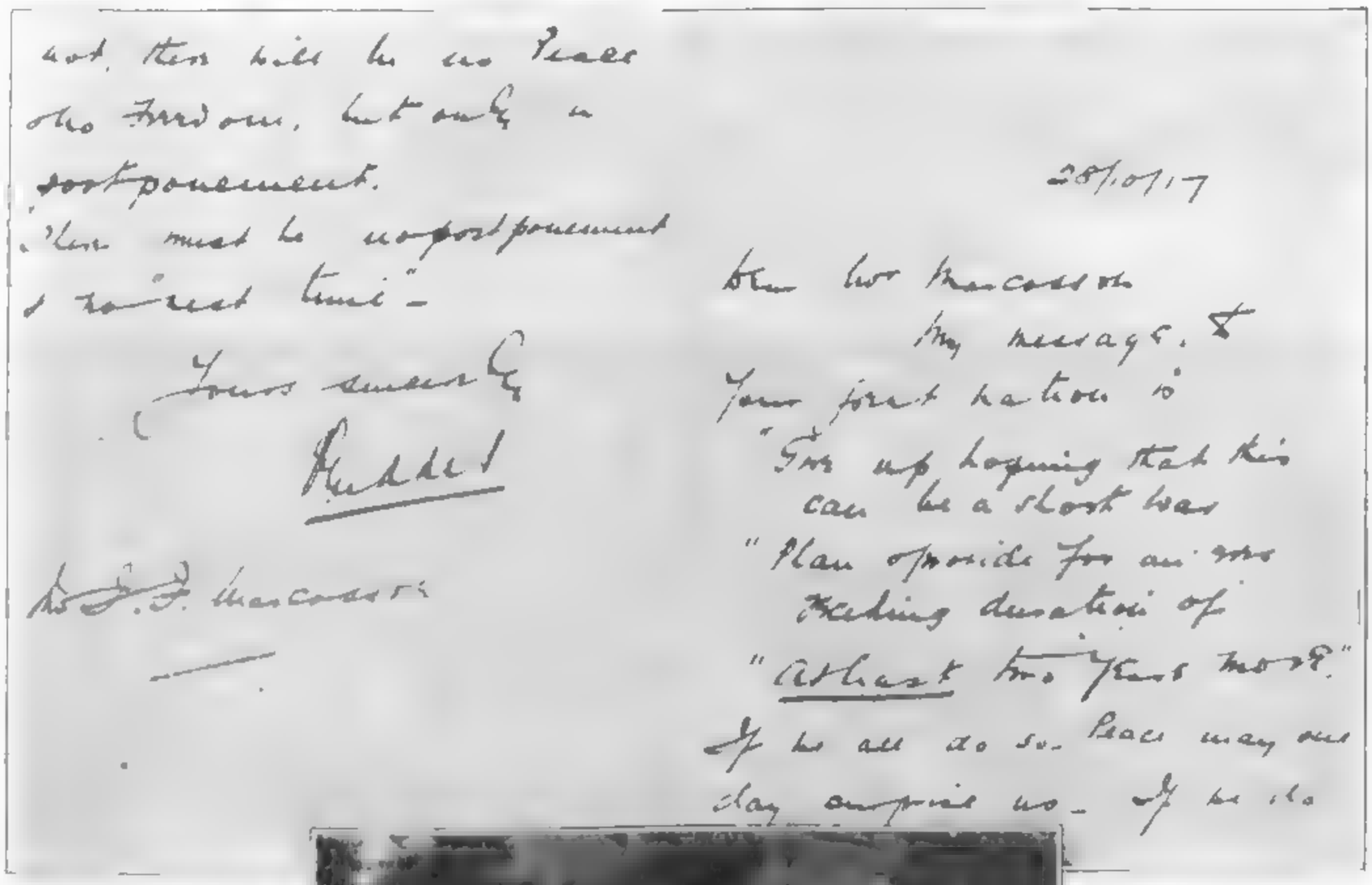
By night we had thoroughly got acquainted with the old steamer. She was rotten beyond all our dreams. Her machinery was a rusty groan, her deck gear a travesty of dry rot and decay. She leaked persistently and universally. Her holds were foul pits, filled with stench. Her cabins reeked of disuse and mustiness. Time and again

(Continued on Page 73)

Business-Managing the Empire

How Salesmanship Has Helped British Statesmanship

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON



WHEN you strip away the glamour from the great war and analyze the larger results you find that nothing achieved so far is of more permanent value to the future than the infusion of business methods into the conduct of governments. Just as the war itself is organized and operated upon a huge commercial basis, so have cabinets become clearing houses for the best business brains. The hands that have molded industry now shape the destinies of nations.

Never before in all history has there been such a shaking up of dry administrative bones. The professional European politician, born to office, is in the main a vanishing type; his "pull" is a lost art. There is a definite reason. The billions consumed on the fiery altar of the stupendous conflict demand employment by men trained to the fiscal task, while the gearing of railways and industries to the titanic needs requires a specialized preparation for the colossal readjustments of peace.

In no Allied country have business talents been so completely commandeered as in England. With the exception of Premier Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, and a few other seasoned office-holders, the cabinet is a board of directors recruited from industrial pursuits that could sit on any problem of overhead cost and distribution that came up. In addition practically every important war activity is either dominated or controlled by men who left their desks and counting rooms to become drivewheels of the mighty machine of war.

England's Handy Man, Sir Eric Geddes, Who is First, Last and Always a Business Man, Pens a Personal Message to the American People. Many Political Prophets Say He Will Some Day be Prime Minister

The Supreme Lesson for America

HERE lies the supreme lesson for the United States, preparing for her immense part in the world struggle. Happily the precedent of Great Britain has already in a measure been heeded. But the Baruchs, the Willards, the Hurleys, the Coffins, the Davisons, the Deedses and all the rest of their colleagues now on the job at Washington are merely the forerunners of that larger group of captains of capital and industry who must inevitably have their part in the work of the war. As in England, the business man will eventually do everything but stake out the strategy of battle.

If this commercialization of government, as it might be called, had begun in the United States no one would have been surprised. Business is our middle name. The fact that it was born amid the hidebound traditions of British statesmanship makes it one of the many miracles of a war of miracles. Nor does any single fact more eloquently proclaim Britain's determination to be a tremendous industrial factor when the war is over. The war has become an immense training school for the war after the war!

The evolution was interesting. When England leaped into war almost overnight she had a government composed of professional statesmen. Not until Viscount—then Lord—Northcliffe exploded his famous bombshell about the lack of high explosives which jolted Kitchener from his pedestal and led to the establishment of the Ministry of Munitions did the government draw the recruits from commerce about its standard.

The Ministry of Munitions therefore represents the corner stone of the business bulwark that the Empire has reared. Lloyd George was the first Minister of Munitions. He was not a business man, but he knew how business affairs should be conducted. He knew, too, that America had built her industrial supremacy on close-knit and scientific organization. He did what Andrew Carnegie or any other man of that type would do. He mobilized the Schwabs, the Thomas A. Edisons, the Henry Fords and the Westinghouses of the Kingdom and made them his workers.

From every corner of the Empire he drafted experience. He wanted workers without stint, so he started a Bureau of Labor: he needed publicity, so he launched an Advertising Department; to compete successfully with the Germans he knew that he would have to employ every inventive resource that his country could command, so he founded an Invention and Research Bureau; he saw that the shirker and the slacker were still abroad in the land, so he unfurled the Union Jack in every mill and took over the control of British industry; finally with his Munitions Act he conscripted the workers at forge and furnace into an industrial army that is practically under martial law. He slashed red tape and he injected red blood into the arteries of government. He became an efficiency engineer.

Such was the real beginning of the business conduct of the war so far as the British end was concerned. The startling results produced by the Ministry of Munitions convinced Lloyd George that the business man was one of the nation's chief assets—an asset that should be capitalized to the very last degree. When he suggested to Mr. Asquith and to his other colleagues in the government the necessity for what amounted to a commercialization of war procedure, he was met with the argument that too many business men would spoil the government.

Sir Eric Geddes' Swift Rise

THE little Welshman bided his time. When he became Premier, in December, 1916, he startled England with a cabinet that represented the real business leadership of the Kingdom. Since that time the nation has taken steady toll of its commercial genius, until to-day the control of national affairs, and more especially the domination of the three great agencies of War, Food and Finance, are almost entirely in the hands of men who had spent their previous lives doing nothing more stirring or patriotic than rolling up great fortunes in railroads, shipping, banking or manufacture of some kind.

Let us now see who they are, what they have done and how they have done it. Oddly enough the two most capable and conspicuous of the lot got their first practical training in the United States, and with typical American corporations.

Premier in this government by business is Sir Eric Geddes, who is the Lloyd George of the new era because, like that energetic speeder-up of empire, he is England's handy man. "Let Geddes do it" is the slogan of imperial distress.

In less than two years and at the age of forty-two Geddes has become a prop of government. There are many people in England to-day who believe that he has more than a fifty-fifty chance to be Prime Minister eventually.

What is the explanation of Geddes? The answer lies in the fact that first, last and always he is a business man. He has regarded every one of the many difficult problems put up to him since the beginning of the war merely as a business proposition, applied his training and experience, and made good. This is the formula of what is commonly regarded as the most spectacular personal success of the war.

When I first met Geddes he sat at an obscure desk in a small office in the Armament Building It was in 1915 and the Ministry of Munitions was in the making. Though he was the highest-paid railway official in England, he was unknown out of his own field. When I last talked with him he was First Lord of the Admiralty, the post vacated by Churchill and Carson in succession, and all Britain hailed him as a glorified life preserver. He had galvanized the whole British munitions output; he had put the British military railways in France on the map; he had reorganized the Admiralty on a business basis and was facing the toughest of all his tasks – the suppression of the submarine pest.

In Geddes the Lloyd George history repeats itself. For the first two years of the war the present Prime Minister was shunted into every national emergency, whether it was a coal strike in Wales, a snarl among the Allies or the unraveling of some governmental tangle. He went from post to post until he reached the top. Geddes is now the superminuteman, ready to jump into the breach at the first sound of the alarm. In the American vernacular he is always there with the goods. You have only to take a survey of his life—it is as swift and stirring as a movie film—to understand why he has been able to make good every time. The approach to his star part in Business-Managing the Empire is an animated sermon on how to succeed.

Geddes was born in India, of Scotch parents, who returned to the mother country when he was very young. Being Scotch he is thrifty with everything but his own energy. He practically ran away from home when he was seventeen. His father, convinced that he would come back, gave him a check for seventy-five dollars to be used for his return passage. When he got to New York—he went in the steerage—he mailed back the check, saying in one of his characteristically brief letters: "I think it will do me good to go on my own."

Sir Albert Stanley, President of the Board of Trade

Sir Eric's American Training

UNLIKE most of the heroes of human-interest romances, he had more than the traditional fifty cents in his pocket. To be exact, his fortune was ten dollars. His first job was as typewriter salesman in New York. Then he drifted to Pittsburgh, worked at the Homestead Steel Works for a dollar and a half a day, and finally landed as section hand on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in West Virginia. The engineer in charge of the gang was L. F. Loree, who later became president of the road.

For a time the section worked near a small station called Nicolette. The converted freight car used as a lodging house by the laborers, which Geddes now calls his first Pullman, stood on a siding near by. In his odd moments Geddes began to study train dispatching and telegraphy. His teacher was the station agent, a kindly Irishwoman whose sweetheart was the section foreman. In exchange for instruction he "passed" the trains for her—that is, officially signaled them by while the agent was out spooning with her young man. When she finally married the section foreman, Geddes got her position as station agent. Thus the future First Lord of the British Admiralty flashed signals and even switched cars for Baltimore & Ohio trains at an obscure point in West Virginia.

Geddes was big, brawny and restless. He wanted to see America, so he went to Alabama, worked as a lumberjack and learned the lumber business at first-hand. When he was twenty-one he sailed off to Australia, rode the range as a sheep herder and turned up a year later in India, where he took root for the time. His knowledge of railroading, gained in America, enabled him to become foreman of a gang of coolies building a light railway through the jungles. The moment he touched light-railway construction he reached the work that was to qualify him in later years as a master war-wager. In five years he was traffic manager of the Rohilkund and Kumaon Railway. After this, life for Geddes was just one continuous promotion. He seemed to find the magic key and all doors opened to him.

Some of the Indian stockholders in his railway were also stockholders in the North-Eastern Railway in England. They began to write home about the construction wizard who had dropped into their midst. The English stockholders soon got the impression that he was too valuable a man to be wasted on Oriental jungles. At Simla, one Wednesday, Geddes got an offer by cable to come to the North-Eastern. On the following Saturday he was on the way. This is the Geddes system of doing things.

The North-Eastern is one of the richest roads in England. It skirts the humming Midlands and taps an immense coal and iron area. Geddes' first job was as chief goods manager, which corresponds with a general freight agent on an American road. Geddes at once had the inspiration that would come to any wide-awake American traffic official: He decided to promote industry along his line. No one had ever thought of this in England before. In the face of considerable opposition from the board of directors he established the office of industrial manager. The result was increased revenue and growing goodwill.

Now came one of those curious freaks of Fate that bob up so often in the lives of men of action. Geddes got an offer to operate an Argentine railway at a salary that seemed fabulous. He took it up with the North-Eastern people, and, while they could not meet the South American proposition, they agreed to pay him what was then and what remains the highest salary ever paid a railway official in Great Britain. If Geddes had accepted that Argentine offer the chances are that to-day he would be the king-pin among South American railway operators instead of being a leading figure in the drama of the great war.

When the war broke out Geddes was deputy general manager of the North-Eastern. The general manager was practically a figurehead, so Geddes was really head of the system. He wanted to do his part in the war, so he went to the War Office in September, 1914, and said: "You haven't any trained railway troops in France and I think you will need them."

"No, thank you," said the War Office; "we can manage very well."

That was before business sense had dawned on the War Office. It was the first of a long series of blunders with men and materials that cost the Empire dearly.

Eric Geddes is not easily discouraged. He returned to York, which is the center of the North-Eastern system, and raised a railway battalion out of his employees. He became their lieutenant colonel and the unit became part of the Pioneer and Sapper Division of the Royal Engineers. It was Geddes who helped to lay out a large part of the trench system which comprises part of the coast defense in the north of England.

It was impossible for Geddes to keep out of the war game. Destiny was working in his direction, and it manifested itself in the shape of a message from Kitchener, who asked him to come to the War Office. These two big and outstanding personalities had known each other in India. The first thing that K. of K. said was this: "I am not happy about the railway situation in France. There is too much congestion of supplies. Can you go over and straighten things out?"

"Of course," replied Geddes. "I can start to-morrow."

But Geddes did not start to-morrow. The red-tape octopus squeezed out Kitchener's scheme, and Geddes had to go back to his railway battalion. For the second time England turned down the man on whom she now leans so heavily.

Geddes besought his board of directors to get him into the war. "If you tender my services perhaps they will be accepted," he said.

The chairman went to the government, saying: "We know we have a big man in Geddes and he is wasting his time training men."

But the government still remained deaf. The old hostility of the dyed-in-the-wool regular for the civilian stood pat.

The Northcliffe Exposure

ONCE more Kitchener sent for Geddes. This time the war lord was in the north, and Geddes joined him on his private car at Newcastle.

"I am uneasy about munitions," said Kitchener. "Can you come in and help us?"

Geddes had become accustomed to offering his services to the government, so he made the usual assent, to which the Secretary of State for War responded: "If no Munitions Department is established I want you to come with me to the War Office."

While Kitchener was arranging to fit Geddes into his scheme of things, the Northcliffe exposure about shell shortage broke like a storm over England. When it subsided Lloyd George sat at a desk in an office down in Whitehall as Minister of Munitions, With a stroke of the pen the

Sir Joseph Maclay, Shipping Controller

Lord Rhondda, the British Food Controller

British Government had created a whole new ministry that was in many respects the very hope of empire. But this department existed on paper. Lloyd George had to translate it into a going concern, and do it in a hurry. He had never heard of Geddes, but his name was handed to him in a list of men eligible for work with him.

Three days later Geddes and Lloyd George met for the first time. It was a historic meeting, because, from that hour on, the war was to give each a tremendous opportunity, which was to be capitalized to the very last degree.

"What can you do?" asked Lloyd George in his brief and abrupt fashion.

"I have no technical knowledge of shell making, but I can get things done," replied Geddes.

"All right," rejoined the little minister; "you will have every chance."

In May, 1915, Geddes was made Deputy Director General of Munitions and took over the production of rifles, small arms, optical instruments, transport vehicles, machine guns and salvage. It was Geddes who first began to retrieve empty shell cases, and through a system of careful transportation made it possible for the government to use brass cartridge cases at least a dozen times. He was one of the fathers of salvage.

In six weeks he had his whole machine going at full tilt. England suddenly found herself bang up against a serious munitions problem. Millions of empty shell cases were coming in from America. These cases had to be filled; otherwise they were so much inert and ineffective metal. All the while the cry across the waters from France was munitions and still more munitions. British guns stood impotent before the German avalanche of steel. Geddes saw that no munitions task was quite so important as getting these millions of shell cases filled, so he annexed the job.

It meant more responsibility for him, but one of his chief traits is that he is a glutton for work.

Factories had to be built or adapted and an army of workers recruited and trained. To give you some idea of the technical difficulties of shell filling let me say that there are exactly sixty-four items—that is, sixty-four component parts—in filling a single eighteen-pounder shell. Men and women had to be taught the care and use of deadly explosives. It meant the establishment of a whole new school of labor.

Geddes turned on the full current of his dynamic energy. He assumed control of the Royal Ordnance Factories at Woolwich, Waltham and Enfield. Before the leaves on the French hillsides turned red and brown that fateful autumn British batteries were hurling back shell for shell in every bombardment that the German artillery made. The whole British offensive of September, 1915, was due almost entirely to the fact that Geddes had stimulated the output of the shell-filling factories and had put live and up-to-date American business coördination behind the men and the machines.

Two Big Jobs at Once

THE astonishing parallel in the advancement of Lloyd George and Geddes now became marked. When Kitchener went to his death on the Hampshire and Lloyd George succeeded him as Secretary of State for War, the first question he asked when he took his new desk was: "Is Geddes free?"

Geddes was. It is characteristic of the man that he never permits a job to master him. He does the conquering. Part of his administrative creed is to organize his work so thoroughly that it can run without him. This is the reason why he has always been able to act as first aid when the hurry-up call came. Lloyd George therefore found him ready for a new demonstration of his many-sided talents.

Like his lamented predecessor, Lloyd George was worried about the railway situation in France. He was getting the shells across the Channel, but the shells were not getting up to the men fast enough. The Battle of the Somme had proved that England had all the ammunition she needed, but as the armies went forward the railways behind did not keep pace.

"Are you sure that the French railways can carry all the traffic?" asked Lloyd George.

"No, I am not," replied Geddes.

"Then make an investigation and report to me," was the injunction from the War Secretary.

Geddes went to France in mufti and made one of his swift and searching appraisals of the transportation system. Here he was on his chosen ground. He saw ammunition being manhandled. To use his phrase: "The stuff was bogged." Being a railway man he realized that the best and quickest way to get shells up to the fighting men was on light railways, which could be laid down or repaired overnight. He went back to Lloyd George and summed up his recommendation in a single sentence, which was: "We must have light railways that can follow the guns as they smash the way up the line."

On the spot Lloyd George made him Director of Military Railways at the War Office. The very next day Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, whom he had met during his investigation, offered him the post of Director General of Transportation in France.

He wired back: "I have just accepted post of Director of Military Railways at the War Office."

Haig immediately telegraphed: "Take both jobs."

Geddes accepted both positions, and now began a remarkable career as a dual personality that is without precedent in all war history. As Director General of Transportation in France he had to requisition himself as Director of Military Railways at the War Office for all the materials used in the field. For once the consumer could find no fault with the producer. They were one and the same person.

Geddes began the work which dramatized all his previous experience and put him in the war hall of fame. He found the railways in France congested; the rolling stock broken down under the terrific drive for food, troops and ammunition; the rails and roadbed showing the effect of the incessant wear and tear. He faced a colossal and momentous job of reconstruction, because the railways meant life or death and traffic could not be interrupted for a single hour. It was like rebuilding a terminal like the Grand Central Station in New York City without interfering with the operation of a train. Geddes turned the trick.

He got his whole task down on paper first. He built a pyramid with himself as Director General of Transportation at the apex and divided into four main divisions. One was organization of forces; the second was technical and dealt with equipment, extensions and all allied activities; the third was purely statistical, while the fourth had to do with construction. He called this his Organization and Liaison Chart, because every one of these branches was literally married to the other. It was this close and constant teamwork that won out.

In working out his organization Geddes did a very characteristic thing. He said to the Army Council in substance: "If I am to be Director General of Transportation I must be master of all the highways." He therefore took over the control of the network of inland waterways, which included all the canals of Northern France. Hundreds of thousands of tons of freight and thousands of wounded men move up and down their winding way each month.

Geddes had to use the French roads to haul his supplies. They were in bad shape from the interminable movement of men, food, munitions and supplies, so he became their custodian. Thus to his growing activities he now added road making. He reorganized the French quarries and moved the broken stone direct from hillside to steam roller. He kept the roads in repair with battalions of navvies that he brought over from England.

Not content with all this he reached out and annexed the domain of docks and dock engineering. This work was formerly under the wing of the Army Service Corps. Geddes established a department responsible for the repair and upkeep of all the docks. This was a very essential work, because delays in the coming and going of supply ships would interfere with the lines of food communication in the field.

Being a disciple of centralization Geddes farmed out the responsibility for the huge job that he had cut out for himself. At the head of each department he placed a director, who became the Geddes of that particular branch, whether it was Roads, Docks, Transportation, Light Railways or Inland Water Transport.

Lord Beaverbrook, Who Has Proved That He Can Make Governments Just as He Made Millions

Before long Geddes was a dictator, with an empire all his own. He had to have a suitable capital, so he planted his flag just outside the little town which will always be famous as the General Headquarters of the British Armies in France. Here he built a remarkable group of offices. Technically they are called Transportation Headquarters, but in the popular history of the war they will always be known as Geddesburg.

These offices are really a community group. The central structure is so arranged that the moment you enter you can look down a long hall and see a succession of signs that not only indicate every man's office but his job. These offices are arranged in order of seniority. The first therefore is that of the Director General of Transportation; next comes the Deputy Director General of Transportation, and so on. One value of this arrangement is that a man can see at a glance just the office he is seeking, because the function of that office is revealed at the same time. It saves time and temper. This plan is a little side light on the way Geddes does things.

At the outset of his experience in France he was wise enough to call to his aid a group of trained regular soldiers who knew military requirements and who were familiar with conditions in the field. He once explained his reason by saying: "The trained soldier can do the soldier's job better than anyone else. For an expert job you must get experts and let them alone." I might add, in passing, that this is the simple little rule upon which Northcliffe has reared the structure of his whole success with newspapers and magazines.

Since his job was reconstruction Geddes' first and foremost difficulty lay with raw materials. How to get them was the problem, because the head of every other army and navy activity was moving heaven and earth in a mad effort to obtain wood and steel. He had decided that light railways would save the whole supply and ammunition situation. In order to feed them he knew that the broad-gauge lines would have to be increased on a large scale. He further realized that to get new equipment for both light and standard gauge systems was out of the question in the brief time at his command. He determined to follow the line of least resistance. His campaign therefore resolved itself into getting new light-railway material from mill and factory and drafting part of the existing standard-gauge equipment from the going British railroads.

Transplanted Railroads

THE first of these propositions was a simple matter of making contracts and following them through. The second bristled with troubles. All the railways in the United Kingdom were under military control, to be sure, but to commandeer rolling stock and tracks was little short of confiscation, even under drastic war regulations.

Geddes decided to use diplomacy. He knew he had to "sell" the British railway managers on the proposition of giving up part of their equipment, so he invited them to come to France, see the army in action and go over the whole railway system. Practically none of these men had been in the zones of the armies. They came, they saw, and they were conquered by Geddes. They went back home convinced that the Director General of Transportation ought to have everything he asked for. When he demanded hundreds of locomotives, thousands of freight cars and hundreds of miles of actual track—he got them.

It meant literally taking up a whole railway system in England and laying it down in France. This is why you see, as you travel along the French lines of communication to-day, North-Eastern locomotives hauling London and South-Western trucks on tracks that formerly gridironed the Midland Systems. It helps to make the Tommy feel at home.

By getting a ready-made standard-gauge railway system Geddes was able to go straight ahead with the light-railway construction. Once more he did a characteristic thing. "If we are to build railroads they must be built by seasoned railroad men," he said. He knew that the railways in Canada had blazed their iron way through virgin land and that as a result the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk had marshaled an army of builders who had fought flood, gorge and cañon. He recruited this host of construction pioneers for France and organized them into the so-called Canadian Railway Battalions. At their head he placed a game and grizzled railway contractor, "Jack" Stewart, gave him a major general's commission, and before many months had passed these men had laid down hundreds of miles of light railways. I have seen them within forty yards of the front-line trenches.

All the while Geddes was doing precisely what James J. Hill would have done under the same conditions. He dug out the vital statistics of all the lines he operated. He got such startling facts as demurrage under fire; the traffic density per mile in the fighting area; the time consumed for unloading at railhead; the number of empty cars that came back to the advanced supply depots—indeed every scrap of information that could illumine or facilitate operations. Armed with these statistics he established a

(Continued on Page 48)

THE EARTHQUAKE

I KINGS XIX. 11-19

My Friends—By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

III

The end of worldly life awaits us all;
Let him who may, gain honor ere death.

WE WERE just getting up from breakfast on the Monday morning after our return to New York when the doorbell rang and our old friend, Kenneth Adams, came in, pale and agitated.

"What's the matter, Ken?" asked Helen. "Did your cook spoil the coffee?"

"No," he replied nervously—"we haven't any cook; but that's not my trouble. Lucy's got appendicitis—at least that is what young Hopkins says; and I haven't any reason to doubt his word. He says she ought to be operated on immediately."

"What a shame!" said Helen. "Still, she'll be ever so much better without it. Of course the operation isn't pleasant, but once her appendix is out ——"

"Yes; but who's going to take it out?" demanded Kenneth.

"What's the matter with McCook?" I inquired with levity. "He's supposed to be our best local excavator, isn't he?"

"McCook? He's been in Paris for two years and a half!"

"Oh, yes; I remember," I admitted. "So he has. How about Furness? He's one of the Big Four."

"Furness sailed with the Fordyce Unit last spring. He's on the firing line."

"Well, Jameson then. One is about as good as another."

"Jameson's gone too."

"Farley?"

"Farley's down in Washington—he's a major, I believe—helping on some advisory medical board."

"By George!" I ejaculated with more sympathy. "Some medical exodus—what?"

"I'm at my wit's end!" declared Adams. "All the big operators have gone away. I've called up hospital after hospital, doctor's office after doctor's office, and they all tell me the same thing: Doctor So-and-So has been away since June or July in 1914—or whatever the fact is."

"But what's the matter with Freylingheusen?" I queried. "I saw him at the theater the other night."

"Freylingheusen?" retorted Adams bitterly. "Why, he's a thousand years old! Appendicitis wasn't even invented when he went to the medical school. I wouldn't trust him to cut up cat meat, let alone my wife! I tell you I'm up against it."

"But the hospitals can't be absolutely denuded," I insisted. "Surely you can get someone —"

"Someone—yes! But would you want just someone to operate on Helen here? The hospital staffs have been just about cut in half, and the fellows that are left are the young ones nobody ever heard of."

He wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"I don't know what to do!" he groaned. "Hopkins keeps assuring me that the operation is a perfectly simple one and that nobody thinks anything of it at all these days. 'Only five per cent mortality!' he says. Think of telling me that! Mortality—nice word to have a surgeon chuck at you! He suggests I should engage a friend of his named Oppenheim, but I have an idea that he really wants to do the operation himself."

"Well, why don't you let him?"

"Hopkins? Nonsense!"

"Why?"

"No!" He Retorted. "Nobody But the Biggest Man in the Business is Going to Operate on My Wife! There Must be Some Crackajack Surgeon Who Hasn't Gone"

"Why—he's too young, for one thing. He's all right as a sort of general practitioner."

"How old is he?"

Adams hesitated.

"I—don't—know," he answered slowly. "Come to think of it, he must be well over forty."

"Well," I retorted, "if he's ever going to be old enough to operate I should think he has reached maturity. Why don't you let him?"

My friend waved a frenzied hand.

"I wouldn't let him touch Lucy with a ten-foot pole! I won't have an inexperienced man slashing up my wife. I want the biggest surgeon there is—and he'd be none too good. There must be someone—even in another city."

Helen had risen and had been standing looking out into the sunlit yard of the day school in our rear. Now she turned and laid her hand on Kenneth's arm.

"Listen, Kenneth," she admonished him: "I know exactly how you feel, and I'm awfully sorry about Lucy; but things aren't so bad as you feel just at this moment. We've been away and haven't kept in touch, but perhaps we can understand all the better. Now, from what you say it would appear that most of the well-known surgeons have gone away—to France or Washington or medical reserve officers' camps. However, the hospitals are still manned and equipped. The big men all have to die off sometime. There are always others just as good—or practically so—to fill their places. I've heard both Oppenheim and Hopkins very well spoken of. Why don't you try one of them?"

But Kenneth shook his head gloomily.

"No!" he retorted. "Nobody but the biggest man in the business is going to operate on my wife! I thought maybe I'd overlooked someone and that you might be able to suggest a name. But I'll have to try elsewhere. There must be some crackajack surgeon who hasn't gone."

"What do you suppose other people will do?" I asked rather impatiently.

"I don't know what they'll do," he declared wildly. "What's that to me? That's an entirely different matter, isn't it?" He got up, removed his hat from the table where he had had it and took a step toward the door without offering to shake hands. "There must be someone!" he kept repeating.

"Try Oppenheim," urged Helen.

"A fellow I never heard of!" he almost shouted. "I'd rather have Hopkins."

He turned and hurried out into the front hall, mumbling to himself.

The door slammed and then I saw his shadow fall across the window.

"Poor Kenneth!" sighed Helen. "I don't blame him for being nervous about Lucy; but really ——"

"I see where we have simply got to keep well!" I remarked.

Helen laughed.

"I forbid you to have appendicitis!" she said.

I had not been to my office since the eventful day of our return, and had availed myself of my partner's suggestion that I should get my domestic affairs in order before bothering my head about business. The task of readjusting those affairs to the new conditions in which we found ourselves had proved far less difficult than I had anticipated.

For example, save for the fact that we were unable to take our customary Sunday afternoon run into the country, I should not have noticed the absence of our motor. We had not, as yet, had time to ascertain who of our friends had returned to town, and we had all been so busy that, save for the necessity of the comparatively trifling economies we had inaugurated, the effect of the war had been imperceptible.

As I walked downtown I was struck by the profusion of To Let and For Sale signs displayed upon both sides of the street. Where there had always been a scattering few, now they everywhere thrust themselves upon one's notice. At the apartment house on the corner I found that they had replaced the elevator men with women. Two military service motors passed me, driven by young ladies in khaki, and I observed, with interest, two little girls delivering telegrams.

These things, following, as they did, Adams' complaint that he could not secure the kind of surgeon he wanted, indicated that the war had already made itself felt more than I should otherwise have supposed. I wasn't looking for war signs; in fact, my attitude had been rather one of skepticism. Business seemed to be going on as usual and Fifth Avenue had never been so crowded with motors. However, I encountered Jim Lockwood and, farther along, Horace Gibson, both men of about my age and in uniform, taking their small girls to school, and wondered what sort of military service they were engaged in. Between Seventy-second and Thirty-fourth Streets I passed or overtook, by actual count, twenty-seven men in army or navy uniforms—before nine o'clock; and at Sixtieth Street I had heard a humming like that of a gigantic cockchafer, and looking overhead had seen a monoplane sailing across Central Park, going west toward Jersey.

Mind you, if I had been in New York right along I probably shouldn't have paid any attention to these phenomena; but I had been away, practically asleep on a sugar plantation, for nearly ten months, and everything—as the saying is—"hit me between the eyes." That aëroplane particularly! A year ago the whir of its propeller would

have brought every housemaid out into the street within a radius of three miles; and now—nobody paid the slightest attention to it!

Along Fifth Avenue, in the course of my walk of only two miles, I saw innumerable service flags, the stars running from one to five in private houses and as high as fifty to sixty in one or two of the largest stores. The sidewalks, of course, were just as full of people as ever; but there before my eyes was the tangible evidence that at least a regiment of men had gone to the Front from the immediate neighborhood.

Two crowded busses containing a company of negro guardsmen came out of Fifty-seventh Street and turned up Fifth Avenue without attracting more than a casual glance from the pedestrians.

In the Subway I read the notice that the Interborough Railroad had lost no less than twelve hundred and sixty employees on account of enlistment. Three officers in uniforms in adjacent seats to my own, going downtown, seemed to excite no interest. But when I reached the bridge and, emerging upon Broadway, perceived the huge service flag of the New York Telephone Company, with its six thousand eight hundred and sixty-one stars, I grasped, for the first time, the reality of the thing. For every man a star—for every star a hero! What a host of them! What a glory!

Somehow my eyes grew moist at the vision of those hundreds of boys you wouldn't have credited with any particular idealism, whose chief interest you would have assumed to be an evening spent at the movies with a girl, now stumping along with set faces to the whistle of the fife under the Stars and Stripes. Youthful cynics some of them, sophisticated in the ways of business and of politics, suspicious of motives, creedless, churchless, rebellious to authority, skeptics

What had sent them? What had sent my Jack? For answer, the inscription upon the monument in Soldiers' Field floated across the curling folds of the great flag with its myriad stars:

Though love repine and reason chafe,
There comes a voice without reply:
'Twere man's perdition to be safe
When for the Truth he ought to die!

Below Fulton Street the city was all aflutter with flags, and many motors passed in both directions driven by or carrying officers. It occurred to me that, as I was in his neighborhood, I would drop in on Fred Hawkins, the senior member of the firm of Hawkins, Ludlow & Fowler, who attended to our law business when we were unfortunate enough to have any. To my surprise I noticed that the name on the door now read "Ludlow & Fowler." The clerk in the outer office informed me that Mr. Hawkins was away, but that Mr. Ludlow would be glad to see me in the library, where he was working.

"How d'you do, Stanton?" he exclaimed cordially, holding out his hand. "Why, no; Hawkins hasn't been with us since last May. He went over with Pershing; he was very lucky—got a major's commission on the Judge-Advocate-General's staff."

"Isn't he a bit over age?" I inquired, finding it difficult to envisage my rather elderly attorney with epaulets. "And hasn't he got several children?"

"He's fifty-one," conceded Ludlow. "But his wife has a little money of her own and the three children are all away at school. I think they spend most of their vacations at their grandmother's, anyhow. But that wouldn't have made any difference. Fred began to get uneasy long before the war actually started. He's a sentimental cuss, sort of medieval and romantic—inherited a chivalric side from his mother's family; she was part French, you know. The day after the declaration he simply walked in here and said: 'Well, boys, I'm off for the war!' And he went. He'd had his pipes all laid for some time. Nothing would have stopped him. We offered to keep the firm together for him, but he said he'd rather resign and be foot-free. So he just chucked the whole thing up, and now it's Ludlow & Fowler."

"Of course I'd have heard, only I've been away," I said. "I suppose I'll find a lot of my other friends gone."

"Rather!" he returned. "I tell you there's a big hole in this town below Fulton Street. The last men in the world you would have thought of! Gone across—or down to Washington or on some mission; left their jobs and just hiked right out. Take the bar: there are so many of 'em gone that we've had to form a big committee of lawyers to hold their practice together for them."

"How is the law business?" I inquired.

"Rotten!" he grinned. "But what do you expect? There isn't any business—except war business—for there to be any law business about."

"I know the surgeons are pretty well cleaned out," said I, thinking of Ken Adams and his appendicitis case.

"Glad to have seen you. If you should have any law business, don't forget us!"

"I shan't have any law business," I answered grimly; "or any other kind, round here, I guess—from the look of things"

The Petroleum National Bank was on the next block on my way to the office and I paused at the cashier's desk to inquire the amount of my balance. Behind a glass partition I could see Rumsey Prall, the president, sitting in state at his mahogany desk; and after getting my information I pushed my way past the brass rail and went in to speak to him.

"Hello, Stanton!" he said, drawing me into a chair. "Haven't seen you for a dog's age. Where you been—Paris?"

I shook my head. "Not much!" I retorted. "I've been dreaming away nearly a year in the Pacific."

He looked at me with open incredulity.

"That's a funny safe place to have been!" he ejaculated.

"So I've just discovered," I replied. "It seems that quite a little has happened since I left here. By the way, where's Jim Rogers—your vice president?"

"Rogers is running the Red Cross over on the other side," he answered. "They needed a big man, so we had to let him go. Phillips, our third vice, has gone too. He's in Washington, though. Seen our service flag? Forty-seven stars on it!" he added proudly.

On the corner of Wall Street I ran into Allston Hopkins, dressed as a captain, walking with his son Sam, in the uniform of an ensign in the navy. Hopkins is a civil engineer with an international reputation, who earns, it is said, two or three hundred thousand dollars a year. He nodded to me, evidently not aware that I had been away

"Going across?" I asked over my shoulder as I passed.

"A Fellow Can't Lose in This Market; All He's Got to Do Is to Sell a Few Thousand Short With His Eyes Shut—That Is, if He Has a Little Real Courage"

"I've been over and back five times," he said. "Just got my boy a job."

"Good luck to you!" I called after them. Already I had an unpleasant feeling of being a sort of outsider, as if all about me there was some mystic circle to which I did not have the password—a brotherhood of which I was not a member.

There were all sorts of uniforms on Wall Street, and several French and Canadian officers were strolling along, watching the crowds and looking at the Stock Exchange. Suddenly an old woman, carrying a string bag full of bundles, pushed her way through the crowd to where a French captain in an army cape was standing before a show window. She was shabbily dressed and her gray hair was far from tidy; but her eyes were shining, and there was an almost reverential expression on her wrinkled face as she timidly touched him upon the arm. He turned and, seeing her eager look, raised his cap as she held out her hand.

"I just can't help shaking hands with you!" she cried tremulously, and with little tears of excitement in her eyes. "Do you mind? We can't ever thank you enough!"

"*C'est avec plaisir, madame, que je vous remercie pour l'honneur fait à mes compatriotes—au nom de la France.*"

And he bent over the little hand with a bow that would have done credit to a nobleman of the ancient régime, while the little lady, quite flustered, looked up and then down, and, as if abashed at her own temerity, hurried on, lest someone should see her.

The Frenchman stood gazing after her, with his cap still raised in air, for several seconds, while the crowd swept round him, a gentle smile about his eyes. I couldn't help it—I, too, stepped up and laid my hand on his arm.

"*Je veux vous remercier, aussi,*" I said, smiling. "*Nous voulons tous vous remercier!*"

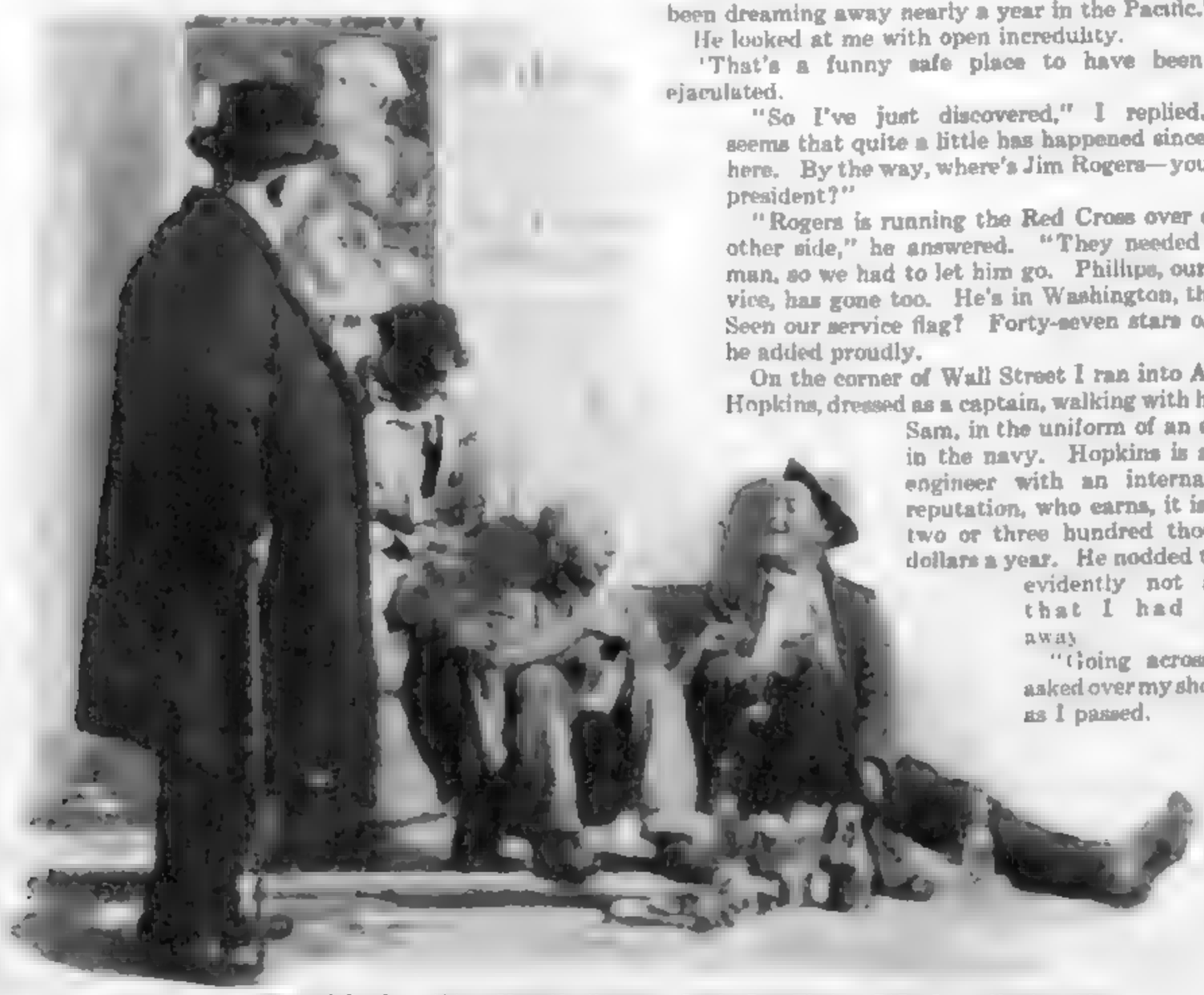
Like a flash he gave me the salute.

"*Mes compliments, m'sieur!*" he responded; then, glancing tenderly in the direction of the little figure, almost lost in the crowd: "*Ah, cette petite dame âgée me fait penser à ma chère grand'mère à Falaise!*"

The recollection of that brief scene stayed with me all day. I think of it occasionally even now. I am glad that old lady did not restrain her impulse to show her appreciation, in the only way she could, of what France has done for us and for the world.

At the office I found that my partner, Lord, had already been in for a few moments, looked over his mail and hurried out again. Miss Peterson said he had just made an unexpected sale of some bonds and had gone over to the vaults to superintend delivery personally. This was news no less grateful than it was surprising. Perhaps business was looking up again!

Not having anything in particular to do, I started in making a short list of the men I thought I should like to see and chat with during the course of the day; for, under my doctor's orders, I had done no letter writing while on my vacation, and I looked forward with a good deal of anticipation to renewing the old intimacies and hearing what my former cronies had to say for themselves.



I Yearned to Go and Do Something Myself; Not at a Desk, But With a Rifle Over My Shoulder, the Smell of Powder in the Air, and My Feet on the Muddy Turf

I jotted down some twenty names and told Miss Peterson to call up their offices and see whether they were in town. Half an hour later she laid the slip on my desk, with the notes she had made. I shall give no names, but merely the occupations and whereabouts of twelve out of the twenty of my former downtown associates:

BANK PRESIDENT—Acting as Assistant to Secretary of the Treasury, in Washington.
MANUFACTURER—Member of National Council of Defense, in Washington.
LAWYER—Major, Bureau of Intelligence, Washington.
LAWYER—Member Special Commission to Russia.
VICE PRESIDENT OF TRUST COMPANY—Red Cross Executive, in Paris.
CAPITALIST—Y. M. C. A Executive, in Paris.
EDITOR—Allied War Relief, in Paris.
MANUFACTURER—Member of War Industries Board, Washington.
DEALER IN RAILROAD SUPPLIES—Gone to Russia on business for United States Government.
LAWYER—Executive in Food Administration, Chicago.
STOCKBROKER—Major of Ordnance, France.
LAWYER—Lieutenant Colonel National Army, Fort Myer.

Of the twenty there were only eight remaining in New York! Now it may well be that, had I extended my list to a hundred names, I should have found only a few additional absentees. I do not know. What struck me was the fact that of the twenty men I most wanted to see on my return to New York a majority had offered their services to their country, in spite of the fact that they were all above military age, all prominent in affairs, and most of them earning large salaries. They had abandoned their careers gladly, apparently without a moment's hesitation, simply because they thought it was the thing to do.

It didn't and it doesn't seem to me particularly important to know how many of one's entire acquaintance are responding to the call of duty; but it is important to know how many of the twenty men one regards as most worth while are doing so. If I had confined myself to the first ten names I should have found only three of my friends who were not working for the Government.

There was nothing doing in the office; so I put on my hat and went out into the street again. As I looked back at our front windows I observed for the first time that we had a small service flag of our own, with three blue stars on it. Somehow it gave me a feeling of encouragement. I wondered whether everybody's business was as hard hit as my own; yet the streets seemed to be just as crowded as ever, with people hurrying along about their manifold affairs. The only difference was in the amount of bunting displayed everywhere and the posters—some old and torn, others fresh and new—that adorned every hoarding, wall and empty barrel.

Many of them were artistic and their legends inspiring. Side by side with posters upon which were displayed the Stars and Stripes were others with the Union Jack and the banner of Saint George, calling upon all loyal Englishmen and Canadians in the United States to enlist under their own flag: Britishers, enlist to-day!—British blood calls British blood! Sons of Britain, join your army here—enlist now! One poster especially gripped my imagination—the figure of a marine in khaki, one foot advanced, standing in front of the flag, his left fist clenched and in his right hand a pistol, with a look of determination upon his bronzed face: First in the Fight!—Always Faithful! Two other posters showed our boys in khaki charging up a hill, bearing the flag; and another a group, similar to that in the familiar painting, inscribed, Spirit of 1917! That was it! The spirit of 1917!

I had been accustomed to growl at English stupidity and bad manners, to scoff at French laxity and frivolity; now the sight of French and English uniforms among the crowd and the French and English colors juxtaposed with my own sent a fine glow through my veins. This was a new world I had come back into! A bigger world, a world of the spirit—the spirit of 1917! My blood tingled at the thought that, even if I wasn't going to be among the first to fight for freedom, Jack was! I was exalted by a patriotic fervor stimulated by these flags and posters. I yearned to go and do something myself—right off—"now"—"today"; not at a desk in some administrative building, but with a rifle over my shoulder, the smell of powder in the air and my feet on the muddy turf.

Then I gloomily realized that, though my heart was young, my arteries were old! Nevertheless, I assured myself they were not so old as Joffre's by nearly twenty years! Or Cadorna's! So far as fitness went, I was perfectly sound; the only difference was that under a prolonged strain probably I shouldn't last so long as a younger chap—a purely theoretical limitation. To every intent and purpose I was as vigorous as my son.

After all, I was really a young man. I had climbed Fusi-yama only eight months before, had tramped for days through the Philippines, and every year of the last ten I had hunted either Rocky Mountain sheep or elk among the Shoshones.

I was as hard as nails, unaddicted in excess to alcohol or tobacco, could carry a sixty-pound pack for hours along a New Brunswick portage, or tote my half of a canoe with any French-Canadian voyageur. No; I was all right! Yet here I was, wandering round Wall Street!

It was almost with relief—a sensation of needed vindication—that I found myself being warmly shaken by the hand by Arthur Pulham, a stockbrokering friend of mine with offices on the ground floor of a Broad Street building. He is a big, husky chap, about forty-three years old, with pink cheeks, weighs nearly two hundred pounds, and has shoulders like Samson's. He spends his summers sailing a racing yacht on Narragansett Bay and always goes tarpon fishing in the spring—a crank about outdoor life, with a keen sense of the value of money, who, in spite of a curious pantheistic materialism, had a lot of good points and whom I could count on when in trouble as a friend.

"Well! Well! Jack!" he cried heartily. "You back! I am glad to see you! Tell me all about yourself! How is Helen? And the boy? Oh, of course, he'd be with the colors! Great luck for the lad, eh? Wish I was his age! Come round to the office and smoke a cigar?"

I was glad to see him and, having nothing to do, followed him into the customers' room, which was filled with a heterogeneous crowd lounging in chairs in front of a quotation board. The market was active and depressed, and prices were changing with great rapidity. Pulham pushed me into his private office and pulled to the door. Then he shoved toward me a box of expensive cigars, helped himself to one, lighted it and leaned back comfortably in his armchair. Behind him, on the wall, was a poster which said: "Will you be more tender with your dollars than our boys are with their lives?"—or something like that.

"Well, old man," he repeated, "I sure am glad to see you once more! How do you find business?"

"Isn't any," I answered, smiling. "But, from the look of things outside there, you don't seem to be troubled that way."

He took a satisfied pull on his cigar.

"No," he said; "business is pretty good! Pretty, pretty good!" He leaned toward me confidentially. "You see," he imparted to me with a tremor of egotism that he could not conceal, "I doped this all out nearly two years ago. In the first place, all my people got in on the War Babies—Bethlehem Steel, Crucible, General Motors, and so on; and then I had a hunch that, whether the war lasted much longer or not, there would be some bad times, and I told everybody to sell. In a word, we were bears when war was declared, and we've been bears ever since. A fellow can't lose in this market; all he's got to do is to sell a few thousand short with his eyes shut—that is, if he has a little real courage."

"A little real courage!" I half murmured.

Was it the cigar smoke that made me feel queer? Pulham didn't notice.

"It's the only sure way to make money," he continued. "Business conditions are terrible! The railroads are in a shocking state! It's criminal, the way the Commission is treating 'em. It's bound to mean government ownership sooner or later. It's a safe bet to sell this market from now on."

"But all business isn't so bad, is it?" I inquired, more to make conversation than anything else.

"I should say not! The money some fellows have made is enough to make you sick—positively sick! I know one who has made twenty million since August, 1914."

"Twenty million!"

"Tw-en-ty! Count 'em! Any number of fellows have just coined it; all luck, of course—just happened to be in the right thing—chemicals, rubber, machinery, munitions. There's a chap upstairs who was doing business in 1914 with one room and an office boy. Now he has the whole floor—twenty-two offices. Literal truth! Some expansion what?"

"Where is Dixon?" I asked, looking through the office door of the adjoining office.

"Dixon? Left us. Gone across to France in the Red Cross."

"That's fine!" said I warmly.

"Yes—fine!" he echoed. "Splendid, isn't it, the way the fellows are volunteering? Everybody's doing something, you know! Even those who can't find a job in Washington are doing their bit right here at home, one way or another—Liberty Loan, Y. M. C. A., Red Cross or something. I'd give my eyes to go across if only I was the right age. But they don't want us old fellows on the other side."

"I suppose you could go to Plattsburg and get an officer's commission, couldn't you?" I hazarded.

"Oh, possibly," he acceded with a slight frown; "but there's the family! You can't go and leave a wife and five children—now can you? Besides," he hurried on without giving me a chance to reply, "I've tried my best to get a job where what ability I have can be utilized; but I can't find a place, to save my life. I've tried the War Department, the Navy Department, and written to Hoover; but all any of 'em can offer me is some clerical work that an office boy could do. Now if they'd put me on a commission ——"

I held my peace.

"You don't know how hard I've worked to find a chance to do something—anything to help!" he protested with even more earnestness than the occasion seemed to demand.

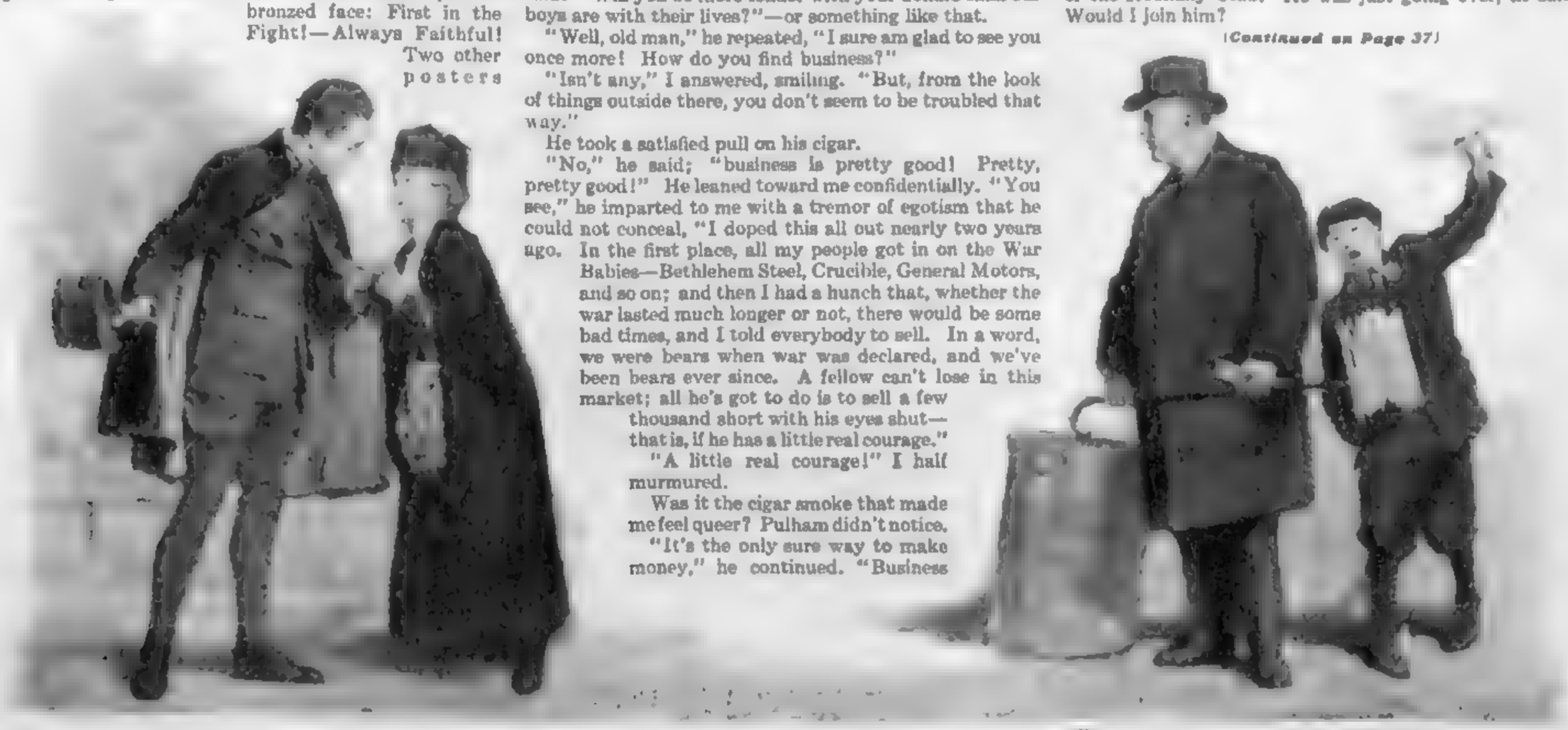
And then, over his desk, I noticed for the first time a picture of Uncle Sam, pointing an accusing finger and saying: I Want You!

"No," I admitted truthfully; "I don't suppose I do."

As I strolled back to my own offices the sunlight seemed to be a shade less bright than earlier in the day. There was Hawkins—a leader of the bar—who had thrown up a career, and certainly not less than thirty thousand a year; and right across the street one of his best friends was making money hand over fist!

I found that Lord had not yet returned, and as it was nearly lunchtime I called up John Sedgewick and asked whether my old lunch club was still going. He answered that it was, only there were now but nine members instead of fourteen as formerly, and they no longer took a private room, but sat at a round table in the regular dining room of the Noonday Club. He was just going over, he said. Would I join him?

(Continued on Page 37)



"I Just Can't Help Shaking Hands With You!" She Cried Tremulously, and With Little Tears of Excitement in Her Eyes. "Do You Mind? We Can't Ever Thank You Enough!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 12, 1918

Notice to Subscribers

IF YOUR COPY does not arrive promptly on Thursday do not assume that it has been lost in transit. With the terribly congested condition of the railroads at this time delays to the mail trains are inevitable. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands. For the same reason newsdealers' supplies may also at times be late.

War Criticism

NATURALLY people who conduct the war—here or abroad—want criticism pretty exclusively directed at the public. They want economy and organization for war urged upon individuals, and individual extravagance reprobated. They want criticism used in such a manner as to bring the greatest possible quantity of national resources into their hands. They are not so keen about criticism when it is directed at themselves. The general attitude was exemplified recently when a high official deprecated carping at government expenditures.

Of course a government at war must not practice meticulous economy. Time is usually much more important than money. When the house is afire it is silly to pause and reckon up the cost of cutting a hole through the roof.

But from every angle the efficiency of the nation will be measured by the efficiency of the Government—the agency through which the nation acts. In a war that supremely tests national resources, and whose outcome may depend upon using every ounce of resources to the best advantage, carping at avoidable government extravagance is even more to the point than carping at individual extravagance.

Real economy is not a question of measuring money against time, but of making the best use of both. If five per cent can be saved on a ship without retarding construction, that means twenty-one ships at the end of the year instead of twenty.

As the President said in his annual message, the method by which money is appropriated at Washington makes extravagance inevitable. Every intelligent student of the subject for the last dozen years has said the same thing. Appropriating is all done piecemeal and at haphazard. There is nowhere any central authority to consider and edit appropriations as a whole. Nowhere is there any real responsibility for government expenditures lodged

Our mail and our conversation with initiates keep reminding us that this situation really cannot be remedied; that the House of Representatives will not even go so far as to refer all appropriation bills to one committee—because there is too much jealousy and too many congressmen want a finger in the pie; that the best we can possibly do is to have a more or less shadowy advisory committee superimposed on the present heterogeneous structure. As for anything resembling a genuine budget system, all experts agree that it is utterly out of the question. Congress' jealousies and vanities make it impossible.

This inevitably means that Congress' jealousies and vanities are going to cost the country some hundreds of millions in the next six months. The experts may be right, for the time being; but criticism will not be discouraged. A rational method of handling appropriations is coming.

Hand to Mouth

THE whole world is short of food, fuel, iron, copper, leather, woolen goods, cotton, and some of the most useful chemicals.

Even in the United States, three thousand miles from war's ravages and with no diminution of productive labor power up to last autumn, we are living from hand to mouth as to most of the necessaries of life mentioned above. A temporary check upon distribution brings famine in sight.

The last census reported thirty-eight million men, women and children gainfully employed in the United States, that many producers of all sorts. Counting the men under arms and those engaged in making guns and ammunition, not less than three times that number—the best labor in the world—have been absolutely idle, so far as useful production is concerned, for more than three years. Of course surplus stocks have been used up. The world over, living is hand to mouth.

There will be no improvement until peace comes, and the pressure is greater in Austria-Hungary and Germany than anywhere else. Wasting anything now means immediate want somewhere.

Secession

THE postal provisions of the War Revenue Act were smuggled in at the last moment in secret conference. When the bill was under open debate less drastic provisions had been stricken out of it. When Chairman Kitchin inserted these provisions in conference he knew, of course, that there would be practically no opportunity to debate them. Congress had been working at the bill six months. It was tired, impatient, anxious to adjourn. The practical question was whether it should accept the bill substantially as the conference committee reported it, or open up the whole business anew and indefinitely postpone adjournment. As Mr. Kitchin no doubt calculated, it accepted the bill, including the postal provisions, though there is good ground for saying that if those provisions had come up for fair consideration a decisive majority of both houses would have rejected them.

The effect of these provisions is to destroy national periodicals. It is rather difficult to believe that was not the intention.

To publications with wide circulation the provisions virtually say: "You may circulate as far as you please, only you must cut out advertisements or charge remote subscribers three times as much as you charge those near by." Which is like saying to a grocer: "Continue in business as long as you like; only you must lock the front door and charge every third customer three times as much as you charge the other two." For the great majority of widely circulated publications this is not revenue-paying or taxation. It is simply prohibition.

Long postal hauls cost more than short ones. Therefore, let us enact that the Congressional Record, the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture, the reports of the Census Bureau, and all other government publications, shall not circulate west of the Mississippi River. To that proposition Mr. Kitchin would say: "Why, you are inaugurating secession! You are trying to put those people out of the United States!"

But out of every thousand persons whose daily thinking is affected by widely circulated private publications, not more than one ever sees a government publication.

Losing Time

AMERICA'S supreme war aim is a world organization to insure lasting peace. At various times spokesmen for all the Allies have accepted that aim. Undoubtedly the people of the allied nations desire it. Neutrals are ready for it.

There is no reason why all steps toward such a world organization should await the end of the war. There are weighty reasons why the necessary preliminary steps should be taken at once.

That war aim remains merely a sketch—an indefinite intention. To give it a tangible outline and a visible body would heighten its appeal. We believe the moral effect throughout the non-Teuton world would be much the same as when mariners, adrift on a sea for which they have no chart, discern a shore line ahead.

A closer organization of the enemies of Germany is desirable for strictly military purposes, and every other day shows the desirability of a more comprehensive working agreement between them and the neutral states. Outlining a League of Nations would help to accomplish both ends.

Russia has broken away and is undoubtedly moving to separate peace; which will practically leave her detached—a stake for which either side may play. There is all too much evidence that merely beating Germany is a war aim in which the Russian people are no longer interested. Nothing else would be so decisive in attaching them to the Allies as proof in some concrete form that the enemies of Germany are fighting for an international arrangement to insure peace.

Definite steps toward a League of Nations need not at all divert attention and energy from the prosecution of the war. By visualizing the supreme war aim such steps would bring even higher resolution to continue the war until Germany, too, becomes an acceptable candidate for the league. The spectacle of the non-Teutonic world definitely moving toward permanent international organization might be expected to have a deep effect upon the German people.

Wanted: A Railroad Policy

CONGRESS at the last session appropriated one billion forty million-and-odd dollars for shipping. Everybody knows it must be spent under conditions involving a good deal of extravagance. Nobody objects, because the vital need of more ships is recognized.

Ships are only the last link in the chain. Nearly everything they carry must first be brought to the docks by rail. Everybody knows how inadequate the land link is. The Fuel Administration wants more cars for coal. Hoover wants more cars for foodstuffs. Every industry and every town is crying for cars. At a hundred important points the country's output is retarded because the railroads are congested with traffic.

For five years it has been known to everybody who cared to inform himself that the railroads were not increasing their facilities as they should to keep abreast of normal expansion in the country's business. The chief reason was that Federal and state authorities seemed minded to keep railroad revenues down to the lowest livable level and so brought railroad credit under suspicion.

Without war, that would have been an unprofitable policy. With war, it is costing the country heavily. For more than five years we have had no real railroad policy. We have had Federal control, and conflicting state control. We have regulated rates, but never accepted the logical consequence by frankly permitting railroads to cooperate logical because the only reason for insisting upon competition is to prevent an overcharge to the public, and rate regulation prevents an overcharge. We have regulated rates on the general principle that in no particular case should the roads have more than enough to live on, but with no assurance that in all cases they should have enough to live on. Naturally railroad securities fell under suspicion.

We need a railroad policy—a real policy. There are only two finally possible ones: Government ownership, or private ownership with regulation and control lodged exclusively in the Federal Government, and so constructively exercised that the railroads can assuredly bid for capital in competition with other applicants.

Another Preparedness

ABOUT the time the Senate passed the Webb Bill permitting combinations of manufacturers for export trade, belated news from Germany told of action by the government compelling the boot-and-shoe industry to form what we call a trust.

The number of factories was reduced, those that could produce least economically, it appears, being bought out and shut down, while the others were put into a syndicate so as to operate as a unit. Substantially it was what our trust promoters used to do, and the operation would sound thoroughly familiar to American ears if the name of J. P. Morgan or Judge Moore were substituted for that of the Kaiser. Germany seems to have gone further, however; for the consolidation appears to have extended even to dealers in boots and shoes.

Just why the boot-and-shoe manufacturers did not combine voluntarily—when the German Government, far from discouraging such action, has always encouraged it—is not explained by the advices at hand. Evidently they did not, however, and the government forced them to do so.

There is other evidence that, behind the war screen, Germany is steadily extending a policy of industrial and business consolidation. At one time we hear that a blast furnace syndicate has renewed its articles of combination for a long term; at another, that there is some difficulty about renewal of a steel-works combination; but no one expects the government will permit it to be dissolved. Unquestionably Germany is preparing for the contest of peace by restricting and eliminating competition on every hand. She proposes that German industry shall compete with the world, but that it shall lose no energy by competing within itself.

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

By WILL IRWIN

ITALIAN CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS,
October 18, 1917.

THE Italian Army, last to admit foreign correspondents to its lines, has now perhaps the most smoothly working press system of all. It seemed to me that I had scarcely arrived at the beginning of my ten days' permission to the Front before I was installed in a fast motor, with an escorting officer and two others of my kind, and was running at breakneck speed for a visit to the Bainsizza Plateau, and—if fortune and the course of battle favored—to the Italian positions about Monte San Gabriele. This was the territory captured by the Italians in their last gigantic effort of August, the greatest single victory won on the Fronts of the Western Allies since the Battle of the Marne.

To-night, as I sit scratching off these notes on the rickety table of a very dark little hotel room, I am in the state of embarrassment common to all who try to write about the war. I have seen enough to-day, as one does every day at the Front, to write whole volumes. It is hard to express it all in a few hundred words. The psychology of war is a kind of intoxication, a huge intensification of life. Some of its moments produce on the mind and the senses an effect more poignant and permanent than those of years of peace.

My impressions may edit themselves in time, retaining only the really significant scenes and incidents; but to-night I am mainly struck with my memories of war revisited; for a year ago last April I saw the hinterland of this country at a time when it was still a field of desperate and continual battle. And to-day I was struck especially with its grotesque and queer transformations.

First, there was a little town, still unscarred by shells at that period, where we passed the night last year before trying to get into the house at Zagora. It was headquarters then, and a general in command of artillery had been kind enough to give us a bed. He warned us at the time that we might be wakened by a "whizbang"; for, though the town had not been shelled as yet, we were within easy range of the enemy guns, and military works on one side had been suffering of late. As for the town, it was a little hill village, like a thousand others in Northern Italy, and yet with its own individuality. Its three or four narrow streets centered about an old Renaissance church and a tall slender campanile. On the little public square stood an old four-pillared shrine of some pagan god, an inheritance from Roman times, now reduced to the condition of a capstone for the drinking fountain. On one border of the village was a wide and pleasant château, its outer walls gayly decorated, Venetian fashion, with flowery wreaths and cupids.

The Carso in Autumn

THE town, at first sight, seemed to stand as I remembered it, intact, untouched. Only after several minutes did I begin to perceive the new stone. Everywhere, in the gray spaces of walls that had been white when the builders worked on them, centuries ago, there was the gleam of white patchwork. The painted château proved best of all what had happened. The great irregular patches of white crossed the running decoration of flowers and cupids, and broke it. There had been time and spare energy for rebuilding, but none for decoration.

This town, in short, had been clear through the cycle of war. Intact when I saw it in April, 1916, it had been heavily bombarded afterward and had half crumbled under the shells. In May and again in August, 1917, the Italians swept on across the ranges dominating the town and relieved it from artillery fire. The canny home-loving Italian natives—Italian still, though for centuries the town had been under Austrian dominion—had immediately set about rebuilding, with the help of soldiers quartered upon them. Conservative to their finger tips, they had rebuilt exactly and mathematically on the old lines. As we swept on toward one of the toughest and most cruel aspects of this war, it seemed to me that I had been touched by a little breath of the coming peace.

So we motored on over a wooded range, rusty with the dull browns and yellows that autumn brings to Europe; they do not know, in these lands, any violent autumn tints like ours. I had seen this range last in its tender spring dress; but it had undergone a greater transformation than that. Where it had been before an untrodden wood, it was now a world of intense military activity and of rude temporary buildings. Everywhere, too, it was creased with new military roads—those wonderful roads at which the Italian engineers are so clever.

Here I must touch briefly on geography. We were going north of the key town of Gorizia, into the foothills of the Alps. They are called foothills, but in the East of the United States they would be called mountains; they are fully as high as the Catskills or as Mount Tamalpais, which hangs over San Francisco. On the other side of Gorizia, stretching to the sea, lies the hill desert of the Carso—a red barren soil, in which nothing grows except a few stunted scrubs. That unpromising soil is spotted everywhere with great outcroppings of rock, red or white, and studded with *dolinas*, which are regular flat-bottomed holes, like the craters of the moon.

The Carso is supposed to end at the fertile valley in which stands the troubled city of Gorizia. As a matter of fact, when, on the other side of this town, the terrain sweeps up into the Alpine foothills, this barren formation persists. In places the lower Julian Alps are sweet with chestnut woods and underbrush; but the plateaus and many of the slopes partake of the character of the Carso.

The New Landscape Made by War

WE CROSSED the summits of the nearest range; we were looking, from a height of perhaps two thousand feet, on to the gorge of the Isonzo. When I saw it before, in the early spring of 1916, it was of a clear opalesque blue, in spite of the early rains. Now it rolled muddy and opaque, like one of our Western rivers when the placer diggers have been at work. Indeed, the landscape was transformed since the time when the lines rested at Zagora, low down on that slope, and when Plava, on the other side of the river, was the opening to the communication trenches. In those days the grotesque scars of war showed only on the slope below Zagora, in a maze of yellow ditches and walls and back trenches.

Now the whole landscape was so scarred. New roads ran everywhere. They were alive that morning with transports crawling through a light, cold autumn rain. Everywhere—not going too closely into details—but settlements, banked with yellow earth or with sandbags, broke the green of the hills. The forest had disappeared in great bald patches. Piled everywhere were military materials. It looked not like war—except for the uniforms—but like the preliminaries to such a great engineering job as the Panama Canal or the Assuan Dam. And, indeed, it looks what it is. The Italian campaign in the mountains is the greatest engineering job ever undertaken by man.

When I visited this field before I came to see the famous house at Zagora, a military position long unique on any Front. For at Zagora, on the first abrupt slope of Monte Cucco, the lines locked after the stubborn battle of November, 1915. The Italians had crossed the Isonzo at this point and were trying to force their way up Monte Cucco.

In a stone farmhouse on the outskirts of the village they were definitely checked. As things settled down the Italians found themselves literally in the back rooms of the house—the Austrians in the front rooms; the Italians in the kitchen—the Austrians in the coal cellar; the Italians in the spare back bedroom—the Austrians in the dining room. On that spring morning last year we sneaked in at dawn for the chance to put our hands on a wall only a foot away from the enemy, and to crawl down a trench line where, through the loopholes, you could see the walls of the enemy trenches rising in your face only ten yards away.

That morning, too, we were caught under a bombardment for our pains, and forced to stay nearly all day. The situation had rested so for nearly six months when I visited the famous house; it seemed incredible that it should exist much longer. As a matter of fact, it did exist for thirteen months more—until the attack of last May, which outflanked and took the Austrian positions on Monte Cucco and forced the

The Steep Slopes of the Alps Have Proved No Obstacle to the Italian Engineers. They Have Placed Guns on the Most Inaccessible Cliffs and Cleverly Camouflaged Them

enemy back over the mountain. For a year and a half men crawled and whispered through the broken walls of that house, chucking or dodging grenades, engaged simply in the business of killing. It was never shelled; neither side could do that without the risk of killing its own men. But it crumbled under the constant vicious little explosions of the grenades, until in the day of Italian victory it stood as it does now—a foundation with two fragments of saw-edged windowless wall rising brown against the hillside. The rains have washed away the stains of battle; when I saw it last it was black with burned powder.

I could not quite understand then why neither side blew up this house or attacked to relieve the position. I understood to-day, having a chance to look about. The house—two stories on one side and three on the other—occupied an abrupt hill slope. But on the Austrian side a flat little piece of hill plateau formed its front yard and kitchen garden. Had the Italians broken through into that field they would have been slaughtered like lambs by the Austrian machine guns bristling from the reserve lines. On the other hand, had the Austrians broken through they would have come out on the abrupt hill slope controlled by hundreds of machine guns from the Italian positions on the mountains across the river. Only a great general attack, like the one that came last May, could ever have relieved it. There it stands, still unrepaired, a monument of an episode unique in the history of wars.

When the Italians Advanced

WE CROSSED the river at Plava, where still stood the wrecks of pontoons by which we crossed before—there is a real bridge now. To Canale we traveled for three miles literally over the old Austrian front-line positions, for in all the early stages of the war—in fact, until the great surprise attack of August—the river itself had been No Man's Land; the trenches of either side ran level with its banks. Much has been talked in Europe about the rush of tourists, after this war, to witness the trench lines of the battlefields. As a matter of fact, there will be little to see. A trench is only a deep ditch; it takes constant work to maintain it against the attrition of Nature. Everywhere these ditches, even where they had been wattled with willow branches, were filling up or falling in. Grass was springing on their parapets and late autumn flowers were blooming. A road, bordered regularly with trees, had evidently run on this side of the river bank. These trees had been scarred, stripped of their branches and broken here and there by two years of constant firing.

Yet with the autumn rains their foliage had freshened before its fall; they looked no more ragged than thousands of trees clipped for firewood that one sees along the European roads in peacetime. I observed the same thing in the old trenches near Soissons, abandoned by the Germans early last spring. Nature will not be denied; and except for places like the Somme Battlefield, where the soil has been chemically transformed by the constant shell explosions, she is fast healing the wounds of the earth.

Canale, which must have been a beautiful river town before it became a point of support in a trench line, looked so much like all those war-battered towns, which everyone has seen in the cinema, that I shall not stop to describe it. From Canale, Cadorna began last August the first movement of his surprising attack, which relieved all the mountains above us and took the Bainsizza Plateau.

And now we were climbing on a perfect road, metaled and graded at its innumerable hairpin turns, which we could see winding above us to the mountain summit. The Twelve-Day Road, the Italians call it; though for most of the distance it had to be blasted out of the hard Alpine sandstone and gneiss, the job took exactly twelve days from the arrival of the working parties to its perfect completion. So we climbed, the guns, which we had been hearing all the morning, growing more and more distinct climbed until we shot about the corner of a cliff and came out in sight of the Bainsizza Plateau.

What a terrain! For monotonous barrenness it resembled the Carso. It rolled away, a monochrome of reddish brown, rumpled here and there by little ranges of hills. Even the foliage of the few desert shrubs, touched with autumn, had taken on the prevailing color. Only the white rocks broke the monotony. These rose in ridges and patches, making the landscape appear as though snow had fallen and was half melted. We shot into sight of a hill village, half destroyed like the rest. Across the road lay a field where soil had settled into a hollow of the rocks; there stood rows of cornstalks, stripped of their ears.

"The Austrians did not destroy that crop!" I remarked. "Why?"

"We came on too fast," said our escorting captain. "It was a surprise, you know. We were streaming over this part of the plateau before they knew we had started. The women and children took to the hills. We rounded them up afterward and sent four hundred of them back to the safety zone. For days after the attack small knots of Austrians were wandering round the plateau or the forest, trying to find a chance to give themselves up."

This was the last sign of permanent human habitation; the rest were dugouts or huts wedged in between rocks and sandbagged. But always the roads were perfect. We came, in the end, to the rear of a low hill range that closes the plateau on the Austrian side. Beyond this range, half or three-quarters of a mile away, lay our trenches. Guns were going behind us; sometimes, if you were watching, you could see just after an explosion a slight puff of mist overlying a clump of rocks, but of the gun you could see nothing, so cleverly was it camouflaged.

We pulled up finally before the dugouts of an advanced dressing station to talk things over with a fine stalwart Milanese surgeon in charge. The night before had brought an adventure, he said. He was operating on an emergency case in that board-and-corrugated-iron building there when the Austrians began shelling them with shrapnel. He pointed out the little ragged holes in the roof where the bullets had pattered about him as he clipped and tied. It was a case of life and death; so he had kept right on. In the morning the wounded man had gone back by ambulance. "And, except for complications, he will get well too!" said the surgeon. "But they won't get me to-night, for we have just finished our little playhouse over there." He led us to the gaping mouth of a tunnel in the rock. We pushed on for forty or fifty feet to a chamber where the tunnel widened. We were in an operating room, complete even to the X-ray apparatus! And as we emerged we saw we had another case. Down the road came four soldiers with the Red Cross brassard on their arms. Shoulder-high they carried a stretcher made from interwoven willow branches. From a heap of gray blankets peered the face of the wounded man; he looked, as the wounded generally do, not especially agonized, but just dazed and a little uncomfortable.

We ran our machine into the protection of a hill after that and made a basket lunch. Our trenches were on the other slope of the hill, half a mile or so away, and now and then a shell from our guns or the enemy's whistled overhead. And we chatted of things personal, including the failings of absent fellow men; but scarcely a word about the war.

We had to make a quick run past a dangerous corner as we came away; on this point the Austrians, who must have suspected the presence of a road, could bring fire to bear from two directions at once. We had scarcely passed it, in fact, before the slight, dull, but yet sinister, sound of a shrapnel burst caused us to crane our necks and observe, a hundred feet back, a pretty smoke cloud trailing down toward earth. Now we were skirting a hill; the full glory of the Isonzo Gorge showed below us; but I shall omit description until I come to the point where, having abandoned the machine and taken to our legs, we found ourselves on the ruined crest of Monte Santo.

Over the Crest of Monte Santo

IT IS called a mountain; to-night I think of it more as a crag, so steep is it, except for one side, up which, through innumerable military works, we had wormed our machine. On the very summit once stood a convent. You could see that it had been built of stone, because some of the fragments showed that they had been shaped by the quarryman's saw; but you could tell neither its old shape nor its dimensions.

Jeffries, of our party, had visited this summit a short time after the battle, when the slopes were still dotted with the unburied dead. Poking about among the ruin that day, he had discovered a child's toy automobile—a relic, after two years of war, from the days when this ruin harbored nuns and children. Jeffries was poking round again when I was hailed in a perfect cockney accent by a little soldier in very rusty olive-gray and a trench helmet.

"Are you the Dyly Myle man?" he asked, his animated Italian expression contrasting queerly with his accent. I indicated Jeffries as the anointed representative of the Daily Mail; and the soldier, who, it appeared, was a constant reader, addressed him in terms that brought the blushes to his cheek. He was a performer at the London Hippodrome, the soldier told us—an acrobat. Also he had married an English actress. He dived into the depths of his battered uniform, and brought out her photograph in a frame, to prove his assertion that she was a beauty. Having, it appeared, nothing special to do at the moment, he joined the party and was with us most of the way over Monte Santo.

Yes, the visible dead were buried; but there were other dead still there, as the sense of smell told from time to time. For the earth below us was a honeycomb of caverns, where Italian and Austrian lay festering side by side. It was these caverns, more than the nature of the hill itself, which made the taking of Monte Santo so difficult. Two companies of Italian Arditi stormed that

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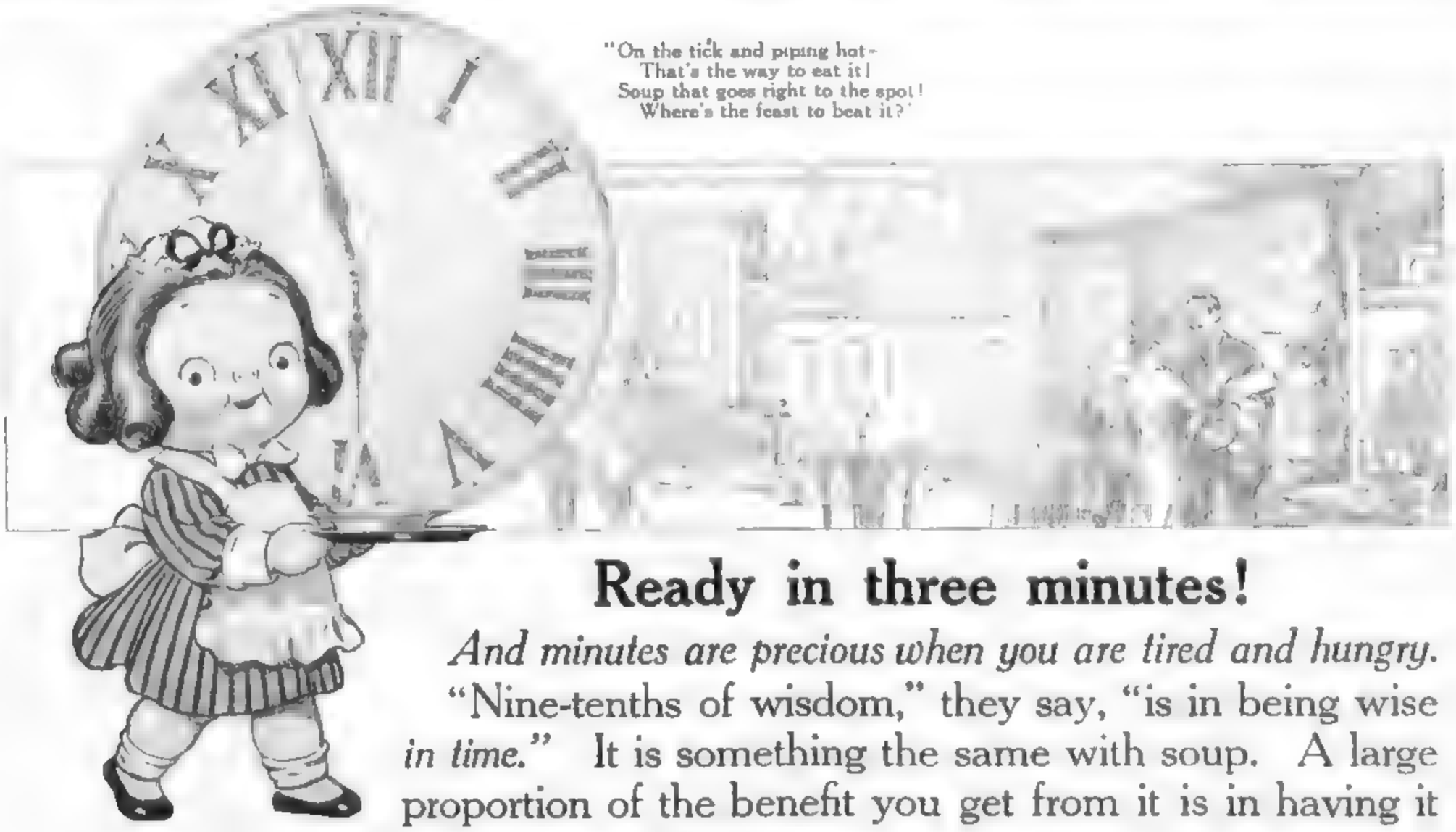
An Italian Outpost on the Isonzo Front



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And it is all cooked and prepared—ready for your table. Simply add *hot* water, bring to a boil and *serve it hot.*

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Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
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Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

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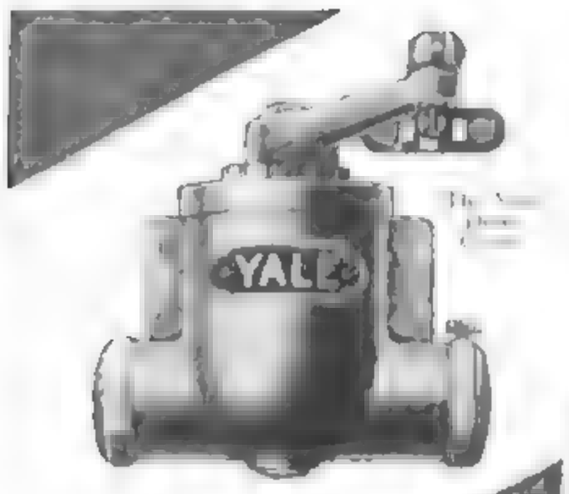

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(Continued from Page 26)

crest in the beginning; they had secured it to all appearance; they had even sent back prisoners, when—they vanished, and the Austrians were back. The enemy had simply disappeared into the caverns, popped out at the proper moments, and made captives of their captors. It took wave after wave of assault troops to secure that summit and to make the caverns untenable.

Then a peep through a camouflage screen—a view that told us what this position was all about. On our right, far below, ran the Isonzo. Across, a twin height to ours, was Monte Sabotino. Monte Santo, as we approached it, had shown yellow-brown; the hot breath of battle had stripped it of trees and of most small vegetation. But Sabotino had been taken more than a year before, and a green-brown autumn forest still clothed it. Its precipitous sides were banging, banging, banging with concealed heavy artillery.

Before us, less than a mile away, was a perfectly bald cone-shaped mountain, only one ragged dead tree near the summit showing that it had once been clothed with a forest. That was San Gabriele, now the chief obstacle to Italian advance in this region. Honeycombed with caverns, as Monte Santo was, the summit where the dead tree stands sentinel is a No Man's Land. Neither side has been able to hold it. The opposing trenches run together up its slopes, widen out to curve round each side of the summit, and come together on the other side.

On the right ran that gracious valley, now overlaid with golden mist, where stands Gorizia. Gorizia looked white, beautiful and inviting; distance had blotted out her ugly stains of war. Before the city, and hiding a little the farther view of the valley, lay a cluster of tawny barren hills. That is the range of San Marco, held by the Austrians. Take it, and the Italians have an open pass into Austria. But San Gabriele commands San Marco; hence the struggle which has been going on since August about that barren cone crowned by its one dead tree. Farther on stretched the whole red range of the Carso, and finally, a glint in the blue-green mists of that misty afternoon, the Adriatic, right wing of the great European battle line. On the Italian Front alone can one see the whole scheme of battle.

I realized that fact again a few minutes later. We had crawled behind a camouflage screen about the more precipitous slope of the mountain, for a nearer look at our own front trenches and the Austrian position. Our path took us through a wilderness of military works, not to be described here, past the yawning mouths of the old Austrian caverns, past soldiers on guard with the keenly alert expression of battle—for here it is always a battle, more or less intense. Shrapnel was breaking all the time along the mountain slope below us; now and then, through the screen, you could observe the yellow puff of a premature burst. The soldiers told us, reassuringly, that it was only a matter of time before the Austrians raised their range to sweep our present position. We came at last to a dugout, where an officer, who looked, in his knit and wound winter cap, like an especially handsome Sikh of Northern India, led us to a peeping place.

The Bowl in the Hills

We were above a bowl-like plateau in the hills—so far and directly above it that I felt I could have thrown a baseball onto the roofs of the town below. It was a little, huddled, stone hill town, not especially battered, but deserted. The plateau behind it was threaded with roads. Before us loomed San Gabriele, the double trench line, yellow amid the brown, tracing down it to the slopes of a little valley, where it was lost from sight. The hills are looked barren, deserted, lunar, and nothing more, of the thousands and thousands of men who inhabited those hills and that plateau, there was not a glimpse.

Then things began to happen which showed that this was not a desert, but a battlefield. Here and there an electric spark twinkled an instant before the vision—the flash of a gun. Along one of the roads black puffs began rhythmically to burst and settle. We were trying to trace the Austrian trench line, at a spot where it seemed obscure, when it was outlined for us by one—two—three—four bursts of white smoke, shot with black—the Italians were shelling. Monte Sabotino was shooting harder than ever; three-inch field guns, with their vicious little snap, opened from some point below us; the spitting hum of a mitrailleuse joined in.

The day was getting so warm that it was prudent to retire, I thought. The captain must have thought so, too, for he started us back. But not before I had my own reunion. A tall, stalwart fellow, in the uniform of a lieutenant of a machine-gun company, hailed me in United States English. "Where do you live?" he asked. "New York—when I'm at home," said I. "So do I," he said; "or did. I was taking a course in a business college when I came over here to this war. Say, who won the World's Series?" Unfortunately I had but imperfect reports on that great sporting event and could only tell him that, at last accounts, it stood two-all.

And then—we missed our Englishman. The fourth member of the party, he represented the Foreign Office. He is a man of wit and parts—a novelist, a garden expert, a searcher of this earth for botanical specimens; the war, in fact, called him home from somewhere on the boundaries of Thibet. We had just scurried fast round a corner, where we were a little uncertain of the camouflage, when we noticed he was not among us. The captain muttered something about wishing they would not loiter in dangerous places. It occurred to us, too, that he might have been picked by a sniper; so there was nothing to do but go back for him.

Digging Bulbs Under Fire

We came round a corner of rock and caught sight of him. On the hillside was one of the patches of ground the shells had spared; it grew a few sickly herbs. Reaching up, flat against the hillside, he was digging with a garden trowel, which, I understand, he always carries in his pocket as another man carries a knife. We hailed him, and he faced us, the trowel in one hand and two bulbs in the other.

"Cyclamen!" he exclaimed. "And jolly fine specimens too!"

"Hurry along, Englishman," I said, "or you'll be a bulb and get planted, and have a chance to grow."

He gazed back over the harassed landscape.

"I haven't the slightest idea where those shells are going," he said, "which intensifies the confidence with which I view the situation."

So we scrambled and scurried back to that protected spot under the hill where the car waited. I can never conquer the feeling of relief with which I depart from a place like Monte Santo; but my relief is always tempered by shame when I think of the army I am leaving behind to endure it day after day and night after night. It seems a little like running away.

ITALIAN HEADQUARTERS, October 23d.

For three days the Englishman and I, under proper escort of an officer who knows this Front like his own bedroom, and driven in a fast, agile mountain-climbing car, have been ranging the Trentino. There has been no time for taking notes. When, after dark, we rolled into our quarters at Verona, we had just enough energy left to dine and tumble into bed; before daylight we were dressing and off again. Perhaps it is just as well. Through this delay I have got the geographical details all twisted up in my mind and shall not unload upon the reader a mass of names in a foreign language. Instead, I shall confine myself to general observations and to a few scenes that stand out in the memory of a crowded three days.

One main impression lingers of those three days, almost effacing any others: It is of the mighty, the unprecedented engineering work the Italians have performed in order to take and secure these mountains. I could wish that I had technical training as an engineer in order properly to convey what they have done.

First and foremost come the roads. There, one is tempted to grow epic. When I was with the army in the Alps about a year and a half ago, getting to most of the peaks—even the lower ones—involved much travel by mule up mere trails, much hard climbing, much disagreeable swinging across gorges by teleferica. Even in the higher Alps the visitor need do little of that work to-day. He goes almost to the summits by perfect mountain roads in a motor car. Last Sunday I went so, from the six-hundred-foot level almost to the six-thousand-foot level, up the slopes of a mountain so precipitous that I grew giddy every time I looked down.

These roads of necessity take the sharpest kind of hairpin turns. They are scientifically banked at the corners; they are metaled; and usually at the most dangerous turns a stone wall or a row of deeply planted stone buttresses guard the inexpert chauffeur from a tumble with his car into infinity. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of such roads have been driven during the process of securing the Alps. The direction has been in the hands of Italian engineers, mostly from the north; and I know a man high in that profession who has always maintained that the Northern Italian civil engineer is the best in the world.

The labor, for the most part, has been performed by reservists; though civilian workmen, too old for military service, are employed here and there; in fact, last Saturday I went up one perfect road which the Italians call the Chemin des Dames, or Ladies' Road—a play on the name of the famous position over which the French and the Germans fought so long last summer. The work here was done by stout Italian peasant women; and I hereby assure my suffragette sisters that it is an excellent road.

Indeed, the road-making organization has become so expert that Italy is considering it in her after-the-war plans. The southern part of the peninsula is still suffering from the lack of really good highways. While that condition of affairs exists, it seems a pity to let such an organization go out of existence. Like all the other belligerent countries, Italy will surely have her struggle with unemployment during the period of readjustment. And certain of the great industrial men are suggesting to the Government that the organization shall remain intact until it has provided Southern Italy with all the roads she needs.

Concerning the more obviously military part of this great engineering job, I must write with more caution. In places it is startling and incredible. Coming to the abrupt rocky peak of a little mountain, I found myself facing a series of tunnels. A reservist lit a miner's lantern and guided us through a dark rock passage. We came out finally by the breech of a gun. Daylight showed beyond its muzzle. I peeped out. I was looking down the face of a cliff, across the sweep of a deeply cleft valley lay the line of the Austrian trenches.

Again we wound up a road toward a summit and came presently to a camouflage screen, showing that we were within range of the enemy fire. In the corner formed by two mountain slopes, so placed that it had good protection, was an electric power house. The Austrian lines, I was told, were only a mile or so across the summit. "That power plant," said our captain, "not only furnishes light for the caverns up there, it sends the compressed air to drive two hundred drills!"

Aerial Trolley Cars

Everywhere, in some places looking like spider web, ran the threads of the telefericas. That device of Italian warfare has been so often described that I need only give a reminder here. A teleferica is an aërial tram—merely a cable on which runs a wire basket, a gigantic version of the cash carrier used in department stores. These shoot from position to position along slopes or across gulfs. In most cases it would take hours to make the same transit by road. The teleferica takes up the emergency supplies, for it works much faster; and everywhere roads and telefericas supplement each other. If one breaks down through accident or enemy fire, the other takes up the job.

Finally, on a trip to one of the highest positions that bar the road down the Asiago Valley, I got an idea of what Italian engineering has done for the comfort of the men; how Alpine warfare, from the point of view of the soldier who must endure it, has become transformed.

This was a six-thousand-foot mountain, and we climbed to it in our motor car by one of the regular new roads. That kind of climbing is not so prosaic as it seems; it has its sporting side. Never have I so sympathized with a chauffeur as with the stout young Italian mechanic who drove us. During almost any straight passage—if you happened to be on the outside seat of the car—you could look down hundreds of feet and speculate on what a skid would do to the car and passengers. There was danger of skidding, too; for it rained most

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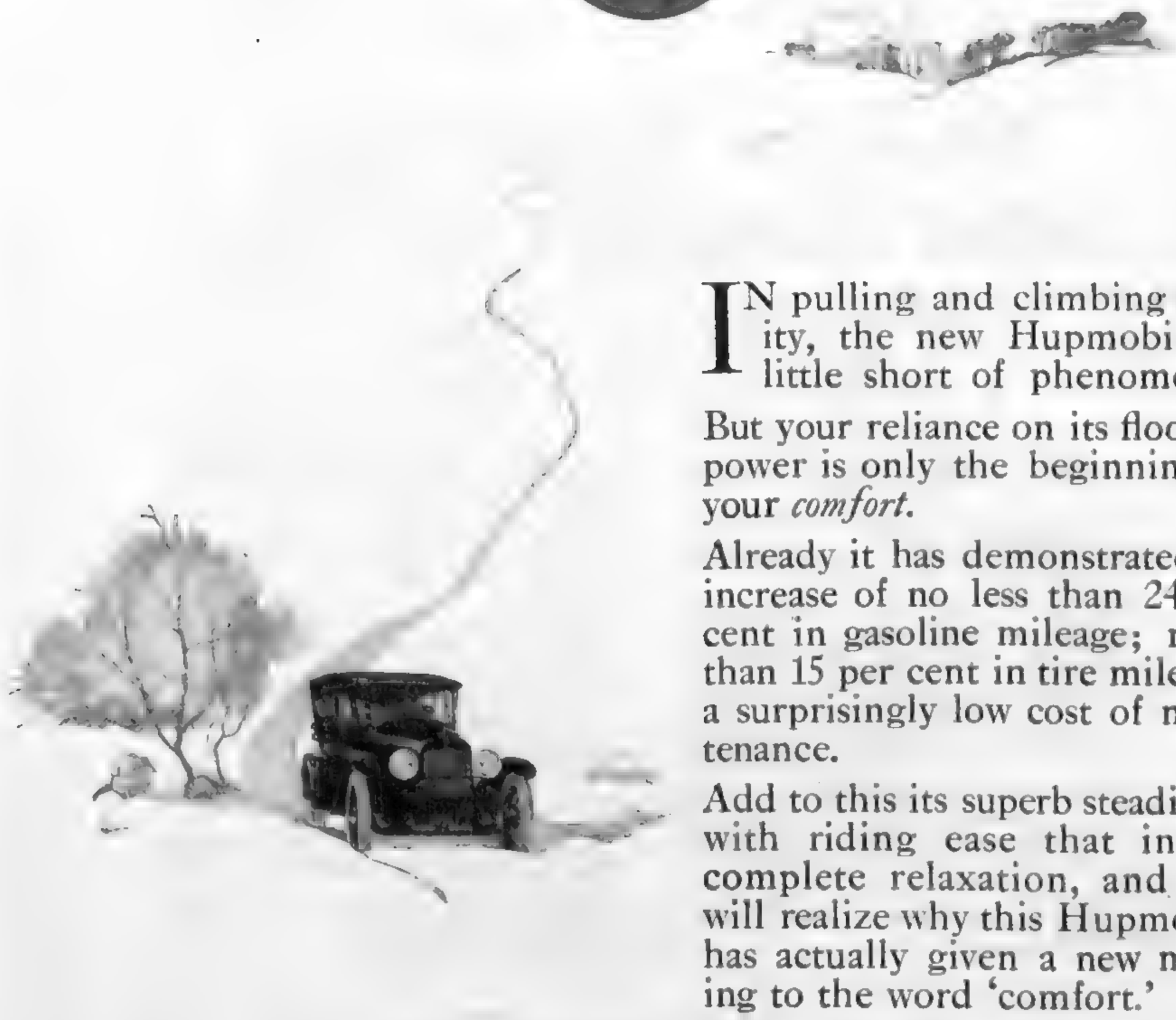
The Comfort Car



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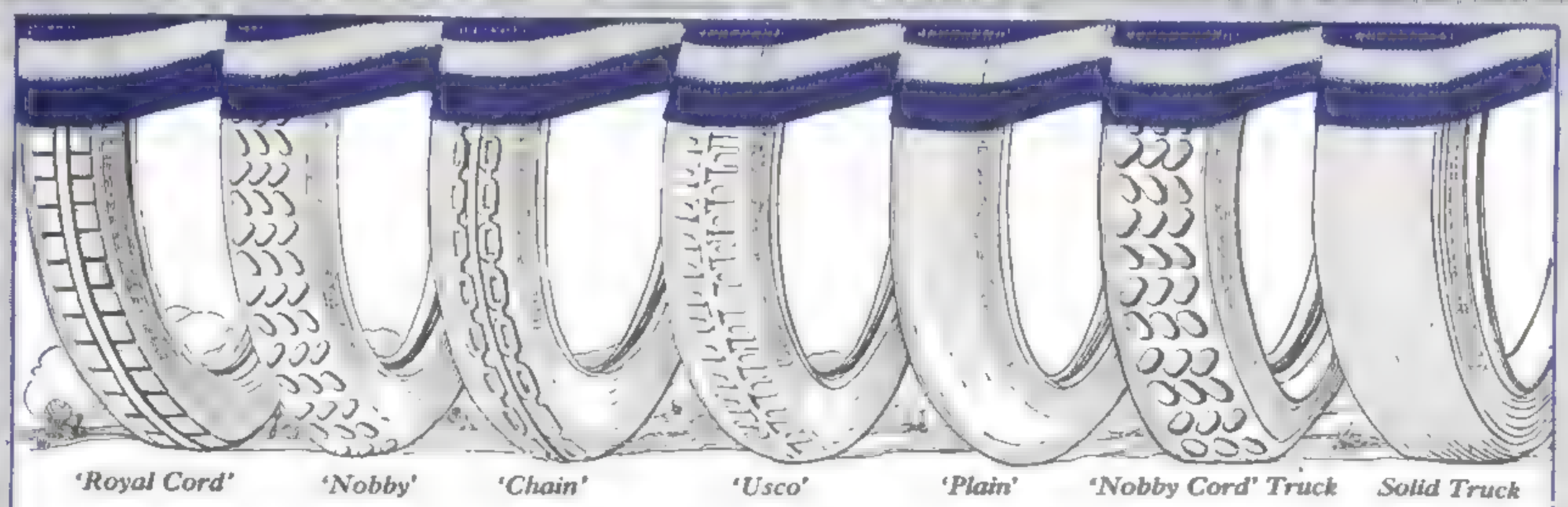

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(Continued from Page 28)

of the way and snowed the rest. But straight stretches of road were few. No sooner were we past one hairpin turn than we ran into another.

In most cases the other leg of the hairpin was quite invisible, and the danger which kept our driver's eyes on the road and his hand firm on the controls was that a camion, making up time, should shoot round the corner at a pace too fast for control. Two or three times we did have such encounters, and the cars seemed to dig their tires into the road as they avoided collision by feet and even inches. On these occasions our chauffeur, skillful though he was, could not make the turns without backing; and usually before he started up he would have the rear wheels within a foot of a thousand-foot slope.

At those moments there would be just a tiny break in the thread of our conversation while we caught our breath and dug our toes into the soles of our boots. Then we would resume talk with that calm which one always assumes in a state of war. At last, with the world far below us, we were running on a final stretch of road just below the ridge of this knife-shaped mountain and parallel with it. There we had luncheon with a bronzed and cheerful headquarters' mess. Before luncheon, however, we strolled across the ridge to a certain open trench, from which we could see the Austrian trenches across on the other side of the valley.

Finally we walked to the summit, which was tunneled and galleried in a manner so thorough and complex that I could not describe it if I tried. But the interesting thing to the Alpini is the fact that these tunnels and galleries furnish them comfortable winter quarters. Once they had to lie out for weeks and sometimes months together in the eternal snows, with no fires—for smoke would have betrayed their position—and no hot food. When I visited the Adamello in April of last year, the thermometer at night always went down to zero; and in the dead of the previous winter it had been forty degrees below. Yet there they were—fighting without fire!

In the Front Trenches

In these tunnels the men are sheltered from the blizzards. Stovepipes can be carried out to some harmless neutral position, where they will not betray the location of the men; consequently if the teleferica is kept working, with its supplies of fuel, they may have both warmth and hot food. True, the front patrol trenches must be held under the old conditions; but these, in the nature of this fighting, may be lightly occupied, and the men can be very frequently relieved; so they need endure the old conditions only two or three days at a time.

ITALIAN HEADQUARTERS, October 24th.

A wayside conversation with an Italian officer leads me here to a few remarks about the Italian command in general, and Cadorna, the man who leads this army. I had hoped to have a talk with Cadorna at this time; but he is not to be seen. Doubtless just at present he has his troubles with planning his defense. However, I have heard much talk of him from men who know him, and I set forth some of the facts.

Modern warfare has brought a change in the type of commanding generals. As H. G. Wells remarks, the old stuffed effigy of the heroic days has passed. Your modern leader of wars resembles the great industrial leader, head of a board of experts. On one side sits his board of strategy, the chess players of war—like as not, little old men in spectacles, who look like anything but soldiers. They do the thinking part. They keep in touch with the strategic situation; they originate ideas for movements; they thresh out the ideas to see whether or not they are sound. Their recommendations go to the chief of the General Staff—the general.

He, indeed, may spawn ideas of his own; if he does they go before this body so that their soundness may be examined. The general, in consultation with his personal staff, approves finally of this plan or that; like the president of a great industrial corporation, he is the final judge.

Say that the general approves, in a general way, a plan of campaign—for instance, an attack. He has not yet made his final judgment; he cannot do that until he has consulted other experts in his complex organization. First, there is the head of the Intelligence Department. What forces has the enemy at the point chosen for attack? What reserves? What, so far as anyone knows, is the condition of his transportation system? The chief of the Ordnance Department is called into council. How many guns can be spared for the operation? What munitions will he need? Then, as modern war always does, it goes back toward the civilian population. The Minister of Munitions must be consulted. Can he furnish that quantity of shells in the given time?

Only when these departments, and many other minor departments, have made their report, can the stupendous work of documenting a modern attack begin. An eminent soldier told me last year that it took ten days to get out the papers for a battle—the orders, for example, and the artillery calculations. Mind, I do not say that things are done exactly as I have described on the Italian Front, or on any other Front. This is merely a rough general sketch.

A Visit to Gorizia

The man who heads the whole organization, the modern general, must be a broader human being than the general of old wars, who laid out one plan of campaign by himself and, on the vital day of action, met the emergency by snap judgments. Like one of those great industrials to whom I have compared him, he must have, to be ideal, a general working knowledge of all those branches in which his experts deal—strategy, logistics, intelligence work; even now the technic of transportation and munitions making. He must be a judge of men, knowing how to select them, how to keep them working in harmony, how to use their good qualities while escaping the penalties of their bad ones. He must have, of course, the supreme quality of leadership; and he must know how to inspire confidence.

ITALIAN HEADQUARTERS, October 25th.

The grand tour of the Carso day before yesterday was to have finished my period at the Front; I had kept an Italian military car very busy for a week and had dipped into the line all the way from the Trentino to the Adriatic. Yesterday and to-day, according to program, I was to write; and to-morrow and Saturday I am to finish out my ten days' leave with a look at beautiful, tight-shut, harassed Venice. But yesterday morning a party of correspondents going forward to Gorizia found one of their number missing and I was offered a seat in their car. I had not yet, as it happened, set foot in Gorizia itself. It turned out to be an adventure—as much of an adventure as I want in one day.

As we rounded the heel of Monte San Michele—green with trees and grass again after the terrible blasting it received in the attacks of last year—the town came out white against the red hills of the Carso about it and the Nile-green mists of its own valley. There was a lot of shooting. Our guns were banging or booming on every hill. As we waited by the door of a certain headquarters for permission to enter the sector, I was certain I could hear continually the slighter but more dangerous noise of arrivals.

Being but a soft civilian, I grew a little nervous. I was ashamed of my nerves—I forgot them completely—when we came out into the main streets of this pretty Venetian town and found civilian life still going on calmly under the pouring rain and the whistling shells. Women in shawls and pattens scurried along under umbrellas, paying no more attention to the great whistling overhead than they did to the raindrops.

Through an open doorway I caught a glimpse of a butcher cutting meat, while a crowd of waiting women chattered over the counter—the next day would be meatless, and buying was brisk. We dropped into a stationer's; he was doing a lively business with post cards for the soldiers to send home. A bookshop displayed the latest shockers in Italian, and even in French, together with the illustrated papers. A haberdasher had dressed his window with shirts and cravats in brilliant greens and pinks, and had lettered the sign: This lot a bargain!—or the Italian equivalent of those words. Yet here and there, between these centers of trade and activity, were buildings wholly ruined by shells; were peppered walls; were shattered window panes. For the Austrian lines on San Marco

(Continued on Page 33)

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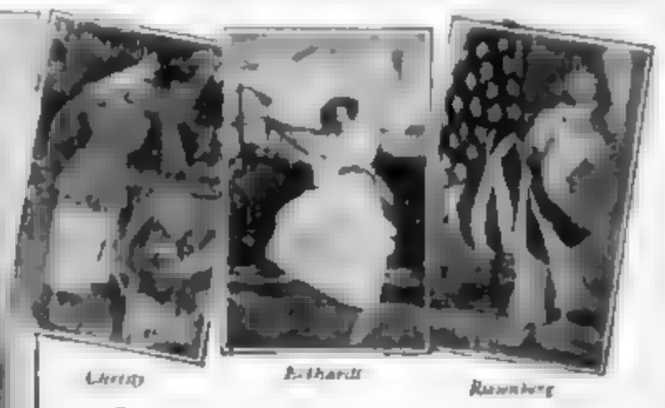

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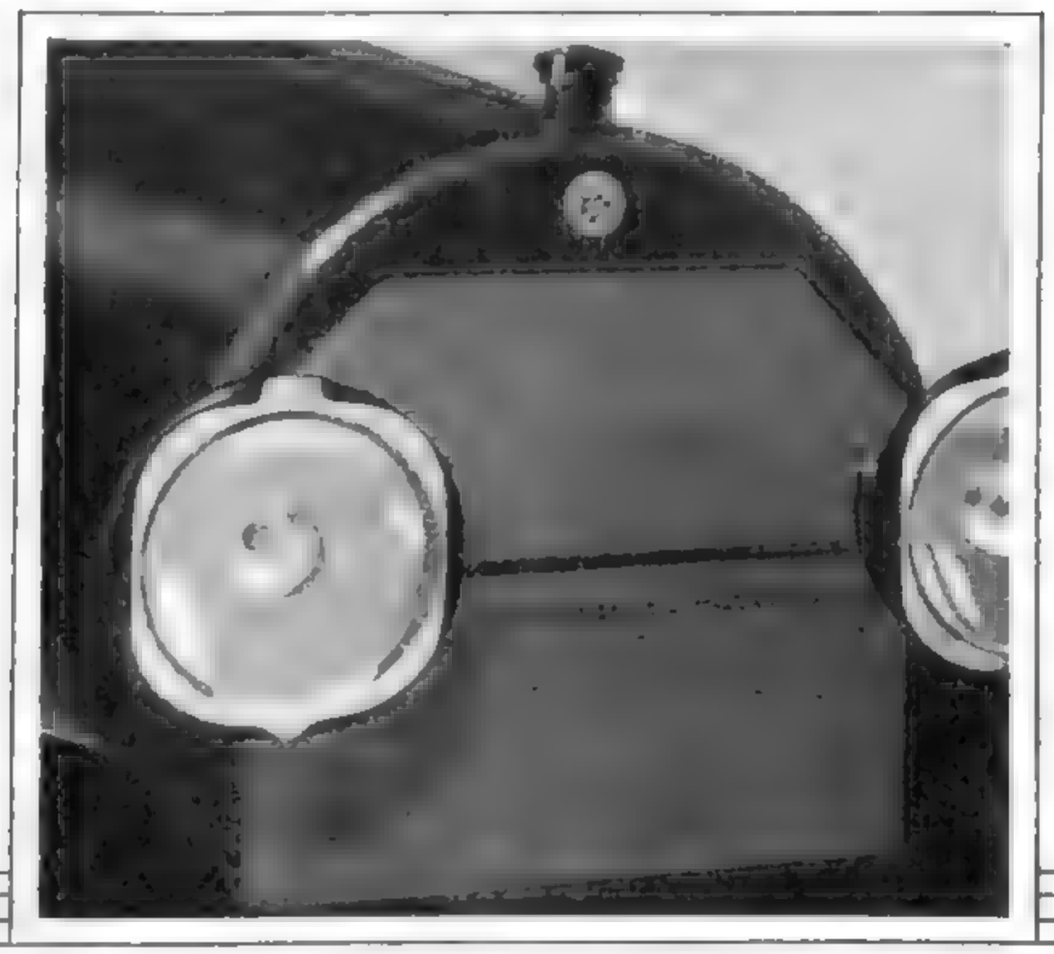

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 31)

are scarcely two miles from the center of the town.

This destruction is all recent. When the Austrians held the city the Italians forbore to bombard—this was an unrescued Italian population. It was taken, a year ago last August, by a surprise attack in which it suffered very little. Since then, however, the Austrians have been searching it with intermittent flurries of shells. In spite of all this, some two or three thousand courageous people have come back to see it through in their own town. I regretted much my ignorance of the language and my haste; I wanted to talk to these people, for each one must have had a great story. Indeed, as we passed a certain shop our captain remarked:

"That family is interesting. They had four grown sons. Two of them, when war was declared, managed to get across the Austrian border and join our armies—one of these has been killed fighting for Italy. Another was caught by the Austrians and hanged—they are great hangmen. The fourth was hidden for fourteen months in a cellar; he never came out until we entered Gorizia, rescued him, and took him into our army."

We drove on through the town and up the winding way to the citadel, which overlooks the San Marco lines. Parking our car in a sheltered spot, we climbed on, past walls and buildings that showed more and more the marks of war. The guns were now going very heavily on both sides and before us. While we stood in the plaza fronting the church of the citadel, now pretty badly battered, a machine gun, from far below, began a rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat. "It looks like a little attack," said the captain. "Perhaps we may get a look." We pressed on upward to a certain dirt parapet. It was raining heavily. "I think it is misty enough so that we may look over," said the captain; "I don't believe we can be spotted on a day like this."

Through the mists rose San Gabriele, and below us lay tawny San Marco, now spitting fire. The captain pointed out the Austrian line. He scarcely needed do that. Whip, whip, whip—puffs of white were breaking along the trench line with wonderful mathematical alignment and rhythm. It was scarcely a mile away. I adjusted my field glasses to see whether I could catch a glimpse of the gray line when it broke from the trenches.

I must stop here to tell how we were arranged. I stood at the right of the group, with the captain close beside me; Thompson was on the other side of him. A little farther to the left Cortesi and Ward-Price formed a group of their own.

Suddenly, among the whistling shells, came one that whistled ten times as loud as the rest. I had a human impulse to duck. "No," my mind said, working in a flash; "that is passing overhead."

A Narrow Escape

Something with all the force, the overwhelming monstrous force of a wave on the beach struck me on the shoulder and back. I could feel it roll up, up, over my head. The world was black. I was only aware of my mind, traveling with incredible rapidity over every part of my body and assuring me that I was not hurt—not in the least hurt. I was now in a trench below the parapet—how I got there I did not, somehow, know. I was standing, looking at the captain; he was talking, but I could not hear him, at first, for the ringing in my ears.

"Was it a three-inch shell?" I asked, trying to be professionally calm—for I was not at all certain that this shell was not going to be followed by another. "Oh, no; a hundred and fifty-nine—six-inch, English measurement," he said. "We shouldn't have heard the whistle of a three-inch shell. They don't announce themselves." "Only about six yards," announced Ward-Price.

I looked back. A little on my right what had been the smooth line of the parapet was a trash heap of tangled iron, splintered boards and tossed earth. The soft wet dirt had smothered the explosion. I looked again and was aware that Thompson did not look natural. I realized then that he had lost his nose glasses and that a trickle of blood was running down from his temple to his right cheek. We informed him that he had lost his glasses and that he was hit. "Have I? Am I?" he said.

The captain and Ward-Price went back to the parapet and picked up his glasses, and we took him to the dressing station—for even a little wound like that may be infected. Thompson protested, until he remembered that he has one son in the army and another in the navy, and that he should be able to boast the first wound in the family.

Not until we were waiting under a shelter in the company of half a dozen Italian soldiers did I realize that I had been knocked down. Cortesi and Ward-Price had seen the rest of us tumble at their feet—I knocked down the captain, he knocked down Thompson; we all went over like a house of cards.

Thompson had evidently been hit by a flying piece of rock. To this moment I have no memory of going down; neither, curiously, was I conscious of hearing the explosion. However, I found my upper lip swelling; that must have been the member with which I hit the captain.

As we waited, the bombardment dying down a little, we remarked that this, which seemed a great adventure to us, was what soldiers in the trenches get all the time, as a part of the day's work; and Ward-Price quoted what a French officer had said to him of the visitor to the Front. "He seems to me," said this poet of the trenches, "like a little girl who sits before a lighted candle, thrusts her finger into the wick for a moment, says, 'See; I am burned!'—and smiles at you through the flame."

A Lively Afternoon

Under the hill we cleansed ourselves of the worst of the mud—I am still picking it out of neglected corners of my clothes—and motored back for tea in the Café del Carso; for Gorizia has a fine going café, managed by a resident who used to be a chemist before the war, but who started this establishment in order that the civilians and soldiers in Gorizia might have a little touch of normal life. In most respects it was a regular Italian café, even to the row of liqueur bottles back of the tiny bar and the files of illustrated papers. The effect, however, was very dark; for at least a third of the windowpanes had been blown out and replaced by poster advertisements for a certain Dutch liqueur, which happened exactly to fit the sashes.

We stopped to write and post souvenir post cards; for the postmark of a town only two miles from the line is a war souvenir worth having, and the Gorizia postoffice has been doing business for more than a year. Then we scurried out, past the section that was getting shells.

It was a lively afternoon; we could perceive that, even when we got into the rear zone. Twice, when the motor stopped in little villages, I got the crack of arrivals. The preliminaries of an attack, which may come in a day or so or may be delayed for a fortnight—such is the way of attacks—have begun along this line. For several days we have known that not only Austrians but Germans, brought from the stripped Russian Front, are along this line.

My permission to go forward is over for the present; but this morning I had half a notion to give up Venice and spend my two remaining days of war-zone pass at Headquarters, listening to the gossip in case the attack does come within forty-eight hours.

VENICE, October 26th.

The last words I find in my notes of yesterday rise up to reproach my judgment. The attack came last night and the news is not so good as heart might wish. This afternoon I was having tea on the Piazza of Saint Mark's, the most famous, the most pictured public Square in the world, with Mr. and Mrs. Carroll—he is our consul in Venice. It is a transformed Square now, the painted spires and pinnacles of its old beauty half hidden under sandbags and plank barricades.

It was a beautiful afternoon, warm and perfectly clear, and all Venice was strolling through the Square, chattering and lovering. I noticed that a crowd had gathered under the arcade behind me. "The afternoon communiqué is always posted there," said Carroll. "Let's have a look." Craning over the heads of the crowd, he translated it for me, his voice getting low and serious as he came to the final chilling paragraph: "The abandonment of the Bainsizza Plateau is to be expected."

When, having joined the rest of our party and talked a little of our disappointment out of ourselves, we grew conscious of our surroundings, I was aware that a curious change had come over the appearance of the crowds. Ten minutes before they had

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No gasoline or cement—no dangerous flame. It operates automatically—and without fail. Use it anywhere—in any weather. So simple, a child can make perfect repairs with it.

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been streaming across the plaza. Now there was no movement. They had congealed into groups, talking low and seriously. Do not get the idea that there was any panic, or any sign of one; but it was a blow, and Venice was taking it seriously, as well she might. All that Italy had gained so splendidly in the August offensive gone in one stroke! If it would only stop there!

ROME, October 29th.

On Saturday evening, the inexorable law of military permits forced me to leave Venice and the war zone. I had spent the day ranging the town, which is almost as beautiful in its war dress of sandbags as it used to be in peace dress, when it was the heaven of tourists. Probably it has been the most consistently air-raided town in Europe. The enemy, with that streak of bad boy which seems to exist in every modern Teuton, has tried as hard for the ancient and irreplaceable monuments of Venice as for more useful destruction. There is no doubt that beautiful Saint Mark's has been a steady target. It has escaped damage so far—the religious believe through the intercession of the Virgin, whose miraculous statue stands on one of the few altars not now covered with sandbags. Indeed, as the records of injuries show, Venice has been very lucky.

The gondolas still ply as of old, and with very little increase over the old tariff; but the gondoliers are no more the young, romantic, dark-eyed Italians, wearing sashes, whose prototypes we see at every fancy-dress ball. They are old fellows; they look like city cabmen, wielding oars instead of whips. As you glide down the side canals, where you sit level with the basement windows, you see here and there regular piles of sandbags crowded tight up against the window bars. These are private shelters—no home, really, is complete without one now.

Even our hotel has its own shelter for guests. The hotels of Venice are not serving meals; but one eats very well, nevertheless, at either of two large cafés. On Friday night, when we expected an air raid, a Venetian friend warned me that, if I was dining late, I might do well to ask the head waiter where their shelter was. "I believe they reserve space for their customers," he said.

Disquieting Rumors

But Venice is not in the least terrified. Like Gorizia, she has grown used to high explosives.

When I visited the city last, eighteen months ago, I found that the antique shops were selling beautiful goods at almost any price, in order to get ready money. That has changed; I imagine others have found this out and bought out the stocks. At any rate, the selection is now rather poor, and the prices are back where they used to be. War has queer effects on trade. One would suppose that the demand for Venetian glass would be dead. As a matter of fact, the glass factories complain not of the lack of business, but of the struggle to find workmen. One glass man told me his factory had orders ahead for more than two years.

You go from the hotel to the station down a dark canal.

The porter of our hotel, who had come over with us, could get no satisfaction whatever from a sadly worried station master about the arrival of the Udine train. Being bribed, he circulated about, collecting and reporting rumors: The train was coming from Udine as usual. No train was coming from Udine. The sleeper was on the way from Udine, but was three hours late.

We grew a little too curious about the movements of the troops, and a military policeman, in spite of our military passes, herded us into a waiting-room. It was packed with disheveled civilians. One pale, worn woman, bareheaded, sat in the corner, with four children, including a baby at her breast, huddled about her. From old memories of Belgium, I picked these as refugees.

Yet, at midnight a train did arrive from somewhere—and it included a sleeper. We had to do some lively dodging through military trains before we got our places. The blinds of railroad trains are strictly drawn in the war zone. From the moment I entered, all observation was shut off. When, finally, I woke and compared the stations we were passing with the map, I found that we had been shunted far off on a side line; and the trip to Rome, which should have taken twelve hours, took twenty-five.

ROME, November 2d.

Tragic things have happened, as all the world will know by the time this reaches America—not fatal things, but tragic. They were going on with incredible swiftness during those two days when I was in Venice. I can believe the news, but I cannot really imagine it. Udine, where I had dined in good company on Wednesday evening—Udine, which I left on Thursday leading its usual busy, calm, confident life of a war-zone town, was in process of evacuation on Saturday; to-day it is not an Italian headquarters, but an Austrian. Gorizia, where we had our shell adventure on Wednesday, was, in forty-eight hours, empty of its brave civilian population, which had stood by. We were, I dare say, the last visitors of Allied nationality for the present.

The Italian Retreat

I spoke somewhere in the beginning of these letters concerning the transformations of war—how certain little cities I had seen under the shells were, as the Italian lines pushed on, restored to the semblance of peace. Another and hideous transformation has followed the wand of the black magician, War—Gradisca, San Lorenzo, Monfalcone and Cormons are all German or Austrian to-night.

How it happened, except that something broke, I shall not try to say here. I have seen the Italian Army, however; I know how stalwart it is, how efficient, how well-organized; and I believe it is only a setback, coming on a stroke of bad luck.

I lived in Paris through the first fortnight of the Verdun battle. Paris of those days was like Rome of these—the same serious crowds; the same eyes that gaze and see not; the same—exactly the same—rumors in certain irresponsible places; and the same gathering of heroic determination. Refugees are already coming in from the captured province of Friuli; the newspapers are collecting funds; the government has cleared out a series of small hotels to house the destitute.

In one of those refuges lives a man who, a week ago, was the magnate of the country about Udine, rich in lands and factories. To-day he has not a franc to his name; nor does he know whether he shall ever have. Country people, in the strange peasant dress of the northern provinces, wander about the streets, dragging their children behind them and gaping at the sights. And the groups through which they weave are heavy-eyed.

Several circumstances add to the poignancy of the human tragedy: When, at the beginning of the war, the Germans drove through Belgium the inhabitants had several days of notice, after all. It was known that the German Army was coming on like a steady flood, and people were prepared for the final hour when they packed their little bundles and departed. Here it was a bolt out of the blue.

A further personal burden lies on the hearts of civilian Italy. In these times accurate lists of the killed, wounded and missing are impossible. The army is too busy with something else. It will be long before these facts can be collated and the people at home can know.

Yet the army is standing; it is a good army, a great army; and we who lived through the days before the Marne and Verdun know the strength of a free people with the enemy on its soil. That is the thought which is stirring Rome and is putting the last ounce of fight into Italy—the enemy is in Friuli! An Italian friend put it this way to me yesterday:

"I have seen," he said, "that American moving-picture film which showed the invasion of America. I remember that I could not be stirred by it as were my American friends; to me it was only a show. Now Italy is invaded. It is not a show. It is a reality. You sympathize—but you cannot know."

The man who tries one Empire ends up with Empires all round

When a man buys a car he has no choice about the tires on it.

His first real selection comes after the first blow-out. Strikingly enough, his tendency is, not to replace with the make that was on the car originally, but to try another make.

And so with the second replacement—and the third—until he has three or four different makes of tires on his car. *Why is this?*

In most of his buying, the average man soon settles down to certain brands that he prefers. But when it comes to tires, he goes on experimenting.

Unless he has tried Empires.

For it is an extraordinary fact that the man who tries one Empire comes back for a second and a third, and finally fixes upon Empire as his standard tire.

You can verify this with your own eyes as you go along the street. Whenever you see an Empire on a car, look quickly at the other wheels. There will usually be two, three or four Empires on the same car.

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To thousands of American housewives *Crystal White* is even more than a perfect cleanser of clothes and fabrics: it's the safeguard of Home Sanitation and Economy.

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.
KANSAS CITY ~ SAN FRANCISCO

THE EARTHQUAKE

(Continued from Page 23)

It was just one o'clock when I entered and I was rather surprised to find so few members about. Before I went away it had been always crowded to overflowing at that hour; but now there were plenty of empty tables. Old Thomas, the decrepit doorman, greeted me warmly, though sadly.

"You'll find things a good deal changed, Mr. Stanton," he sighed. "It's very hard for us to get good boys any more in the coat room. And it's the same way with the waiters. They're just a lot of pushcart men. The club isn't what it was. This war's an awful thing, sir! My daughter's husband, he got blinded last July—he was a Canadian, you know, sir; and he would go back and enlist!"

I patted him on the shoulder and passed on to hang up my coat and hat. What could I say? Sedgewick was waiting for me, and we went upstairs and took our seats at the club table. One or two men were already there, and the others gradually drifted in. In different parts of the room I counted four members in uniform. It gave me a jolt to see Hibben, the club raconteur, who always had a crowd of jovial fellows at his elbow, in the blue jacket of a lieutenant in the navy, talking earnestly to an artilleryman, whom I recognized as Charley Merrill, heretofore an utterly irresponsible bounder, whose matrimonial and other difficulties had given him a good deal of rather unpleasant notoriety. I couldn't quite bring myself to accept the thing as real. It was as if they were acting charades or had stepped out of a rehearsal of private theatricals to get a bite of lunch. When, however, Fred Thomas, the promoter, one of our own group, came in and sat down with us in the uniform of a second lieutenant it began to have a tinge of actuality.

"You look fine, Fred!" I exclaimed with genuine pleasure at the sight of his trim military figure.

"Well," he drawled, "I begin to feel better."

"Been laid up?" I asked sympathetically.

"Oh, no!" he retorted carelessly. "My health's been all right enough. You'll understand after you've been back a while. It's just a feeling—half restless, half ennui. A kind of soul disease, I guess. Nothing round here seems worth doing. Hanging round Wall Street these days is like playing penny ante when there's a Harvard-Yale football game going on in the next lot. It doesn't have the interest it otherwise might, you know."

"That's so!" agreed Kessler, the banker across the table, a man of over sixty. "I don't know what we fellows that aren't doing anything are coming to! I can't get up the slightest excitement over what used to thrill me to the marrow. I don't care whether we make money or lose it. Damn it all, I don't care about anything any more—except to tear the hide off those Germans!"

"Everybody feels the same way," said Sedgewick. "What possible difference does it make whether you make money or not, or I win a case or not, when our friends and our sons and our brothers are going off to be shot up or gassed? You might just as well expect a man calmly to sit and play checkers in the parlor while a burglar was chloroforming his wife upstairs preparatory to going through the family safe. Some of us have to stay here; but the curse of the thing is that those of us who do can never explain why. We'll be classed with the swine that are making money out of it! God! Some of these fellows make me think of a man watching his sister fighting for her honor with a tramp and trying to sell a chance to take a picture of it to a movie concern! And, by the Lord, they hope—damn them!—that she'll last until the camera gets there!"

He threw down his soup spoon and glared round the table. I have never seen the wizened little lawyer under such emotional stress.

"Oh, forget 'em!" recommended Thomas. "Try to think only of us heroes!" he added with humorous sarcasm. "Of course it's rotten to make an opportunity out of another chap's extremity, and pretty nearly treason to take advantage of national adversity—a man who sells the market short at such a time as this ought to be taken out in front of the mint and shot; but, after all, somebody's got to keep the show going at home, and a chap mustn't get the idea that, just because he'd rather like to wear shoulder straps and get credit for a willingness to give his life for his country, Pershing can't get along without him. Now I say that the really brave man—the patriot—is the chap who's big enough to brave the censure of public opinion and keep right on working when, instead of a chance for the *croix de guerre*, all he's got a chance of getting is a kick in the pants!"

"Hear! Hear!" cried old Kessler bitterly. "I'd rather you'd say that in uniform than some other fellow in tennis trousers. Don't preach that doctrine too loud or the country will be swamped with self-abnegators crucified to their present nice little jobs!"

"It's the truth all the same!" shot back Thomas defiantly. "For example, the worst danger we have got to face is the undermining of our national morale. Unless we stamp out sedition here at home—and somebody's got to stay here and attend to it—we shall just ship our boys over into a shambles that will go on forever."

"Say, you fellows, cut it out—will you?" requested Robinson, a cotton broker who had two sons in France, turning a rather ghastly hue. "This war stuff is all right; but, after all, it's lunchtime. Here, waiter! Bring us our coffee and some of those new domestic cigars that cost only twelve cents apiece."

Our party broke up a few minutes later and I found, to my amazement, that it was only half past one. Formerly we had spent an hour or more over the table. Indeed, it had always taken nearly an hour to serve the three or four courses we inevitably had—our oysters, soup, entrée and dessert. But I observed that to-day, with only two exceptions, the men had ordered only soup and corn bread, or crackers and milk and pie, or some light dish of that sort; and, though we had lingered as long as we wished, we were through in half the usual time. Down in the hall I picked up Thomas again and invited him to smoke another cigarette before going away.

"You can't understand how this, my first morning downtown in nearly a year, has got under my skin," I told him. "Everything's different!"

"Of course it is!" he replied. "We're different, too—a good many of us. But there are a lot of us who aren't—yet. I suppose it takes people a long time to wake up—get going. It took England just as long, they say. But—my God, man!—this nation, as a nation, isn't plunging into war. It's wading in, one foot at a time! We're about up to our ankles; all nice and dry up above. Wait till an ice-cold roller hits us!"

"It's hit me already," I hastened to assure him. "You see, I've come back to these things all at once, while the rest of you have had plenty of time to get used to them gradually. You seem to have thought a lot about it all."

"Yes," he said; "I have. More than I ever thought about anything else in my life before. It came over me all at once. It doesn't matter what started it. That's personal. I've seen it in a lot of other men too. You're sort of getting ready for it without knowing it; and then it breaks on you—suddenly—like Saint Paul when he walked unexpectedly into the celestial spotlight. I feel now as if I had a sort of mission to go round preaching; but, of course, I can't. The fierce part of it, however, is that there's no safe way to tell whether a man is a slacker or not; and all the swine take advantage of that fact."

"But you're looking at it only from the point of view of trying to pillory the cowards," I cautioned him. "Why not look at it from the other side and be glad that the war has brought forward so many men one should never have suspected of being the right stuff? Why, my regard for human nature has gone up a thousand per cent in the past three hours!"

He looked at me intently for several moments.

"By George! You're right!" he answered finally. "And this war has done a tremendous amount for a lot of us fellows who didn't know we needed it. Take my own case: I was a successful man. You know that, Stanton. I made three hundred thousand dollars in 1913. I've got a knack for it. I can make money any time. And I've been doing the things that fellows like me do—playing golf for a hundred dollars a hole, and racing round over the country in big motor cars, and giving my wife all

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the money to put into clothes and jewelry she wanted, and all that. I thought it was fine!

"Well, when this war came along I saw men whose abilities and bank accounts were ten times as big as mine letting the whole business slide. Why, you know, he's given up a hundred-thousand-dollar salary to go down to Washington for a dollar a year! There are dozens of 'em. They didn't seem to think the money amounted to a row of pins. It set me thinking. Was it? I asked myself. What was my kind of success worth if fellows just tossed it away like that when something bigger came along. Then it occurred to me that—war or no war—there were bigger things coming along all the time!

"Get me? It's fine to drive the Boches out of Belgium; but it would be fine, too, to drive poverty and crime and disease out of America! It was an absolutely new idea to me. Yet John D. has had it all the time! Give the old rooster his due. And little John too! And if it's worth throwing away your fortune—and your life, maybe—for one good cause, it's worth while throwing 'em away for another. See?"

I nodded. This was queer stuff for a Wall Street promoter to put across after a midday lunch at the club—stuff that was a little too abstract for my mood. Here was a man making plans for what he was going to do after the war—if he wasn't killed; while I——

"That's a pretty fine idea," I agreed. "But, no matter what they do hereafter, I must say it seems to me that the rich have done themselves proud so far in this war. They've given their sons and themselves, and poured out their money like coal running down a chute, without a quiver!"

"You bet!" he assented. "This war has rehabilitated the malefactor of great wealth. It's a funny thing! When I was a boy riches and honor were more or less synonymous, for wealth was regarded as signifying thrift and industry. But latterly, in America, the possessors of great fortunes have found themselves more or less objects of suspicion. Ever since the Insurance Investigation and the good old muckraking days the millionaire has been under a cloud. If he gave away a couple of millions to a hospital or a college he was always charged with trying to buy an honorary degree or salve his conscience, and the directors of the institution he was trying to help were accused of receiving stolen goods. Tainted money!

"A million dollars, I guess, always carries a slight guilty feeling along with it. No one can earn a million dollars. I always feel that way about my promotion profits. That, I suppose, is the significance of the word 'fortune.' Until recently the puzzle of the rich has been how to get rid of their money with honor. Now they've got their chance. They're taking advantage of it too. They're unloading it on Uncle Sam—and Belgium—and France—and Poland. They're all right!"

"Of course!" I interjected. "The rich can afford to do it. They've got the money to give. And a lot of 'em won't miss it so very much at that!"

"True," he answered. "But they're giving it, aren't they? You don't belittle the act of the fireman who saves a woman because he happens to be a fireman and to have the ladder. The rich were lucky to have the money. Let's give 'em credit for giving it away. I tell you this war is going to make the rich respectable again. They had lost caste. They were going down. It gave 'em a chance to get back.

"But, apart from the giving of money, the rich have not been behind the poor in offering themselves to serve under the flag. Oh, this war is doing a lot to wipe out the distrust of wealth. And the real underlying reason is, it's teaching the fellows who have made the money that it isn't of very much value unless they do something with it worth while for everybody else."

"There won't be much class feeling left when we get through, I fancy," I dared to assert. "With the poor man's boy and the capitalist's son fighting side by side, they'll find out each other's good points; and they'll remember them when they come back. The brotherhood of man will mean something. It's the soldier's choice of honor rather than life which will make them all gentlemen together; and they won't stand, either, for seeing the ideals they bled for going by the board. They'll fight for them at home—just as they did in France."

"What you say about the choice of honor rather than life is very true," he returned thoughtfully. "What a wonderful thing it is that to every man of us is given the same opportunity for the supreme sacrifice! The same great prize—the same immortal glory! It makes no difference whether a fellow has made a success or failure of his life up to this time; he has the same chance as anybody else—to give all he's got. And nobody can give more. He's the equal in that respect of the greatest genius or statesman in the land.

"If you asked me who were the happiest men round to-day I should unhesitatingly reply 'The failures!' This war is the opportunity of the unsuccessful. The past is forgotten. No matter how much a man may have foozled his life, he can retrieve himself by a single act—in the twinkling of an eye. When a chap dies out on No Man's Land nobody will ask whether he made money or not before the war. They won't inquire whether he lived well or ill. Whatever his past may have been, he will have atoned for all his sins."

He took a long breath, surcharged with tobacco.

"The other evening at the club I happened to ask half a dozen rather notorious ne'er-do-wells of my acquaintance, and learned that every one was or had been at the Front. One was chasing submarines in the North Sea in command of his own converted yacht—in danger every moment of being torpedoed; two others, men of over fifty, were driving ambulances on the firing line; three had joined the Lafayette Escadrille and were risking their lives daily in the air; and the last—Thompson—had died at the head of his men while leading a charge at Neuve Chapelle."

"Poor old Thompson!" I said.

"Lucky old Thompson, you mean!" retorted the fellow I was talking with; there were bitter tears in his eyes. "I was going with him; only—dammit!—my bad heart threw me out!"

As I threaded my way through the crowd on my way back to the office I realized the truth of what my friend had said. This was the salvation of the failure!

How many fellows we have known who, for one reason or another, didn't fit into the scheme of modern life! In another age or another clime they might have risen to supreme heights through strength or bravery; but either their bodies were superior to their brains or their passions were stronger than their wills. Either they have plodded dumbly through life, making failure after failure in business or at the professions, or have hung about doing nothing, if not actually engaged in dissipation.

They have no place on a city pavement between rows of brownstone dwellings. Theirs was the realm of sea and sky—gentleman adventurers, buccaneers, cave men, if you choose. New York was no place for them. Now they have come into their own. They have found themselves. They can follow the gleam over the "uttermost purple rim." They can challenge the rest of mankind in bravery. Good luck to them!

So, likewise, the war has opened the eyes of the successful man. It has suddenly jarred him into the realization that, after all, his toiling, his money and his so-called good fortune are of no particular good to him. After twenty or thirty years he has really no more to offer his country than his totally unsuccessful brother has. He is up against the eternal verities.

The qualities which made him successful are inevitably the same that will send him to the officers' camp at Plattsburg or into some other form of military service; and, once he has on khaki and faces the probability that at the same time next year he will be lying under a little wooden cross on the outskirts of some village of Northern France, he will wonder, if he never wondered before, whether his success was worth the price he paid for it! He will see things in their true relation to one another. He will wish devoutly that he had lived more as he went along, and less in anticipation; and he will envy the poor devil he used to scorn because he only earned a couple of thousand dollars a year, though he had a jolly good time doing it. But, success or failure, they are all coming forward.

There has never been a more inspiring response to the call of patriotism in the history of the world. Men who are on the point of achieving their highest ambitions are, nevertheless, ready to scrap their success at the call of duty, well knowing that

(Concluded on Page 41)

Let's live a life in two hours—

OUT goes the library lamp.

Be sure you have the key!

We're bound for a chair in a theatre that *knows* and *shows* what we want to see in photoplays.

We don't have to hunt for it—don't even have to take a chance on what we'll see. The name of the play? Who cares? It's a Paramount or Artcraft picture; and that's saying we'll see foremost stars, superbly directed, in clean motion pictures.

* * * *

Time? Who counts the time of clocks in this wonderful land.

Our heart is the time-table of our emotions. A magician somewhere waves his wand, and we're off on our travels into the realms of laughter and tears; of sighs and regrets; of love and adventure.

(Please be reminded that these are Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures, not just "motion pictures.") We're heroes; we're against the villain and all his wiles; we're lovers, hanging on the "yes" of the heroine; we're fond mothers and stern fathers; we're ambitious youths; we're struggling girls; we're Cinderella and Prince Charming; we are the king and we are the beggar—we are all things and all men.

We are not forty or eighty or sixty-two during those magical hours we watch Paramount and Artcraft stories on the screen. We are youthful romancers living in another world.

* * * *

And when those two absorbing hours have flitted past—we rouse ourselves and readjust our viewpoint to taxes and potatoes.

But we can't forget the pictures that work such a happy transformation in us—we remember they're Paramount and Artcraft pictures—

the ultimate in the genius of great stars
the ultimate in directing craft
the ultimate in character of their stories

all combining to produce *better* pictures, *clean* pictures—pictures worth your while and mine.

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Three Ways to Know how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

one By seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

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THE FAFNIR BEARING CO.

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it is a trivial thing, to themselves and to their families, compared to having their names upon their country's roll of honor. Their real success lies not in what they have done in the world but in their ability to recognize its true value. It is a glorious refutation of the cabal that we are a nation of materialists and moneygrubbers.

The man who counts his assets in dollars will discover that dollars no longer count. He will perceive the futility of his ambition to live in a forty-foot instead of a seventeen-foot house, and to have three automobiles instead of one. It will lead him to a consideration of what he shall do with his life. He will cease to measure his happiness by his bank account. He will find out that he has a soul as well as a stomach; and, even if it does not send him into the trenches, it may result in his doing something for the service of mankind.

I found my partner sitting dejectedly at his desk, looking about as cheerful as an undertaker upon his introductory visit.

"What's the matter?" I demanded. "Miss Peterson told me you had just sold a block of bonds. It didn't use to make you feel that way."

He held up a slip of paper. It was a check for a hundred thousand dollars. I knew our profits would be about five thousand.

"I don't want to make any more money," he remarked.

"What!" I exclaimed; such a statement was preposterous, coming from Lord.

"I mean it," he said seriously. "It sickens me to be trying to sell securities at a time like this. It's like playing the fiddle with Rome burning. I've been doing a lot of thinking lately. Everybody has, I guess. What I've been asking myself is, What are we doing for the country?"

"We furnish," I repeated reminiscently, "an important and necessary link between capital and investment, a market for the distribution of money; we enable the small investor to contribute easily and safely to the development of industry."

Lord gave a hollow laugh.

"We are about as useful at the present juncture as dealers in Punch and Judy shows!"

"Look here, old man," I expostulated, "you mustn't talk that way. One would think you were on the point of giving up business and going into the trenches."

"I'm thinking of it," he replied.

"But you've got a wife and child!" I returned.

"Wife and child! Wife and child!" he ground out bitterly. "*Ich habe Weib und Kind zu Haus.* My wife's got an independent income, and you know it. My child is thirteen years old and is a beneficiary under her grandfather's trust estate to the extent of five thousand dollars a year. I'm thirty-nine years old and the champion golfer of my county.

"Of course I can sit here, like a stuffed dove, and look pained when any real man comes along, and get off the customary sad rot about how hard I've tried to do something but nobody'll have me; and how Washington is overflowing with men of my class holding down clerical jobs. That's the most miserable sort of camouflage! There isn't a fitter man than me to go into the trenches to-day, or one with any less excuse. I've waited until you got back—as Morris was away; but now I can face the thing squarely. At the present time I'm a slacker—that's all! A slacker—nothing else!"

He got up nervously and thrust his hand through his hair.

"I'll give you two weeks to feel just as I do. Of course I couldn't chuck the business, with everybody away. I had to stick to the ship. So I worked the old wife-and-child racket, and sniveled round about how I'd give my eyes to go abroad—but couldn't! I would give my eyes to go—that's God's own truth! But that I can't go is a damn lie! I've fought this thing out with myself, and it's as clear as daylight. The world has got to be saved from those German brutes, and it's everybody's job to go to it and clean 'em up—unless he is physically incapacitated.

"It's the old distinction between legal and moral obligation. If you see your neighbor's baby crawling on the railroad track in front of an express train, and you can save it merely by putting out your hand and yanking it out of the way, you have no legal obligation to do so. Well, I haven't any legal obligation to do my bit on the other side either."

"Great Scott!" I replied. "I've got to have a chance to think. You make my mind whirl. Why couldn't you have waited a day or two before springing all this on me?"

He turned and looked at me earnestly.

"It would be all the same," he protested. "Sooner or later—I'm going. I'm not going to see the railroad train run down the child without doing what I can to save it."

There was an expression of almost exaltation on his face. What curious things the war did to people! I looked out of the window. Flapping lazily on its pole hung our service flag, with its three stars. There was room enough for more. With a sudden impulse I turned and held out my hand to him.

"You're right, old man! To hell with the business!" I said.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series by Mr. Train. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

BUSINESS THAT ISN'T NECESSARY

(Continued from Page 10)

advantageously than anywhere else—that is, army trucks and airplane engines. It wants a great quantity of other things that can be made to good advantage in an automobile factory — such as small and medium size shells.

By gradually cutting down the output of touring cars and turning the factory capacity over to war work the Government can, of course, get an incomparably better all-round result than if it simply stopped the making of cars point blank and then sought to redistribute the labor. The rational plan was adopted.

All the same, people whom I know of are presuming that war is a temporary condition. Even Nietzsche and Bernhardi never anticipated that slaughter would become permanently the chief occupation of mankind. Everyone supposes peace will come sometime. Everyone knows that when it does come this colossal war production will stop short. In the United States a million and a half or two and a half or three million young men, released from army service, will be in search of jobs. Three or more million hands that are now occupied in producing distinctively war goods will have to find something else to do.

The rule has been that a period of rapid industrial expansion is followed sooner or later by a period of contraction. However that may be as to this particular period of unprecedented industrial expansion, it is certain that the moment peace comes we shall want those automobile factories in the best possible condition to employ labor and keep the industrial wheels turning. If they are kept running—gradually turning their capacity from the making of less essential cars to the making of more essential airplanes, shells and trucks—they can turn back to peace production smoothly and readily.

What Shutting Down Means

Shutting a factory down is quite simple. All you need do is lock the door and walk away. Anybody can do that. But starting it up again after a long period of idleness, repairing the deterioration, assembling the materials and labor force, and so on, is much more difficult. It isn't merely the factory. There's no use starting up a factory unless you have an outlet for its product. These particular factories have an elaborately organized outlet covering the entire country—their agents and dealers in every considerable town. Except the youngest of them, those agents and dealers were doing something else before they went into the automobile business. They have put their skill and energy and capital into that. If the business were shut down a good many of them would be broke; most of them would be out of a job. Mainly they would, of course, begin seeking something else to do. The whole extensive organization of the automobile business would begin to fall apart and vanish. No scratch of the pen could build it up again out of hand.

I have taken the automobile business because it begins with "a" and typifies a good many businesses which can, by intelligent care, be turned from less essential production to the most essential war production. Nothing in the war is more essential than airplanes and trucks and ambulances. It was auto tanks—another outgrowth of automobiles—that enabled the British to win their most important victory.

But many businesses cannot be converted at all to production that is most essential for subsistence or war. Look about for examples of completely nonessential articles. Perhaps you say "Candy, chewing gum, peanuts."

We bought last year more than two billion dollars' worth of goods from other countries. We had to buy about that in order to keep our plant going. Roughly, half of it was raw materials to be used in our manufactures. More than half a billion was foodstuffs—largely of sorts we do not grow. A third of a billion was partly manufactured stuff which we finished. We have to pay for that in gold or in goods, and it is especially important to pay as much as possible in goods now, when we are selling enormous quantities to the Allies on time. Your banker will tell you, if you don't happen to know it, that for many months we've had a hard job keeping American exchange anywhere near par in neutral markets; in fact, we haven't kept it very near par in most neutral markets. In July, 1914, for example, a dollar of American exchange was worth a slight premium in Stockholm. It is now worth sixty-two cents. In Copenhagen it is worth about seventy-six cents; in Madrid, eight-two cents; in Zurich, Switzerland, eighty-four cents. That is not a satisfactory condition, and after all the technical explanations one reason for it is that we are selling a lot of goods on time and buying a lot for cash. Those neutral markets have more American exchange than they need. The more goods we can sell, aside from sales to the Allies which go on the book, the better for us.

Last year we sold abroad about three million dollars' worth of candy, chewing gum and peanuts. It helps to pay the bill. It finally takes the place of that much gold. If we owe Brazil a hundred million dollars for coffee the more candy and peanuts we can swap for coffee the better. Take up the long list of American exports and consider how many holes would be shot in it if we stopped making theoretically nonessential things.

The music shop on the corner looks nonessential enough; nothing in it that you can eat, wear, throw at an enemy or raise the winter temperature with for more than a few minutes. It represents also consumption of materials and labor. If you look over the materials you will find they consist largely of expensive woods that are of very little utility except for an ornamental purpose. So far as waging war or down-to-brass-tacks subsistence is concerned the lumber used in building a small reviewing stand from which the mayor inspects a parade would be worth many times all the wood in the shop. Aside from wood, there is perhaps a hundred pounds of wire. But all the material in the shop, for war or hardpan subsistence, would hardly be worth carrying away.

And if you sorted out all the labor you would probably find that much of it was not very useful for military purposes or hardpan subsistence. It is largely labor that is especially skilled and valuable for that particular kind of work.

Nowhere has the war strain been more severe than in France; but the luxury shops of Paris have by no means been cut out. Many of them are open and doing business as usual. They are woven into the business fabric of the country. To cut them out would start a raveling that would probably weaken the business fabric even for war purposes. They produce war taxes and bond subscriptions. A good many people subsist by them. True, it is not absolutely necessary that those people should subsist. They could just go and jump into the river, thereby decreasing the consumption of food. But France doesn't wish them to do that.

How Music and Nicotine Help

Our music shop contains nothing to eat, wear, hurl or raise the temperature. But the hardest-pressed belligerent finds it advisable to maintain military bands. I am told that the German Government—whose rigorous efficiency for war is daily held up for our emulation—expends a good deal of money, labor and precious materials for the purpose of keeping a supply of talking machines in the rest and concentration camps all along behind the battle front, because it finds that popular music played on these machines invigorates the men's minds and makes better fighters of them. The military critics are always talking about the morale of the different troops—that is, about the state of their minds. By the common judgment of experts nothing is more essential in this war than those imponderable things which keep men in a high, resolute state of mind. To that crucial end music contributes as well as canned beef.

In an American plebiscite on nonessential businesses the liquor business would probably get more votes than any other. But the German Government is at a huge cost to supply its soldiers with beer. It knows that when Hans Schmidt laid aside civilian clothes the same set of intricate tastes and habits which his derby hat used to cover persist unchanged beneath his helmet. Deprived of his accustomed beer he would feel dissatisfied and fall prey to a nervous irritation which would diminish his efficiency. It makes a great effort to get him the beer. All over the United States contributions poured in to supply our training camps with tobacco, because a great number of young men went into the camps with a tobacco habit, and if a man has once fallen victim to that horrible depravity taking away his pipe puts sand burs in his nervous system.

The world went to war with an intricate set of tastes and habits derived from the beginning of time and confirmed by lifelong practice. The amazingly complex web which we call business is the material manifestation of those tastes and habits—a projection of the habitual stuff in a man's mind. The most rigorous critics want pretty much to wipe all that out and start over again on a schedule confined to food, fuel, clothes and ammunition. It couldn't possibly be done. What an impossible hardpan subsistence-and-war program cut out would finally include nearly everything which admirably distinguishes the population of the United States to-day from its breechclouted population of five hundred years ago.

Of course if we were going to organize for war as a permanent condition we might as well do that. But the most rigorous economists contemplate a return of peace in a few months or years. They urge cutting out what they call nonessentials only for the duration of the war.

But even for war we want to disturb the business organization of the country to the least practicable extent. A year ago loans and discounts by commercial banks exceeded fifteen billion dollars. A great part of that rested on stuff that was neither food, fuel, transportation, necessary clothing, guns nor ammunition—on things that must be classed nonessential if we are going to make any such classification. It would be interesting to see what would become of the country's vast structure of bank credit—which is the very breath of its business life and on which all government financing rests—if every business which could not justify itself as strictly necessary for subsistence or war were cut out. My guess is that the structure would look a good deal like Louvain after the Germans used it for an object lesson in frightfulness.

No business whatever that is not actually noxious is nonessential either for war or for subsisting the population as a civilized population, with civilized cravings for intellectual and aesthetic satisfactions.

Cutting out is simple enough, but building up is another matter. The vital thing in any business is its organization—the human associations by which it is carried on. Shut it down and the organization immediately begins to disintegrate. Building it up again takes time and effort. No business organization whatever should be destroyed. Cut down where necessary but never cut out. Prune but leave roots and trunk.

Say it is a talking-machine business. If there is war work—time fuses, small shells, uniform buttons, or what else—that it can do to advantage, turn some of its capacity

(Continued on Page 44)

VICTOR VICTROLA RED SEAL RECORDS
CALVÉ, EMMA, Soprano (Kahl-veh)
Emma Calvé, half French, half Spanish, is descended from a prosperous and cultured family. She was born in 1864, at Madrid. The premature death of her father was followed by reverses, and the young girl knew that she must face a world in a more serious rôle than that of a society belle, so it was not long before the dark-eyed beauty found herself studying with Rosina Laborde, and afterward with Marchesi and Puget. As a pupil the young girl endeared herself from the first to her teachers, and made rapid progress. Although her début was made at Nice, her first important appearance was at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, in 1882, as Marguerite in Faust. Her Paris début occurred in 1885 at the Opéra Comique, in Chevalier de Jean, but her first real triumphs came in Italy, where she made several tours, and when she reappeared in Paris as Carmen and Santuzza
CALVÉ
ely for the Victor the list of records cata-
Victor Records
VICTOR VICTROLA RED SEAL RECORDS
CARUSO, ENRICO, Tenor (Kah-roo'-zoh)
Caruso's success is the greatest ever attained by an
When he was a mere boy he sang in the churches of
Naples and the beauty of his voice arrested the attention
of all who heard it. His father did not encourage the boy
at first, but a few years later was persuaded to allow him
to take a few lessons in singing. The family was very poor,
however, and Caruso was forced to work as a mechanic.
This work not being very profitable, he began to seriously
consider whether he could not make more by singing than
he could earn by hard work with his hands.
He was eighteen years old when he met a distinguished baritone singer, who, after hearing his voice, decided that
substantial assistance. He therefore took him to Maestro Ver
by the beauty and purity of his voice, and began to give him
Caruso made his début in 1894 in Naples, in a now forgo
cerso, afterward singing in various Italian cities and in Cairo.
gagement followed, and on his return, after a season in Milan,
one of the most promising young tenors ever heard in Italy.
in various countries of Europe before coming to America
formance of the Duke at the Metropolitan on November 2
vinced opera-goers that the greatest of all tenors had arrived.
Caruso has made records exclusively for the Victor
contract with the tenor does not expire until 1933, the pu
doctions of his voice for many years to come.
THE CARUSO RECORDS (Sung in Italian unless other
Aïnsana—O Paradiso (Oh, Paradise!)
Agnus Dei—(Lamb of God) In Latin
Aida—Celeste Aida (Heavenly Aida)
Amor Mio (My Love) (Vocal Waltz)
Andrea Chenier—Un dì all' azzurro spazio
Because In French
Bohème—Io non ho che una povera stanzetta
Bohème—Racconto di Rodolfo (Rudolph's Narrative)
Bohème—Testa adorata (Adored One!)
Canta pe' me (Neapolitan Song)
Carmen—Air de la Fleur (Flower Song) In French
Carmen—Il fior che avevi a me (Flower Song)
Cavalleria Rusticana—Addio alla madre (Turiddu's Farew
Cavalleria Rusticana—Brindisi (Drinking Song)
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (Thy Lips Like Berries)
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (Harp accompaniment)
Cielo Turchino (Neapolitan Song)
Core 'ngrato (Neapolitan Song)
Don Pasquale—Serenata—Com' è gentil (Soft Beams the
Don Sebastian—In terra solo (On Earth Alone)
Dreams of Long Ago In English
Duca D'Alba—Angelo casto e bel (Beauteous Angel)
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear)
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear)
Eternamente (For All Eternity)
Faust—Salut demeure (All Hail, Thou Dwelling!)
Favorita—Spirto gentil (Spirit So Fair)
Fenesta che lucive (The Shining Window)
For You Alone In English
Forza del Destino—O tu che in seno agl' angeli (Tho
Germania—Non chiuder gli occhi vaghi (Those Dream
Germania—Studenti, udite (Students, arise!)
(Continued on next page)
CLEMENT
It has requ
application
more than Eleve
This great book of 54
to the greatest musical ach
Its pages are living t
from every portion of the
have devoted to recording
enormous amount of time
present state of perfection.
Supremacy.
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Victrola. All will appreciate it because
Any Victor dealer will gladly give
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Ca

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cal instructions.
en opera, L'amico Fran-
A South American en-
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aruso had made a success
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of that year which con-

e 1903, and as the present
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ize noted)		No.	Size	
	Meyerbeer	88054	12	$3 00
	Bizet	88425	12	3 00
	Verdi	88127	10	2 00
e-Ricciardi		87176	12	3 00
o Giordano		88060	12	2 00
d Hardelot		87122	10	2 00
Leoncavallo		88335	12	3 00
	Puccini	88032	12	3 00
	Leoncavallo	88331	10	2 00
vio-de Curtis		87092	12	3 00
	Bizet	88308	12	3 00
	Bizet	88209	12	3 00
ll)	Mascagni	88458	12	3 00
	Mascagni	87042	10	2 00
	Mascagni	87030	10	2 00
	Mascagni	87072	10	2 00
	Mascagni	87218	10	2 00
M. S. Ciociano		88334	12	3 00
d ferro-Cardillo		85048	12	3 00
ebbi)	Donizetti	88106	12	3 00
	Donizetti	88376	12	3 00
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	Donizetti	87027	10	2 00
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	Donizetti	88439	12	3 00
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	O Reilly-Geehl	88207	12	3 00
Heavenly One)		87054	10	2 00
Eyes)	Franchetti	87053	10	2.00
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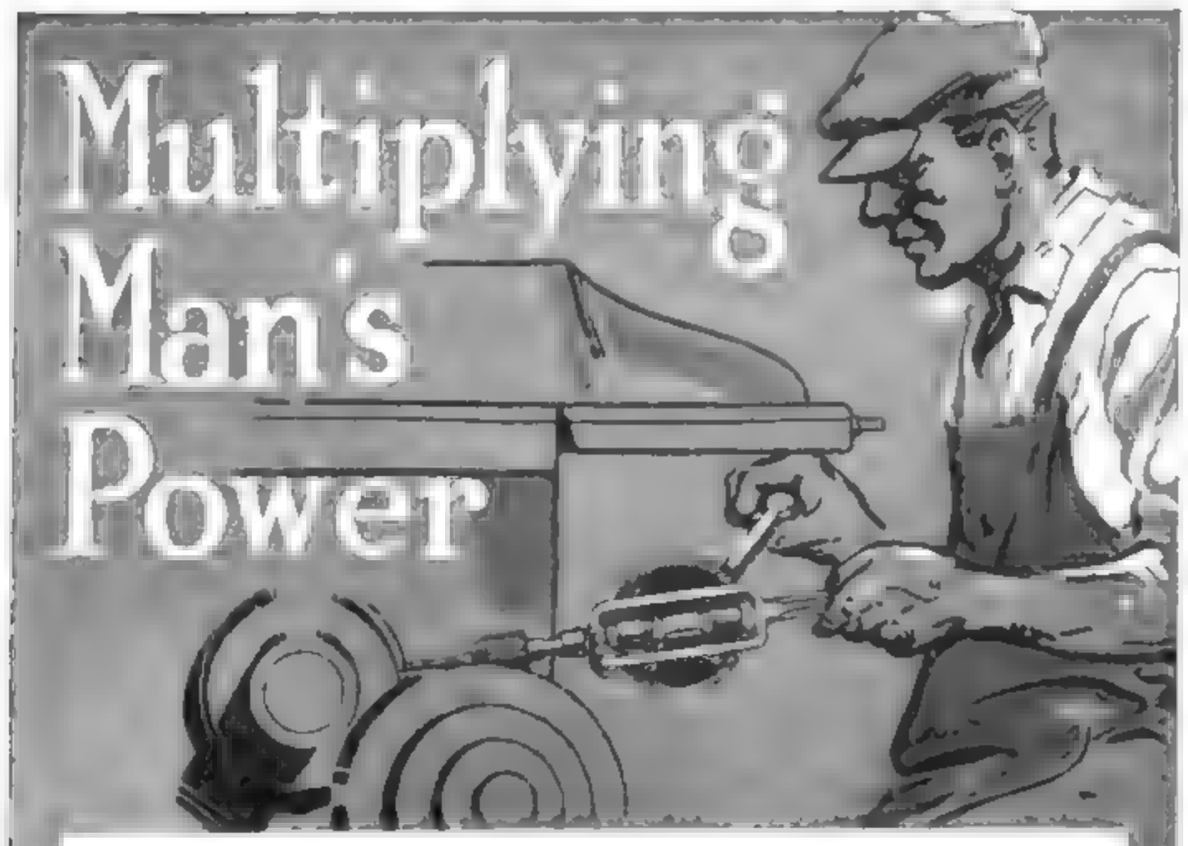

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"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 41)

over to that—gradually so as not to disorganize the factory—and preserve the business organization. We want it now to pay taxes and buy Liberty Bonds. Sure as sure can be we shall decidedly want it to help take up the slack when war production ceases and the millions of hands now engaged therein must turn to other employment.

We can't make all the things we made last year and all the things that must be made this year. We must cut down. The means of doing it are at hand—without labeling a purblindly selected lot of businesses nonessential and standing them up before a firing squad. By its command over steel, copper, fuel and transportation the Government can shift production from less necessary things to more necessary things, just as it is now doing in the automobile business—turning the released capacity over to war work by a gradual adjustment, and saving the organization of the business.

The Government has almost a monopoly of the investment market. In November of 1917 all the business corporations of the country, railroad and industrial, of such size that their financing gets noticed in Wall Street, absorbed only ninety million dollars of capital through the issue of bonds, stock and one and two year notes, against two hundred and fifty millions in the corresponding month of 1916. Except in exigent cases business corporations are not trying to float bond and stock issues. That of itself cuts down dispensable production.

Labor Conditions

Last year a ten-thousand-dollar income paid a hundred and twenty dollars taxes; a twenty-thousand-dollar income paid three hundred and twenty dollars taxes. This year the ten-thousand-dollar income is likely to pay several times as much, and the twenty-thousand-dollar income a considerably greater increase. So with all larger incomes. That will cut down consumption. About three-quarters of the five billion eight hundred million dollars which has been paid into the Treasury by Liberty-loan subscribers has come from comparatively small subscriptions—those, that is, not over fifty thousand dollars. That must involve a good deal of retrenchment in individual expenditure.

This whole question of production comes back largely to the supply of labor, and there seems to be no doubt that a better mobilization of labor could be effected without any imposition upon labor and without destroying any business. In its report for November the New York State Bureau of Employment says:

"Publication throughout the country of an alleged shortage in labor continues, some of these publications being given out by reliable financial institutions. What is really meant in many of the references to shortage is the 'turnover.' On account of the restlessness of workers in many places this 'turnover' has very largely increased in the last few months. This Bureau has a report from one large plant in a neighboring state where there has been a complete change in a force of several thousand workers in a period of one month. . . . Contributing more largely to the restlessness than anything else is the constant repetition of the shortage of labor and the frequent publication about abnormal earnings, especially in munition factories. A worker, reading of this labor shortage and these large earnings, quits his present job and goes hunting the elusive one paying very high wages. The different offices of the Bureau throughout the state report a total of several hundred seekers of jobs every day. Many of these refuse to take the available jobs at the wages offered."

War work is creating an unusual demand for labor with some technical training. "To meet this need," says the Bureau, "it will be necessary for employers to get together and decide on the number of workers each one should train to supply this demand. This should be done in each industrial community through the cooperation of employers needing any kind of technically trained men. The United States is just now teaching thousands of men how to shoot a gun and handle a bayonet. Is it not just as desirable in this emergency to teach men how to handle a tool and a machine? We have great numbers of men available for training. Let us train them now and absorb them into the industries needing them before we consider the use of large numbers of untrained women."

The State Bureau should be in a position to know. According to its view the labor shortage is less a lack of hands than a lack of intelligent mobilization and of training that could be rather readily supplied. Good wages and patriotism may be expected to bring an increasing number of women into industry also. A great part of this labor shortage, that is, can be met by better organization -which is infinitely better than going out with an ax to destroy the organization we have by cutting out so-called nonessential businesses.

The country faces a tremendous task, but I don't think going into hysterics about it will be materially helpful. I have never known a case where having a fit got a man any further along. Railroad transportation has been one of the weak spots. Congestion of traffic has held the country back at a hundred points. There is no doubt that the recommendation of the Interstate Commerce Commission for completely unified operation of the roads will help very decidedly. There are intelligent means of meeting the situation all round.

One reason for rail congestion, especially in the East, is found in the very great increase in passenger traffic. A piece of road one hundred and thirty-odd miles long, from Philadelphia to Washington, and carrying a considerable part of the through travel from New York to the capital, sold one million four hundred thousand dollars' worth of tickets in October. Commenting on that the Philadelphia Public Ledger said: "Out of New York the Pennsylvania is running ninety to a hundred extra sleepers in trains that go in sections every four or five minutes. Under normal conditions thirty-five to forty sleepers are run in the Washington service. At present there are nearly a hundred and fifty from New York alone and extra cars are put on when the train arrives here."

That is one reason why the railroad is badly congested. I know something about that Washington travel. Much of it is unquestionably quite necessary. A good deal is made by excited persons who deem it important to rush down to Washington and impart their views to almost any patient soul who will listen, or to offer superfluous services involving the use of an easy-chair and a shiny badge—with the net result of cluttering up the railroad.

The railroads have cut down passenger service. No doubt they will cut it down still further. But as to the whole volume of business travel it would puzzle a Solomon to say what should be regarded as nonessential. All of it in one way or another keeps the wheels turning.

The Fuel Famine

Very recently some parts of the country were threatened with a fuel famine which would have a very disastrous effect on industry. The Fuel Administration wanted an order from the Priority Board giving coal shipments preference over every other kind of freight. With a fuel famine threatening it seemed at first glance that such an order should be issued. But in came the Food Administration, pointing out that if foodstuffs were sidetracked there might be a food famine here and there. The best administrative brains in the service of the Government were unable to decide, under all the circumstances of the case, whether food or fuel was most essential and declined to issue any order. Substantially that difficulty will come up whenever anybody who knows tries to classify business into essential and nonessential.

When the selective-draft law was under discussion last spring we heard a good deal about classifying the labor power of the country according to whether it was engaged in essential or nonessential work. But the steel-mill hands who make ship plates would work to poor advantage if there weren't somebody to keep their time, a clerk to make out the pay roll, a corps of stenographers to handle the office correspondence. The pay envelope would lose a lot of its attraction and the difficulties of the labor situation increase if mill hands couldn't take their families to the movies, buy the wife a nobby winter coat and read all about the strictly nonessential murder in high life in the evening newspaper.

That is exactly what skilled labor is working, organizing and fighting for—satisfactions over and above bread and butter, a scuttle of coal and a suit of overalls. Agricultural labor is generally regarded as so essential that its complete exemption from military service has been

proposed. But if you think over the operations of any farm you will see that it is consuming and applying a great deal of labor besides that which harnesses the horses and guides the plow. Of course there is the blacksmith who shod the horses, the grocer who did up the flour and sugar, the girl in the telephone exchange. But the bill clerk in the plow factory, the drummer who sold the farmer's shoes to the local merchant, the telegraph operator in Chicago who sent out the day's quotation on hogs, the man who designed the corn planter—are all working on that farm. If you could take one day's operations on a typical farm and trace out all the factors that contributed to it you would find that they involved the labor of a hundred thousand men and women.

All business and all labor is pretty much one seamless piece of goods. Cut a piece out of it and the raveling will run pretty nearly from end to end.

England has been at war nearly three and a half years, with constantly increasing expense and pressure. Almost nothing has been cut out of the country's business organization. They have stopped the manufacture of touring cars. But that was a small item in British industry; the plants are kept busy on war work and a great many touring cars are in use in the country.

Some years ago a good many rigorous economists were convinced that touring cars were more or less of an outrage even in peace. Several very opulent citizens—who considered automobiles quite appropriate for themselves—declared that the extravagance of farmers in buying touring cars was a national scandal and a grave menace to the country's well-being. For a good while I have been by way of being a farmer, by proxy, myself, and have spent part of every year in a typical farming community. First-hand observation leads me to the opinion that, at least since McCormick invented a reaping machine, no other invention has been so beneficial to farmers as the automobile—and when it comes to farmers' wives I put the automobile ahead of the reaper. No other thing has done so much to make the farmer's wages—and his wife's wages—equal the wages of workers in town. By wages I mean, of course, the satisfactions a man gets, for that is what anybody's wages finally consist of. If I were legislating on farm essentials I should put automobiles high on the list, especially at this time, when they can be exceedingly useful in relieving the railroads of passengers and goods on short hauls.

The British War Taxes

Practically nothing has been cut out of the British business organization. British businesses publish yearly reports of their operations to a decidedly greater extent than American businesses do. The London Economist regularly tabulates, analyzes and compares reports of about one thousand concerns engaged in all sorts of businesses. Since the comparatively brief period of demoralization which followed the declaration of war the outstanding characteristic of these reports has consisted of increased profits all along the line.

It should be remembered that England has a real war-profits tax, entirely different from our miscalled war-profits tax. Wherever a British concern is making greater profits now than before the war the government takes eighty per cent of the excess. But it doesn't take anything unless there is an excess over normal peace profits. As to these reports then, four-fifths—or seventy per cent until this year—of war profits have been wiped out, or handed over to the government. Still they show in the main increased net profits. For the reports falling in the third quarter of 1917 the average increase was four and a half per cent. That showing after deducting the war-profits tax means, of course, increased business as a general rule.

One considerable class of companies shows, as a rule, a decrease—the class we call public utilities. Their income is limited because the price at which they sell their product is fixed while operating expenses have greatly increased. This includes privately owned gas, telephone and waterworks. The largest taxicab company in London shows a decrease. Some of its vehicles have been taken; operating costs have increased. Automobile companies show a decrease of three per cent as compared with 1916—naturally. But the rule is increased profits for all sorts of business.

Rigorous economists over there deplore this. They say it shows scandalous extravagance on the part of the public. They want to get down to brass-tacks essentials. Apparently that has by no means been done even in Germany. I take it that it simply can't be done unless a whole population is put under the awful pressure of a besieged city, and that if it were done many years would be needed to recover from the ensuing wreckage and prostration.

Save for Liberty Bonds

Only a lunatic can question the magnitude of the country's task. Unless peace develops sooner than any definite signs now warrant one in expecting, the task will probably tax the country's resources more heavily than the Civil War taxed them in the North. The country's resources, ponderable and imponderable, are sufficient to meet it. The one kind is as important as the other. The question is how to handle them most effectively. Disintegrating the country's business organization will not help. Cut-and-slash false economies that start up broadcast material and mental reactions are not useful.

Broad means of pushing down on less instantly essential production and pushing up on most instantly essential production are already in the hands of the Government. There can be a still further mobilization of credit, through a government agency—say the Federal Reserve Board—to pass upon applications for capital which involve flotation of stocks and bonds. There can undoubtedly be a better mobilization of labor power, as indicated above.

A vast deal must rest with the individual. He must look over his income and outgo, and save to the utmost of his ability for Liberty Bonds. If individuals don't do that they will certainly experience a price inflation which will force them to economize because their money will buy less. It is impossible to lay down rigid, universal rules about saving. But I believe almost any individual intelligent enough to earn an income can sit in judgment on his own case and solve it intelligently.

There must be economy. We must cut down. If we don't do it intelligently inexorable forces will compel it—and in a very costly way, as I expect to show in another article. But any idea of meeting this situation by applying a wholesale, purely arbitrary classification of essential and nonessential to the business of the United States is nonsense.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Will Payne. The second will appear in an early issue.

The Hot Water Bottle for Universal Use

Now Ready for Homes — The Surgeons Grade

THERE'S more real comfort—relief—and prevention—more everyday usefulness—in this Leak-Proof Miller Hot Water Bottle than anything else you can get at your druggist's. Your home and every home needs it because it is so handy.

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One druggist in each locality is authorized to supply the Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods. Go to that store, or send direct to us. Don't accept inferior kinds when you can now get the grade that surgeons and hospitals use. Poor rubber soon disintegrates. Miller lasts for years with proper care. Go to the Miller Agency in your locality.

The Miller Rubber Co.
Dept. E 1, AKRON, O.

Makers of Miller Uniform Tires—Geared-to-the-Road

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Robber Co

GOODYEAR

AKRON

World-Wide Supremacy

IN its last fiscal year this company made and sold more pneumatic automobile tires than any other maker in the world.

From the great Goodyear factories more than 5,300,000 tires were delivered into the public's hands—the largest number ever marketed by one company in the same length of time.

The immensity of this figure can be realized only in the knowledge that the total American registration in 1917 was approximately 4,600,000 cars.

Thus, despite the competition of more than 200 other tire makers, Goodyear attained an average of better than one tire to every motor car in the land.

Nothing that we have ever said of Goodyear Tires, whether in these pages or elsewhere, compares with this indorsement by the American people.

Such superiorities as we have claimed for our product, such declarations of quality as we have issued, are here more powerfully verified than by any words.

In elevating Goodyear Tires to the position of supremacy they now occupy, the public does so not only by force of its opinion but by the dollars it spends.

The belief of the average car-owner in the goodness of Goodyear Tires is a belief on which he is willing to stake not alone his judgment but a considerable investment as well.

Notable as is the size of last year's record volume, size is not at all the most significant thing about it.

The significant thing is that this total climaxes a production that has been steadily and irresistibly increasing.

Not for one year or for two, has the appeal of Goodyear Tires for the public been strong, but for year after year without break.

The pace of this institution's growth, almost since its inception, has been in direct ratio with its acquaintance among the people.

It cannot justly be said that either salesmanship or advertising has been mainly responsible for Goodyear's great growth.

Salesmanship and advertising appeal chiefly to new business; there is not enough of it in the country to absorb this great volume.

Far more potent than either of these in the success of this company, has been the goodness of a product which held old customers while gaining new.

It is from this source largely that our business has flourished, out of the satisfaction of the public it served.

The policy on which this institution has been reared is so simple as to be an inspiration for us all.

That policy, as expressed in our labors and dealings, is "the more we put into our product in goodness, the more we will take out in sales."

Because we will continue to exercise this policy, this business will continue to grow.

Because it is the foundation and insurance of our present supremacy, that supremacy will not be surrendered.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

DIVES AND THE DEMAGOGUES

(Concluded from Page 9)

Nor is there any complaint about their tremendously increased taxation. They take it as it comes, and when the next Liberty Loan is floated, which will not be so long from now, they will go out again to help push it over just as they helped push over the first one and the second one.

There is no need of going into the decline in securities. That isn't material, save as an inconvenience. It doesn't affect the attitude of the financiers. They are for the United States first, and they have proved it.

Then there is the personal side of it all, as apart from the money side—the service and the sacrifice. No millionaire can gain any kudos from me because his son or sons have gone to war, though I shall mention a few whose sons have gone to war just to show they are performing in that way also. I think it is susceptible of proof that, man for man, the rich men of the United States, as individuals, in giving their personal services are doing more, at a greater sacrifice and in greater numbers than the components of any other broad division of our population. I mean by that that relatively there are more rich men in the unselfish service of the Government in this war work than there are men of any other sort who may be classified in such broad generalizations.

Of course rich man is a relative term, for a man who is rich in one part of our far-flung country wouldn't be held as rich in another; and rich men in New York and in the larger cities are very rich men considered in money terms. A man with a million or so in New York isn't rich; he is well-to-do. A bank with only a few millions of deposits isn't a bank; it's a branch. New York is where the money is and where the rich man really is rich in all that the term implies.

Therefore, taking these men as a class the men, I mean, who are accused of being capitalistic enough to force and maintain a "capitalistic" war, the men denounced by our domestic Bolsheviki as plutocrats—I maintain it is susceptible of proof that more of them relatively are giving their expert and invaluable services to the country in this crisis than of any other class whatsoever.

It would take a page of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to print a list of men who may be called rich men, men of the capitalist class, who have abandoned their own affairs, and who, not only in Washington but in all parts of the country, are serving the Government where they may be useful, without compensation, and paying their own expenses. A few of these are: Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the greatest bank in the United States, the National City Bank of New York, who is in the Treasury; H. P. Davison, one of the partners of the House of Morgan, who is at the head of the Red Cross; John D. Ryan, president of the Anaconda Copper Company; Bernard Baruch, Judge Lovett, J. L. Replogle, Howard Elliott—the list is too long to continue.

They come from all over the United States, not alone from New York, and they have not only given their own services but they have contributed of their organizations the experts in the lines of finance and industry as they were needed. Let me take the House of Morgan as an example to show what these men have done; an excellent example, for the House of Morgan comes first invariably when the demagogue begins to denounce the money devil.

The House of Morgan has contributed the entire services of one of its most active partners, Mr. Davison, and Mr. Davison has two sons in the aviation service, one of whom has been seriously injured. Mr. Morgan's eldest son is in the Navy. Mr. Steele, who has no sons, has three sons-in-law, and two of them are in Government work for the United States, and the third is in the French Army. Mr. Porter's only son is in the Army, and his son-in-law is in Government work. Mr. Hamilton's eldest boy is an aviator and is already in France. Mr. Stettinius has a son in the Army. Neither Mr. Lamont, Mr. Morrow nor Mr. Cochrane has children old enough to serve. Of the Philadelphia partners, Mr. Stotesbury and Mr. Lloyd have no sons eligible for service, and Mr. Newbold's two sons are both in the Army. In addition to this Mr. Anderson, the chief bond man of the Morgan organization, gave his services for several months to the Liberty Loan Committee, and many clerks were sent by the Morgans to that committee. All the partners sold Liberty Bonds, made speeches and campaigns, and subscribed great amounts.

To go a bit farther and note the service being rendered by men in other great financial institutions, which form the "octopus" of the demagogue: Mr. Vanderlip, of the National City Bank, and two of his vice presidents, Mr. James H. Perkins and Samuel McRoberts, are giving the Government their services for a dollar a year; Grayson Murphy, the senior vice president of the Guaranty Trust Company, a most impressive tentacle of the "octopus," went to France months ago in charge of Red Cross work; Lewis B. Franklin, who is a vice president of the Guaranty and also president of the Investment Bankers' Association of America, has been in Washington since early in the spring assisting the Treasury in Liberty Loan work; Nelson D. Jay, another vice president, is in France working under Charles G. Dawes, a Chicago banker who went to France with the Army with the earliest advance of our men; Charles D. Norton, of the First National Bank, is giving all his time to the Red Cross; and George F. Baker, Jr., of the same bank, headed the Red Cross mission to Italy.

To continue would be to catalogue men, leading men, from all the big banks in New York and from the great trust companies and corporations, who have gone enthusiastically into war work, who are giving their services, and who are also giving the services of myriads of their clerks, managers, experts and directors. This is not alone the case in New York. Men have come to the aid of the Government—the same sort of men the plutocrats and their representatives—from every big city in the country. They have left their personal interests and are devoting all that is in them to the aid and support of the Government. If one could call the roll of these men as they are stationed at Washington, or in France, or elsewhere, it would be a roll call of the biggest men in finance, or many of them, the captains of industry from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Hence, I repeat, that while our American Bolsheviki are ranting in all parts of the country that this is a "capitalistic" war it wouldn't be any sort of war at all if it were not for our American capitalists. They are supporting it, and financing it, and making it possible to win it. Nor is there any disposition to claim that these men have not, in the past, merited some of the attacks made on them. They get no immunity here. What I do maintain is this: As a class, the so-called plutocrats have shown in this war and will continue to show a high and enduring patriotism, a keen sense of national obligation, a loyalty to our country and its flag, a spirit of Americanism that the demagogues who live by denouncing them might emulate. I maintain that they are more patriotic, man for man, as proved by their deeds, than many others who have equal opportunities, relatively, to show their patriotism.

This is the big truth of it: The first Liberty Loan would not have succeeded as it did; the second Liberty Loan would not have succeeded as it did; the Government would not have been able to finance itself or its Allies; the work of production would be far, far in arrears; the war would now be lagging, or our part of it—and, for that matter, the part of the Allies—if these men had not done what they did do, if they had been plutocrats before they were patriots. That is the credit they deserve. That is the credit they here receive.

BUSINESS-MANAGING THE EMPIRE

(Continued from Page 20)

definite schedule. Every car had to be unloaded within a prescribed time no matter whether it was under shell fire or not; every train had to bring back its quota of material for salvage, wounded men or troops bound for the rest camps. "No empty hauls" was the slogan that went forth. These were the rules for the standard-gauge lines.

Geddes was no less exacting with the light railways. They were kept to an iron-bound regulation. More than this, he drove them forward with an unceasing labor that did not flinch or falter in the face of shot and shell.

What was the result? When the Germans made their famous "victorious retreat" in the Somme in the spring of 1917 the railway followed right behind them. The rear guard of Haig's pursuing army could hear the shriek of the advancing locomotives as they steamed along the newly laid track.

The iron horse almost trod on Tommy's heels! It was a triumph of the Geddes system which brought food, equipment, supplies and ammunition right into the zone of actual fighting.

This procedure was repeated in an even more dramatic way last November when Byng smashed his way behind the tanks toward Cambrai. During these stirring operations the light railways in some instances were apace with the battling troops. Without them the advance would have been impossible.

From this bill of particulars you can readily understand how and why Geddes made good in France. Six months after he established himself at Geddesburg he was made Inspector General of Transportation for all the theaters of war. This made him the traffic king of the British armies everywhere. Most men would have been content with this full-sized job. But England had taken Geddes' measure and found that it fitted all emergencies. The time had come for him to move on. He took the next round of the service ladder, and in a way that was little short of sensational.

With the Battle of Jutland storm clouds began to gather over the British Admiralty. There was no dissatisfaction over the fitness of the Grand Fleet, but a growing feeling that it was being kept under leash. The submarine devastation was getting on the nation's nerves. A strong public sentiment crystallized in the shape of a demand that the barnacles be scraped away from the hull of the Admiralty and that the good old ship be manned with younger and redder blood.

Geddes, who meanwhile had become Sir Eric, was put upon the bridge. He was made a member of the Board of the Admiralty with the rank of vice admiral and the title of controller, which went back to the time of Samuel Pepys. With characteristic tenacity, however, he maintained his post as Inspector General of Transportation, which carried with it the rank of major general in the army. Thus he maintained the integrity of his dual personality, because he became the only civilian in all history who could wear, if it were possible, a major general's and a vice admiral's uniform at the same time. The wags immediately began to suggest that he appear in public in the trousers of one service and the coat of another!

The introduction of Geddes into the Admiralty was just one more proof of the urgent need of the business man on the war job. He knew absolutely nothing about battleships, cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers or shipbuilding, but he did know the rules of the business game and how to get things done. He dedicated himself to hurrying up the shipbuilding program and to the production of supplies and munitions for the navy. He became, as he aptly expressed it to me, "the Wet Minister of Munitions." As a side line he joined the Shipping Control Committee. He was a man of many tasks—the Pooh-Bah of British public service.

The Admiralty seethed with movement. Here, as elsewhere throughout his progressive journey through the principal war posts in the gift of Britain, he adhered to the plan of taking his own people with him. This is a typical Geddes performance. The men trained in the Geddes school know him and his methods. When he takes a new post they enable him to make it a going concern at once.

He was not in the Admiralty very long before he installed the former secretary and solicitor of the North-Eastern Railway as assistant secretary. Other old colleagues followed. The civilian had at last invaded the stamping ground of the sailorman, and was there to stay. Geddes gradually built up a group of officials—all of them graduated from the railways or from business and all dedicated to the task of making things happen.

If you know Geddes at all you also know that he is not the type of man likely to remain in a subordinate place. He is just naturally booked for the top. When the dissatisfaction over what was considered to be a distinct inability to solve the submarine problem expanded into a vigorous national belief that Sir Edward Carson, as First Lord of the Admiralty, should do something or quit the job, no one was surprised when he got out and was succeeded by Sir Eric Geddes.

The one-time section hand on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was now in the office that made the supreme test of his resources. The public wanted action; he was the man to give it to them. Before he was in office two weeks he knew what every ship in the British Navy was doing. As always, statistics were his weapon. He believes in them because they are the infallible revealers of both weakness and strength.

He proved the efficacy of his theory when he made his first important speech as First Lord of the Admiralty. He unloaded such a fusillade of facts that the loudest critical guns were silenced. To illustrate: There had been widespread chagrin over the sinking of a convoy of neutral vessels from Scandinavia escorted by two British destroyers. They were surprised and sunk in the North Sea by German raiders. The British people very naturally wondered why the Grand Fleet did not hear about this attack and rout the raiders.

The First Lord asked the House to recollect these facts: That the area of the North Sea is 140,000 square nautical miles; that Britain herself has a coast line of 568 nautical miles subject to attack by raiders; that the area of vision for a cruiser squadron with its attendant destroyers at night is well under five square miles. Then he added: "Five square miles in 140,000." There was not a chirp about that North Sea action when he got through.

When you meet Sir Eric Geddes you understand very soon why he is one of the overlords of England at forty-two. Physically he looks the part. He is deep and broad of chest, wide of shoulder; you can see the muscles of his arm expand under his sleeves. His jaw is hard and unyielding, his mouth is firm; his whole being incarnates strength of body and determination. Despite all this bone and sinew he is as active as a cat. His eyes look straight through you. He keeps fit by riding horseback every morning before breakfast.

I once asked him what single rule had been of most service to him. Quick as a flash he snapped out: "The use of statistics. I statistize everything. Knowledge is power and statistics are the throttle valve of every business. But don't let statistics master you. Use them! I'll show you what I mean."

He was sitting at the desk of the First Lord of the Admiralty. He pushed a buzzer, and when a secretary appeared he said: "Get me the statistics."

In a few moments three books, made like loose-leaf ledgers, were before him. One was brown, another blue, and the third was black. He picked them up in succession, saying: "This brown book contains a catalogue of all the Admiralty stock—that is, a list of every ton of stuff we own. This blue book is the register of the personnel of the navy, with every man's record up to yesterday. This black book contains the account of all naval operations and movements since the war began. Together they form a complete library of all the available statistics about the Admiralty. In short I know what every man and every ship is doing and just where they are."

Geddes believes that running a war is just like running any business. "It is just like operating a factory," he said.

(Continued on Page 52)

Are you missing something very good, something decidedly worth having?

You remember the first time you tasted Hawaiian Pineapple—you wouldn't have missed it for a good deal.

You know what the California Peach means to you today—a few years ago it didn't figure in your bill of fare.

Take the word of the firm who made these fruits famous and try their California Cherries.

Of course, you will try them first as a pie. But you won't stop at pie—you will have Cherry Cobbler, Cherry Salad, and you'll have them straight, served in their own syrup, as a dessert.

Steadily the Libby kitchens in California are feeling the increase in the popularity of Libby's Cherries. Don't wait for others to introduce you to this California success—find out for yourself. Ask to have them served in your own home. Add this new dish to your list of favorites.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
240 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada Ltd.
45 E. Front St. Toronto, Ont., Can.

Burning Up the Nation's Bread

AMERICA is today the hope of the Allied Peoples, soldiers and civilians alike. Without our grain, their hope is gone.

Hunger may cause them to falter—even to quit as did Russia.

With hungry eyes they look to us for food.

Yet we continue to throw millions of dollars' worth of precious, irreplaceable, life-giving foodstuffs to the Moloch whose name is Fire.

Read the brief list of fires on this page in which tens of millions of loaves of bread were destroyed. Then think! The full list of food-fires for 1917 would fil this page with fine type.

Key to Fire-Pictures

No. 1—How many loaves of bread are there in this small mountain of grain ashes at Erie, Pa.? Millions! Grinnell Sprinklers would have saved it.

No. 2—Grain enough for 16,800,000 loaves of bread burned up in this Chicago elevator. Grinnell Sprinklers would have saved it.

No. 3—11,760,000 loaves of bread went up in this Detroit elevator-fire. Grinnell Sprinklers would have saved it

No. 4-6—33,600,000 loaves of bread made this Louisville bonfire. Grinnell Sprinklers would have saved it.

No. 5—One of the grain-laden ships that burned with the precious grain-filled elevators in Baltimore. 168,000,000 loaves of bread destroyed. Grinnell Sprinklers would have saved it.

No. 7—A Brooklyn elevator-fire. Our starving comrades in Europe would say 84,000,000 loaves of bread gone. Grinnell Sprinklers would have saved it.

© International Film Service

In this Detroit elevator a Sprinkler System would have cost $19,000 and saved $5,000 a year in insurance, thus paying for itself in four years.

Special Notice to Sprinkler System Owners

Fire-bugs caused losses last year of $35,000,000, according to the insurance companies.

No matter what type of automatic sprinkler system you have, it can be made proof against malicious tampering by alien enemies determined to burn your property. An electrically controlled automatic system does it. Better than several additional watchmen. We shall be glad to give you full particulars about this "Sprinkler Supervisory Service."

Food That Is Gone Forever

Last year ended with no less than 240 big food-destroying fires. Over half a billion loaves of bread thrown away. We say thrown away, because at the outset these fires could have been extinguished by a Grinnell Sprinkler System.

This loss is irreplaceable. Insurance money can never bring back a single yellow grain of corn or wheat.

Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers have saved millions of dollars by preventing scores of catastrophes similar to these.

They do not wait for human operation. The moment the heat reaches them they act, pouring an irresistible stream right into the heart of the incipient fire. In over 20,000 reported fires, the average loss with Grinnell Sprinklers has been under $280.

Flour-mills and grain-elevators are dangerous fire-risks. But so sure is Grinnell protection even in them that the insurance companies on the average reduce rates 66⅔ per cent for this protection.

Patriotic action, therefore, wins a tangible reward.

This priceless protection is at your service today. Write for full information before it is too late. Address General Fire Extinguisher Co., 277 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

There will be other fires. Will they prove equally destructive? Perhaps your plant will be one of them? Are you prepared? Or will you wait until it is too late?

(Continued from Page 48)

The following remark made to Lloyd George when they first met emphasizes this attitude: "Employ the men in warfare on the job in which they excelled in peace. Then you will have no square pegs in round holes."

The maxim by which he ruled his men in France is typical of their leader. Summed up, it was: "Temper justice with mercy and common sense. Use mercy because your people are working under fire; employ common sense because you must not expect them to do the impossible."

The best tribute that I ever heard paid to Sir Eric Geddes came from a long-headed Scotchman who worked with him on the North-Eastern, who said: "Capable men always get on with Geddes."

Geddes is about the only man who ever turned Lloyd George down. One day when they were both in the Ministry of Munitions his chief sent for him and demanded certain figures at once about shell output.

"You cannot have them because they are not ready," he said.

"But I must have them," said the minister.

"There is no 'must' with incomplete statistics," replied Geddes.

It closed the incident, and Lloyd George had to wait. I cite this little incident to show that Geddes never goes off at half cock.

When I last talked with him I asked him to give me a message to the American people, as I was sailing for New York the next day. For once the answer did not follow hot on the question.

"Give me a little time," he said.

That night I received from him at my hotel the autographed note which is reproduced in facsimile with this article. It so clearly reflects the Geddes state of mind and conveys such a great truth to the American people that I use the text of it here as well. It is:

"My message to your great nation is:

"Give up hoping that this can be a short war. Plan and provide for an ever-receding duration of *at least* two years more.

"If we all do so, Peace may one day surprise us. If we do not, there will be no peace and no freedom, but only a postponement.

"There must be no postponement and no 'next time.'"

In this message Geddes the man speaks out of the years of contact with crash and crisis. It reveals rare qualities of vision and statesmanship. Yet they were born of business. Analyze the late J. P. Morgan in the light of the Eric Geddes career and you realize that he might have been another Bismarck or Disraeli had he gone into politics.

Sir Eric's family seems to be born for leadership. His brother, Sir Aukland Geddes, is Director of National Service—a virile man who left the academic aloofness of a medical lecture room in McGill University to become a militant and commanding war personality. Their sister, Mrs. Chalmers Watson, is the ranking officer of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—the Tommywaacs—and a woman of exceptional administrative ability.

Sir Albert Stanley's Training

Full mate to Sir Eric Geddes is Sir Albert Stanley, a real live wire in the business battery that galvanized the British Government. Like Geddes, he cut his business teeth in America. These two strong men have much in common. They are the same age, and in career and method of work present a striking parallel.

From a hall bedroom in Detroit to a place in the British Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade is an example of the proverbial far cry that fictionists like to write about. But this is the span in the Stanley life so far.

Born in England, he was brought to America by his parents when he was eleven and educated in American schools. At sixteen he was an office boy with the Detroit United Railways; at twenty-two he was superintendent of the properties; at twenty-eight he was general manager of the Public Service Railways of New Jersey; and a few years later he was general manager of the Underground Railways of London. Like Geddes, he was always ready for the job ahead.

One day, when he was temporarily in charge of the Detroit properties, lightning destroyed two-thirds of the dynamos of the company. It was an absolutely unprecedented accident. All his superiors were out of town, so Stanley, single-handed, tackled the job of making one-third of the cars go as far as all had gone. He hired every available local electrician, wired to Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Toledo, Cleveland and other near-by cities for more, and brought them to Detroit on special trains and engines. Though impaired, the service was not interrupted, and within a week it was normal again.

This is the type of man called to London, first to speed up the traction lines and later to stimulate one of the great government machines. It was Stanley who made London "step lively." When he took up his work in the metropolis he faced a traffic congestion almost as bad as that on the New York subways. Shouts in New York had one advantage over Stanley in London in that an American crowd will move fast if told to do so, while a British assemblage is constitutionally opposed to hurry in any form. Stanley trained conductors to speed up traffic to the point where schedules moved like clockwork and congestion was a thing of the past.

On the Board of Trade

It was Stanley who merged all the transportation lines in London until practically all traffic by omnibus, tramway and tube was under his control. Here he utilized the lesson that he had learned in America, because each one of these lines became a feeder of the others. He had just got this whole mechanism well tuned up when the war broke. Lloyd George at once snapped him up for his Ministry of Munitions, where he became Director General of Mechanical Transport. Thousands of his London omnibuses were hauling troops in France. His experience therefore was highly useful.

When the Asquith government fell under the Northcliffe hammering for a real business administration and Lloyd George took over the reins, Stanley was the logical and inevitable choice for President of the Board of Trade. He did precisely for this august organization what Geddes did to the French railroads and to the Admiralty. He became the great transformer.

To understand fully the revolution that Stanley has wrought in administrative methods you must first know that the British Board of Trade is the biggest business in the world. On the one hand it grips all British industry and on the other supervises all transport on land and sea. The whole domain of British trade at home and abroad acknowledges it as chief.

Its charter dates back to the time when the Pilgrim Fathers were engaged in putting Plymouth Rock on the map. By its original authorization it was presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the speaker of the House of Parliament and a president. The board lumbered along, nursed by tradition, bandaged with red tape—a worthy, much-respected and, in the main, useless organization. Everything was by precedent; its creed was "Let well enough alone." Since its function was purely regulative the board was like a fat old lady who slumbered at her ease while German economic penetration fastened itself on British industry.

Stanley brushed away the cobwebs, revived the corpse, and blew in the breath of a live and up-to-date business system. He converted the Board of Trade into a real Ministry of Commerce. Promotion succeeded regulation. Where once its chief task was to be the historian of business, the Board of Trade now became a business getter. In other words it made rather than chronicled business.

Stanley charted the board with pyramids and made it hum with action. He realized at once that the successful conduct of the war meant the control of raw materials. Take coal, which in war is life. He saw millions of tons being wasted on nonessential industries and in the generation and distribution of useless electrical power. He established a rigid control that saved an immense quantity in six months.

Coal became the precedent for the control of timber, paper, matches, gasoline, cotton, rubber and tin. Gradually the whole British world of raw materials came under his supervision; in fact the only important items outside his jurisdiction are iron and steel, which are controlled by the Ministry of Munitions; and wool, which is under the domination of the War Department. Thus Stanley is the steward of the supplies that are preservative of industrial life.

Two distinct innovations inaugurated by Stanley will serve to indicate the scope and method of his reorganization of the Board of Trade. One is the daily conference that he holds at eleven o'clock with the heads of his departments. Here he finds out what every branch is doing. In the old days this procedure would have been little short of heresy. Every man in the Board of Trade was a cog who worked, lived and died in his little groove. The other is the system by which Sir Albert keeps the board in constant touch with the march of trade events. Formerly most of the news of British trade filtered in through consuls or agents in dry-as-dust reports. Stanley organized a force of traveling scouts who prowl about the Empire finding out what is going on in the business world. They stimulate backward industries and encourage new ones.

In a word, the Board of Trade has become the Promotion Department of the British Empire, Unlimited.

When England set up a food comptrollership one of the wits said that the job, like war itself, would be a graveyard of reputations. The first man who tackled it—Lord Devonport, who began life as a grocer's clerk and made his way to the peerage by an almost endless chain of grocery stores—found himself a storm center of bitter criticism and attack. The reason was obvious: Everybody wanted to eat; everybody had an idea about food control; and likewise everybody wanted everybody else to do the abstaining. Touch food and you touch human nature at its worst. All the wisdom acquired out of many years of glorified grocery management failed Lord Devonport in the task of curbing the British appetite. He was made a viscount and politely permitted to retire.

When he was succeeded by Lord Rhondda the livest captain of capital in Great Britain became custodian of the British stomach. About him—as about so many of his co-directors in the board of management of the British Empire—there is the glamour of fascinating human interest.

Thirty years ago four young Welshmen—the backbone of the famous revolt that overthrew a government—dreamed of the great things that they would accomplish. One of them was Lloyd George; the others were S. T. Evans, Thomas Ellis and D. A. Thomas. Each lived to do a big man's job. Lloyd George is Prime Minister of England; Ellis became chief whip of the Liberal government and died at the threshold of a great career; Evans is President of the Prize Court and a future Lord Chancellor; while Thomas is Lord Rhondda, perhaps the richest man in the United Kingdom. As Food Comptroller he stands between the British Government and an unrest that might develop into anything.

A Lusitania Survivor

Rhondda narrowly escaped becoming a lawyer, got sidetracked into business, organized the great Cambrian Coal Combine and became the Welsh coal king. It was the natural step to a new throne when he became the food king. He was throne broke.

As D. A. Thomas he is very widely known in America because in 1915 he came to the United States as special envoy from the Ministry of Munitions to act as liaison officer between the American shell makers and the British Government. It was like making a Scotchman guardian of a Pittsburgh millionaire who had just come into his fortune. I will tell you why.

It was at the very high tide of the so-called war contract. Every man who had a lathe or a near-factory had some sort of munitions contract. Poor old John Bull was being trimmed. Rhondda became the censor of contracts. He put his canny Welsh probe into every deal; he had to be shown. The result was that he saved the British people hundreds of millions of dollars. He would have saved many more if his advice with regard to the purchase of aluminum in bulk had been heeded. His whole experience in the United States was one of the first and most convincing demonstrations of the value of trained business experience in government work.

Lord Rhondda, who was still D. A. Thomas, went home by the Lusitania when she made her last trip. He was in the water for three hours. His life was saved by the fact that as a boy he was a star athlete and a champion swimmer. On more than one occasion he has mixed it up with striking miners and got the best of the argument. He knew how to use his hands as well as his brains. For his service in America and Canada he got his peerage.

Lloyd George knew his business capabilities. When he became Premier, Rhondda was made President of the Local Government Board. This body is facetiously called the Wet Nurse of England, because it deals with all questions of public health. It proved to be merely the stepping-stone to his great national opportunity, which came when he succeeded Lord Devonport as Food Comptroller. There were advantages and disadvantages in taking over a going control, because he had to inherit the faults as well as the virtues of the Devonport system. He stuck to the voluntary system of rationing established by his predecessor, but it was not long before he put Britain on sugar cards. Under this scheme no sugar is sold at retail except by retailers registered with the local food-control committee. There is such a committee in every city or in every district comprising a group of small communities. Shopkeepers are required to accept all sugar cards tendered to them. In this way they are prohibited from discriminating in favor of old customers; in other words, Mrs. John Bull is not required to buy hardware or any other unnecessary article in order to get a few pounds of sugar.

Lord Rhondda a Close Buyer

Caterers have their supply regulated, because in England, as will doubtless follow in America, one of the favorite sugar-hoarding plans was to make false reports about the quantity of sweets required in catering. Hotels and institutions have their sugar supply allotted according to the number of guests or inmates. The list is revised twice a week.

The whole story of the Rhondda food control would require a special article. Summed up, the comptroller regards the conservation of food as a definite business. He first closed all the avenues of waste. Then he found out how much food England needed and set about mobilizing a sufficient supply. He fixed wholesale and retail prices, basing them on tradesmen's average profits during the twelve months preceding the war. Like Geddes, he stands or falls by statistics.

In establishing his control of food prices he set up the precedent that may well be followed by the United States. Being a business man first he put this gigantic task into what he calls the Ministry Costings Department, in charge of the best-known of all British expert accountants. The country is divided into twelve districts, each one under an accountant chosen by the Food Comptroller after consultation with the president of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. The local tradesman's profit on the food he sells is regulated by the war cost of the commodity, the transit charges and the overhead.

The Food Comptroller must not only save food but buy food. He is the biggest buyer in Britain. Much of this acquired food comes from the United States, where Lord Rhondda has established his own buyers in the American markets. From the moment of purchase he can control the prices all down the line, from importer to wholesaler, from wholesaler to retailer and from retailer to consumer. He cannot guarantee lower prices for the imported food, but he can and does guarantee that there will be no inflation through multiplicity of dealers and of speculators who have nothing to do with the trade. In brief, Lord Rhondda put the food profiteer out of business.

Just as leadership is an inheritance of the Geddes family, so is rare business sense a birthright with the Thomases. Lord Rhondda's daughter, Lady Mackworth, is one of the ablest business women in the United Kingdom. Six years ago she was following Mrs. Pankhurst; to-day she is chairman or director of twenty-eight corporations. The energy that she once expended on militant suffrage is now dedicated to constructive commercial pursuit. She has a suite of offices in the palatial building that houses the Cambrian Coal Combine at Cardiff and maintains a branch in London. When she decided to go into business she went at the job intelligently. She spent a whole year studying the unromantic facts about the various enterprises

(Concluded on Page 54)

Powerful—
Pliant
LIKE the giant pine that yields to the storm and then recovers with firm, enduring steadiness, so this Firestone Cord Tire carries you over obstructions with powerful, pliant ease. Road-shocks are lost in the resilient absorbing quality of Firestone construction and Firestone rubber.
The body of this Tire is made of diagonal walls of cords separated from each other by layers of finest rubber. Each individual cord is insulated from its neighbor by this same lively Firestone-treated rubber. This insures full play under impact or strain and the practical elimination of stone bruise.
Chafing and internal friction are reduced: the separate parts work together as one buoyant whole. This free play of cords and rubber means more than extra comfort. It accounts for the higher standard of mileage established by these tires and the extra miles obtained from each gallon of gasoline.
Firestone Super Cord Tires are the equipment for the thrifty as well as for those who demand the extreme of comfort, safety and style. Your dealer is supplied.
FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO
Branches and Dealers Everywhere
Firestone
Super CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 52)

in which she succeeded her father as active manager.

Second only in importance to the control of food is the control of shipping. Without ships England would go hungry. It is the penalty that attaches to the magnificent isolation, once her safeguard, but now, in the light of the submarine, well-nigh her undoing.

At the desk of the Shipping Comptroller in London sits a wiry, lean, energetic Scotchman whose name, Sir Joseph Maclay, would be accepted on a check for seven figures at any bank in England. Like every other business man who swings a vast governmental supervision in Britain to-day, he is self-made and with a career as fascinating as the sea he helps to dominate.

Forty-five years ago Joseph Maclay was sweeping out the office of a shipping firm in Glasgow, his native city. Five years later he was a junior clerk. Being Scotch and therefore frugal he had saved enough by the time he was twenty-five to buy a small interest in a freighter. That interest was the nucleus of the mighty Maclay fleet of to-day, the corner stone of an international power as cargo carrier which made him the unanimous choice for Shipping Comptroller when Lloyd George set up his business administration in 1916.

Of all imperial posts none is more necessary to the life of England. From the Shipping Comptroller's office radiates the far-flung mastery of approximately 16,000,000 tons of shipping that sail the seven seas. These hulls provide the means of supply and communication of all the British armies; they feed the civil population of Great Britain; they carry supplies, troops and materials for the Allies, and furnish a very large proportion of the vessels of the auxiliary service of the navy.

What most people do not know is that the British mercantile marine provides all the fleet colliers, mine sweepers, patrol boats and their crews, and also the army transports. Since the beginning of the war it has moved over 11,000,000 men, exclusive of sick, wounded and prisoners, and has carried 2,000,000 horses and mules. In that time British ships have conveyed 130,000,000 tons of goods into the United Kingdom, of which 50,000,000 tons have been foodstuffs. This work has involved 25,000 round voyages, aggregating 200,000,000 miles of travel. The average number of tons of stores and munitions transported across the English Channel to France every day is just under 22,000, while the number of men is just over 7000. These titanic figures visualize the immensity and the responsibility of shipping control.

When you command a ship you must have absolute authority. It followed therefore that one of the first conditions that Sir Joseph imposed was that he should have a free hand and that he should choose his own colleagues. He got it and things began to happen.

Finding Cargo Space

Then, as now, the great cry was for cargo space. Every week the German torpedo was smashing a deeper hole in British tonnage. When the losses for a week would show a big decline and optimistic England would immediately declare that the submarine menace was checked, Sir Joseph would only shake his head and say: "Let us prepare for still greater losses." He believes that heedless optimism should have no place in the vocabulary of the war.

Sir Joseph set to work to get more cargo space, and in very swift and effective fashion. Two steps will show how he went about his job. The first was the utilization of the shelter deck for cargoes. In practically all ships this shelter deck was used principally for fresh air. Sir Joseph Maclay ordered them converted into space for cargo and added 250,000 tons to British carrying space.

He saw America proceeding with a scheme of standardizing ships, so he immediately laid down a huge program of standardized cargo vessels. In less than a year some of these were on the high seas. He took out insurance against such contingencies as the Goethals-Denman controversy in the United States by making himself dictator of ship construction.

Go to the office of the Shipping Comptroller, housed in a high temporary structure in a London park, and you will find a card-index system that is one of the miracles of the governmental business organization. Every cargo vessel, army transport, mine sweeper and patrol boat has a big card which lists her complete war record from the moment she broke out the national ensign. When the vessel is sunk by enemy action, mine or torpedo it is marked with a huge red cross and goes into the morgue index. Thus the Shipping Comptroller knows every hour of every day just what every one of the thousands of ships under his authority is doing and, through a very intimate working arrangement with the Admiralty, just where she is.

The whole shipping control of Great Britain is organized to-day like a monster private shipping business. Sir Joseph Maclay has drawn about him his ablest colleagues of the craft. Sir Thomas Royden, deputy chairman of the Cunard Line, for example, represents the ministry in the United States; Sir Kenneth Anderson, managing director of the Orient Line, is concerned with the requisitioning of liners. It might be well to say that almost from the first day of the war Great Britain commandeered *every* ship that flew the British flag. Mr. F. W. Lewis, a director in one of the largest shipping firms in the world, is charged with the special responsibility of employing neutral tonnage. These three men, each a shipping king, form with the comptroller the Shipping Control Committee to which all important questions of policy are referred and decided.

Lord Beaverbrook's Career

The control of British shipping is so vast and the activities are so numerous that the comptroller has divided it up into departments. Sir Percy Bates, a director of the Cunard Line, is head of what is known as the Commercial Branch and is held responsible for all tonnage engaged in the import of food, raw materials and general supplies. Sir Lionel Fletcher, of the Oceanic Line, directs the diverting of liners from one trade to another. One of the best-known shipping experts in England allots the convoys. A fourth is concerned solely with the requisitioning of tramp steamers. Still another executive operates all the coast traffic. Not the least important branch of shipping deals with the transportation of munitions, which requires highly specialized control, involving extraordinary caution and the utmost secrecy. The men for these ships are carefully selected and trained.

Port acceleration is of course a necessary adjunct to shipping control. It naturally follows that the director is a man of highest type—L. A. P. Warner, who is deputy general manager of the Mersey Dock and Harbor Board, which controls the docking of England's greatest port.

No appraisal of the business brains running England to-day would be complete without the inclusion of one of the most remarkable and least-known personalities in British public life. Without holding any definite public office his influence reaches to all offices; without figuring as a factor in its achievement he was instrumental in making possible the premiership of Lloyd George, and through that act the setting up of a government by business. Such is the unique performance of Lord Beaverbrook—an adventure in public life almost without parallel.

A struggling and obscure Canadian bank clerk at twenty, a merger of banks at twenty-three, a builder of railways and lighting plants in Cuba at twenty-five, a maker of trusts at thirty, a millionaire at thirty-four, and a peer of the realm at thirty-seven—this is the dazzling story-book life of the one-time Max Aitken—the Warwick of the war.

When he came to England to live—it was considerably less than a decade ago—he went to his first public dinner in London. Lloyd George, Carson, Churchill and all the other national figures were there. He had to ask his host who they were. In a few years he was calling them all by their first names.

He entered Parliament, and a whole new world became his. He made few speeches, but whenever people wanted things done they somehow went to Aitken. He remained almost entirely in the background. I doubt whether, aside from his old Parliamentary constituency, there are fifty thousand people in Great Britain to-day who know who Lord Beaverbrook really is. Yet at barely forty he wields an astonishing political power. The case of the Lloyd George premiership is the most conspicuous example of his authority. I am violating no confidence when I briefly tell that story now.

The fall of the Asquith Ministry and the advent of Lloyd George grew out of the nation-wide protest against the wait-and-see policy of the government. In the House of Commons Sir Edward Carson was the symbol of this protest. He resigned office because he disapproved of the conduct of the war by what he called "the methods of a debating society." In the cabinet the unrest centered in Lloyd George, who found himself a Secretary of State for War constantly curbed by caution and conservatism. He was strong for a business administration by business men. A breach developed between the Liberals and the Conservatives. Coalition, which had buried all political difference in the one great desire to win the war, was threatened. A national disaster impended.

The country's salvation lay in the displacement of Asquith by a man of the vigor, brilliancy, daring and imagination of Lloyd George. The task therefore was to bring Carson, Bonar Law—who was the titular head of the Conservative party—and Lloyd George together to reconstitute the government on definite business lines and to smash ahead with the war with the greatest possible energy. This task Lord Beaverbrook—he was then Sir Max Aitken—undertook to perform.

It was like rounding up a nest of escaped hornets. Day and night, with all the tact, ingenuity and selling skill that had made him a master of millions, he literally worked on the man on whose shoulders rested the fate of empire. He had one great advantage in the fact that Bonar Law was his most intimate friend. He accomplished what he set out to do.

To translate this achievement into terms of war, it was Northcliffe with his newspapers who put over the barrage that, so far as the public knew, launched the great offensive against the Asquith Ministry. But it was Beaverbrook behind the scenes who stormed and carried the trenches. For his labors in this crisis he got his peerage. He made his fortune in cement in Canada. The wits immediately called him the Concrete Peer, but they always spelled it "pier."

The Ministry of Munitions

Beaverbrook is a man of many contrasts. I have watched him play like a boy; I have listened to him when he talked like an inspired seer. All natures mingle in him. He started out in life to amass a great fortune, and long before he was thirty he had made a flying start. If he had not been diverted into politics by Bonar Law and annexed to imperialism by Rudyard Kipling, who is his second most intimate friend, he might have been a second Crœsus. Money-making is instinct with him. You might well adapt to him the classic remark that William C. Whitney once made about Thomas F. Ryan: "If he lives long enough he will own all the money in the world."

The authority that he might have wielded in finance has given way to political ambition. What the future holds for him no man can tell. He has proved that he can make governments just as he made millions. He owns The Daily Express in London, which gives him a voice; he is intrenched in British business, where he has commercial prestige; he sits in the House of Lords, where he can give free expression to what he has on his mind.

I have kept for the last the great business agency in the British Government which was really the first. I mean, of course, the Ministry of Munitions, once the solitary outpost of the brilliant line of commercial defense which now safeguards the conduct of the war.

It has become a real congress of British industry. Since 1915 it has gradually drawn into its fold a group of men who could operate any trust in the world. With more than two million employees and an office staff of five thousand, it carries on a colossal business along lines of scientific efficiency that would do credit to the United States Steel Corporation or the Standard Oil Company.

There is no space here to go into the details of its organisation or its management. It is charted and pyramided like any corporation. Though the present Minister of Munitions, Winston Churchill, is not a business man, he has stuck to the Lloyd George policy of surrounding himself with business men. He is the dynamic speeder-up, while they do the routine.

Chief among his lieutenants is George Booth, one of the many unknown wizards of output that munitions-making has developed. He was a pioneer in the ministry under Lloyd George, who called him his "push-and-go man." Before the war he was head of the great shipping firm that bears his name.

The Priority System

It was Booth, barely turned forty, who conceived and put into operation the priority system which enabled Great Britain to establish a control of iron, steel, brass and copper. No lesson wrought out of British munitions-making is of more vital significance to the United States.

Here is the way it works: If a London hotel orders a new elevator from a manufacturer he must make application to the Ministry of Munitions for the metal needed. A department inspector first finds out whether the new elevator is necessary. If there is the slightest shortage in wire cable or brass for fittings the order must wait. The manufacturer gets a so-called priority certificate, which entitles him to receive wire, steel, copper and brass as soon as his number is reached. Every priority certificate has a number. The manufacturer therefore joins the waiting list.

One great value of the priority system is that it does away with useless and non-essential construction. It has made individuals, firms and institutions realize that they do not really need machinery that they thought indispensable. It has saved money and material.

Booth is merely one of a group of Munitions Department heads who comprise a Who's Who of British Manufacture. It includes such men as Sir Charles Ellis, who built the battle cruiser Tiger; Sir Alfred Herbert, the largest machine-tool maker in the Kingdom; Sir E. W. Moore, one of the dictators of railway supplies; Sir William Weir, the most extensive of all British pump makers; and Sir Robert Hadfield, the Sheffield steel master.

Wherever you turn in the administration of the British Government you find the business man intrenched. He has reared, among other things, the permanent structure of war savings, which has given the nation a rebirth of thrift and will husband the pennies of peace just as it garnered the pounds of war.

Thanks to a business man, Sir Hedley Le Bas, the British Government has been taught the value of advertising. He is one of the biggest book publishers in England and the first to take a full page in a newspaper to advertise one of his publications. It created a sensation, but it made the book a best seller. When the great war broke he was made a member of the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee. It was Sir Hedley who persuaded Kitchener to advertise for recruits. That advertising campaign for the Kitchener army was the first gun in a continuous publicity campaign that first recruited men, then sold war bonds and is now saving English food. It has made the billboard and printer's ink first and best aid to every government need. Advertising has become a national habit.

Nor must you forget that one vast wing of the business of war is under the control of a group of seasoned business men headed by Mr. Andrew Weir, the Surveyor General of Supply. Thus war, finance, politics, statesmanship—indeed every activity that touches the safety and the prosperity of the whole British nation—feels the impress of business experience.

Good government is simply good business.

The Plug with the Green Jacket

The green jacket of this plug is merely a covering—an outer garment—a mark of identification. It adds finish—nothing more—yet it is of extreme importance to every user of spark plugs because it encases a genuine ruby mica core. This laterally wound mica core is the heart of the SPLITDORF Plug. It gives long life and freedom from all the ills that beset other plugs.

The plug with the green jacket cannot chip or crack, cannot score cylinders, cannot leak oil or gas, cannot short circuit. It will not burn out or wear out. And it may be cleaned and recleaned indefinitely, as oil cannot penetrate the mica core. The green jacket may be cracked or broken—or entirely missing—without affecting the insulation of the mica core or the efficiency of the plug.

There is a type of SPLITDORF Plug best suited for every engine. Get them from jobbers and dealers. If you are experiencing any trouble with plugs, we may make our trained engineers use at your call. Write us and we will advise you and show you how to correct the evil.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, N. J.

SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS

CAMEO

Poor Printing Is Disappearing In America

GO into any first-class printing plant and you will see pressman, foreman, and master-printer taking real pains—going to real trouble—to produce better printing.

The printers of this country have been quick to grasp every opportunity offered them to do more beautiful work.

New standards in printing paper have cleared the way for remarkable advancements in the Art Preservative.

Poor paper doesn't have to be cheap or shoddy paper.

Paper may be made of very good materials and yet through a lack of uniformity or workability on the press it may tend to produce poor printing.

The American Public fosters good printing and silently demands it by consistently buying more liberally from the booklets and catalogs that are most inviting in appearance.

Standardized printing paper is what the printer needed and standardized printing paper is what S. D. Warren & Company make.

Warren's Standard Printing Papers, whether in low-priced or de luxe grades, are uniform in weight, in thickness, in color, in all around goodness. Warren's Cameo is one of the most beautiful sheets of paper ever produced. It has a dull ivory-like coating in which the screen-effect of a half-tone engraving loses itself while the values are faithfully reproduced. Though a more finely finished paper, Cameo is no more completely standardized than Warren's Cumberland Machine Book, a low-priced, unpretentious white paper for jobs where illustrative detail is not essential.

The highest refinement of surface in glossy coated printing papers will be found in Warren's Lustro. But Lustro with all its excellence is no more completely standardized in its methods of manufacture than is Warren's Cumberland Coated, Warren's Silkote, Warren's Printone, Warren's Cumberland Super Book, or any other Warren Standard Paper.

Each is manufactured to fill a definite established printing need—to give the printer something in which he can place complete reliance. Each is a paper designed and standardized to help elevate the character of American printing.

Buyers of Printing, Printers, Engravers, and Their Salesmen

will find the Warren Suggestion Book a help in planning better printing and in selling it. This book makes the selection of paper easy and makes correct choice an almost automatic process. It is made up of many specimen leaves, each printed with specimens of the sort of engravings for which the paper was manufactured. Upon request for this book from any man whose letterhead indicates that he holds one of the above positions we will promptly forward a copy.

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Constant Excellence of Product

Warren's
STANDARD
Printing Papers

Make your pistons gas tight

The MUNGER "ALWAYS TIGHT" PISTON RING OUTFIT—

for FORDS

8 "Always Tight" Rings (regular size)
4 "Always Tight" Rings (over size)
1 Regrooving Tool
1 Ring Insertion Tool

Ready to insert the Munger Re-grooving Tool to true up a worn piston groove

The Munger Re-grooving Tool in position for using. Turning handle of tool will true up groove

A Munger Always Tight Piston Ring being placed over the Munger Ring Insertion Tool

Showing how the Munger Always Tight Piston Rings can be placed in position by the Munger Ring Insertion Tool

The MUNGER "ALWAYS TIGHT" EXPANSION JOINT

MUNGER Piston Rings are always tight

When piston grooves become slightly worn it is impossible to fit any rings in them gas-tight without first truing up the grooves. With each complete set of Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings is one oversize ring for each piston (to be used in worn grooves) and a Munger Re-grooving Tool with which worn grooves can be straightened quickly and accurately without resorting to expensive lathe work, and without even disconnecting the piston from the connecting rod.

All other piston rings begin to lose compression as soon as they begin to wear.

Munger Piston Rings *always* remain compression-tight.

These unique rings quickly conform to the shape of any cylinder and retain their perfect fit until completely worn out.

The wonderful compression-holding power of these simple one-piece rings is due to their scientific design and their accuracy of manufacture. The Munger Expansion Joint, so simple yet so efficient—the patented process of peening, which makes these rings fit the walls of any cylinder—the minute oil grooves, which cause these rings to seat themselves almost immediately—are distinctive features that make Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings superior to all others.

They are the easiest of all rings to install. With the Munger Ring Insertion Tool even a novice can place them in the piston grooves without breakage or the slightest trouble. And Munger Rings are the most inexpensive, because they are practically wear-proof

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, New Jersey

Get them from your accessory dealer or garage man

A MIXED FOURSOME

(Concluded from Page 13)

"Yep," replied Bill, "I am; but don't tell anybody."

While Mary and Russell were discussing the theory of the mixed foursome old Bill made a terrific mashie shot out of the grass, and the ball reached the edge of the green. Beth applauded wildly, Mary chimed in, but Davidson did not open his mouth. He was irritated, and made no secret of it, but his irritation did not keep him from dropping the next shot on the putting green.

Bill didn't even blink when Beth took her putter and overran the hole by ten feet. Beth said she knew he'd never, never speak to her again in this world, and she couldn't blame him if he didn't.

"Well," said Bill cheerfully, "you gave the ball a chance, anyhow. That's the main thing. It's better to be over than short."

"You're a perfect dear!" said Beth. "I'll do better—see if I don't."

Mary then prepared to putt, Russell's approach having left her twelve feet short of the hole. "And be sure to get it there," cautioned her partner. "It's uphill, you know. Allow for it."

Mary bit her lip and hit the grass an inch behind the ball. It rolled something less than four feet.

"Hit the ball! Hit the ball!" snapped Russell angrily. "What's the matter with you to-day?"

Mary apologized profusely—probably to keep Russell quiet; and she laughed too—a dry, hard little laugh that didn't have any fun in it. Bill glared at Davidson for an instant, and his mouth opened, but he swallowed whatever impulse was troubling him, and carefully laid his ball on the lip of the cup for a two-inch putt that not even Beth could have missed. Russell then holed his long one, which seemed to put him in a better humor, and the men started for the second tee. In mixed foursomes the drive alternates.

Mary and Beth took the short cut used by the caddies, and I followed them at a discreet distance. Mary babbled incessantly about everything in the world but golf, which was her way of conveying the impression that nothing unusual had happened; and Beth, womanlike, helped her out by pretending to be deeply interested in what Mary was saying. And yet they tell you that if women could learn to bluff they would make good poker players!

As I waited for the men to drive I thought of the Mary Brooke I used to know—the leggy little girl with her hair in pigtails—and I remembered that in those days she would stand just so much teasing from the boys, and then somebody would be slapped hard. Had she changed so much, I wondered?

On the third hole Russell began nagging again, and Bill's face was a study. For two cents I think he would have choked him. Mary tried to carry it off with a smile, but it was a weak effort. Nothing but absolute obedience and recognition of his right to give orders would satisfy Russell.

"It's no use your telling me now that you're sorry," he scolded after Mary had butchered a spoon shot on Number Three. "You won't take advice when it's offered. I told you not to try that confounded spoon. A spoon is no club for a beginner."

Mary gasped.

"But—I'm not a beginner! I've been playing ever and ever so long! And I like that spoon."

"I don't care what you like. If we win this thing you must do as I say."

"Oh! So that's it—because you want to win?"

"What do you think I entered for—exercise? Nothing to beat but a lot of dubs—and you're not even trying!"

"Bill is no dub." Mary flared up a bit in defense of her old friend.

"H'm!" sneered Russell. "So you call him Bill, do you?"

I lost the thread of the conversation there because Mary lowered her voice, but she must have told the young man something for the good of his soul. Anyway he was in a savage frame of mind when he stepped on the fourth tee. He wanted to quarrel with someone, but it wouldn't have been healthy to pick on old Bill, and Russell probably realized it. Bill hadn't spoken to him since the first hole, and to be thus calmly ignored was fresh fuel on a smoldering fire.

There was another explosion on Number Four—such a loud one that everybody heard it.

"There you go again!" snarled Russell. "I give you a perfect drive—I leave you in a position where all you have to do is pop a little mashie over a bunker to the green—and see what a mess you've made of it! I'm sorry I ever entered this fool tournament!"

"I'm sorry too," said Mary quietly, and walked away from him leaving him fuming.

It must have been an uncomfortable situation for Beth and Bill. They kept just as far away from the other pair as they could—an exhibition of delicacy which I am sure Mary appreciated—and pretended not to hear the nasty things Russell said, though there were times when Bill had to hide his clenched fists in his coat pockets. He wanted to hit something, and hit it hard, so he took it out on the ball, with excellent results. And no matter what Beth did or did not do Bill never had anything for her but a cheery grin and words of encouragement. They got quite chummy, those two, and once or twice I thought I surprised resentment in Mary's eye. I may have been mistaken.

Russell grew more rabid as the round proceeded, possibly because Mary's manner was changing. After the seventh hole, where Russell said it was a waste of time to try to teach a woman anything about the use of a wooden club, Mary made not the slightest attempt to placate him. She deliberately ignored his advice, and did it smilingly. She became very gay, and laughed a great deal—too much, in fact—and of course her attitude did not help matters to any appreciable extent. A bully likes to have a victim who cringes under the lash.

The last nine was painful, even to a spectator, and if Russell Davidson had been blessed with the intelligence which God gives a goose he would have kept his mouth shut; but no, he seemed determined to force Mary to take some notice of his remarks. The strangest thing about it was that some fairly good golf was played by all hands. Even fuzzy-headed little Beth pulled off some pretty shots, whereupon Bill cheered uproariously. I think he found relief in making a noise.

While they were on the seventeenth green I spied old Waddles against the skyline, cutting off the entire sunset, and I climbed the hill to tell him the news. You may believe it or not, but up to that moment I had overlooked Waddles entirely. I had been stupid enough to think that the show I had been witnessing was an impromptu affair—a thing of pure chance, lacking a stage manager. Just as I reached the top of the hill, enlightenment came to me—came in company with Mary's laugh, rippling up from below. At a distance it sounded genuine. A shade of disappointment crossed Waddles' wide and genial countenance.

"So it didn't work," said he. "It didn't work—and I'm sixteen dollars to the bad. Hey! Quit pounding me on the back! Anybody but a born ass would have known the whole thing was cooked up for Mary's benefit—and you've just tumbled, eh? Now then, what has he done?"

Briefly, and in words of one syllable, I sketched Russell's activities. Waddles wagged his head soberly.

"Treated her just the same as if he was already married to her, eh? A mixed foursome is no-o-o place for a mean man; give him rope enough and he'll hang himself. How do they stand?"

I had not been keeping the score, so we walked down the hill to the eighteenth tee.

"Pretty soft for you folks," said Waddles with a disarming grin. "Pretty soft. You've only got to beat a net 98."

"Zat so?" asked Bill carelessly, but Russell snatched a score card from his pocket. Instantly his whole manner changed. The sullen look left his face; his eyes sparkled; he smiled.

"We're here in 94," said Russell. "Ten off of that—84. Why—it's a cinch, Mary, a cinch! And I thought you'd thrown it away!"

"And you?" asked Waddles, turning to Bill.

"Oh," said Russell casually, "they've got a gross of 102. What's their handicap?"

"Sixteen," answered Waddles.

"A net 86." Russell became thoughtful. "H'm-m. Close enough to be interesting. Still, they've got to pick up three strokes on us here. Mary, all you've got to do is keep your second shot out of trouble. Go straight, and I'll guarantee to be on the green in three."

Mary didn't say anything. She was watching Waddles—Waddles, with his lip curled into the scornful expression which he reserves for cup hunters and winter members who try to hog the course.

Russell drove and the ball sailed over the direction post at the summit of the hill.

"That'll hold 'em!" he boasted. "Now just keep straight, Mary, and we've got 'em licked!"

Bill followed with another of his tremendous tee shots—two hundred pounds of beef and at least a thousand pounds of contempt behind the pill—and away they went up the path. Russell fell in beside Mary, and at every step he urged upon her the vital importance of keeping the ball straight. He simply bubbled and fizzed with advice, and he smiled as he offered it. I never saw a man change so in a short space of time.

"Well, partner," apologized Beth, "I'm sorry. If I'd only played a tiny bit better——"

"Shucks!" laughed Bill. "Don't you care. What's a little tin cup between friends?"

"A tin cup!" growled Waddles. "Where do you get that stuff? Sterling silver, you poor cow!"

Bill's drive was the long one, so it was up to Mary to play first. Our last hole requires fairly straight shooting, because the course is paralleled at the right by the steep slope of a hill, and at the bottom of that hill is a creek bed, lined on either side by tangled brush and heavy willows. A ball sliced so as to reach the top of the incline is almost certain to go all the way down. On the other side of the fair green there is a wide belt of thick long grass in which a ball may easily be lost. No wonder Russell advised caution.

"Take an iron," said he, "and never mind trying for distance. All we need is a six."

"Boy," said Mary, addressing the caddie, "my brassy, please."

"Give her an iron," countermanded Russell. "Mary, you must listen to me. We've got this thing won now——"

"Fore!" said Mary in the tone of voice which all women possess, but most men do not hear it until after they are married. Russell fell back, stammering a remonstrance, and Mary took her practice swings—four of them. Then she set herself as carefully as if her entire golfing career depended on that next shot. Her back swing was deliberate, the club head descended in a perfect arc, she kept her head down, and she followed through beautifully; but at the click of contact a strangled howl of anguish went up from her partner. She had hit the ball with the rounded toe of the club, instead of the flat driving surface, and the result was a flight almost at right angles with the line of the putting green, a wretched roundhouse shot ticketed for the bottom of the creek bed. By running at top speed Russell was able to catch sight of the ball as it bounded into the willows. Mary looked at Waddles and smiled—the first real smile of the afternoon.

"Isn't that provoking?" said she.

Judging by the language which floated up out of the ravine it must have been all of that. Russell found the ball at last, under the willows and half buried in the sand, and the recovery which he made was nothing short of miraculous. He actually managed to clear the top of the hill. Even Waddles applauded the shot.

Beth took an iron and played straight for the flag. Russell picked the burs from his flannel trousers and counted the strokes on his fingers.

"Hawley will put the next one on the green," said he, "and that means a possible five—a net of 91. A six will win for us, and for pity's sake, Mary, for my sake, get up there somewhere and give me a chance to lay the ball dead!"

Waddles smiled.

"He's quit bossing and gone to begging," said he. "Well, if I was Mary Brooke—— Holy mackerel! She's surely not going to take another shot at it with that brassy!"

But that was exactly what Mary was preparing to do. Russell pleaded, he entreated, and at last he raved wildly; he might have spared his breath.

"Cheer up!" said Mary with a chilly little smile. "I won't slice this one. You watch me." She kept her promise—kept it with a savage hook, which sailed clear across the course and into the thick grass. The ball carried in the rough seventy-five yards from the putting green, and disappeared without even a bounce.

"That one," whispered Waddles, sighing contentedly, "is buried a foot deep. It begins to look bad for love's young dream. Bill, you're away."

Russell, his shoulders hunched and his chin buried in his collar, lingered long enough to watch Bill put an iron shot on the putting green, ten feet from the flag. Then he wandered off into the rough and relieved his feelings by growling at the caddie. He did not quit, however; the true cup hunter never quits. His niblick shot tore through that tangle of thick grass, cut under the ball and sent it spinning high in the air. It stopped rolling just short of the green.

We complimented him again, but he was past small courtesies. Our reward was a black scowl, which we shared with Mary.

"Lay it up!" said he curtly. "A seven may tie 'em. Lay it up!"

By this time quite a gallery had gathered to witness the finish of the match. In absolute silence Mary drew her putter from the bag and studied the shot. It was an absurdly simple one—a 30-foot approach over a level green, and all she had to do was to leave Russell a short putt. Then if Beth missed her ten-footer——

"It's fast," warned Russell. "It's fast, so don't hit it too hard!"

Even as he spoke the putter clicked against the ball, and instantly a gasp of dismay went up from the feminine spectators. I was watching Russell Davidson, and I can testify that his face turned a delicate shade of green. I looked for the ball, and was in time to see it skate merrily by the hole, "going a mile a minute," as Waddles afterward expressed it. It rolled clear across the putting green before it stopped.

Mary ignored the polite murmur of sympathy from the gallery.

"Never up, never in," said she with a cheerful smile. "Russell, I'm afraid you're away."

Waddles pinched my arm.

"Did you get that stuff?" he breathed into my ear. "Did you get it? She threw him down—threw him down cold!"

Russell seemed to realize this, but he made a noble effort to hole the putt. A third miracle refused him, and then Beth Rogers put her ball within three inches of the cup.

"Put it down!" grunted Russell. "Sink it—and let's get it done with!"

Bill tapped the ball into the hole, and the match was over.

"Why—why," stuttered Beth, "then we've won!"

At this point the hand-shaking began. I was privileged to hear one more exchange of remarks between the losers as they started for the clubhouse.

"We had it won—if you'd only listened to me——" Russell began.

"Ah!" said Mary, "you seem to forget that I've been listening to you all the afternoon—listening and learning!"

That very same evening I was sitting on my front porch studying the stars and meditating upon the mutability of human relationships.

A familiar runabout drew up at the Brooke house, and a young man passed up the walk, moving with a stiff and stately stride. In exactly twelve minutes and thirty-two seconds by my watch the young man came out again, bounced down the steps, jumped into his car, slammed the door with a bang like a pistol shot, and departed from the neighborhood with a grinding and a clashing of gears which might have been heard for half a mile.

The red tail light had scarcely disappeared down the street when big Bill Hawley hammered across the Brooke lawn, took the front steps at a bound and rang the doorbell.

Not being of an inquisitive and a prying nature I cannot be certain how long he remained; but at 11 o'clock I thought I heard a door close, and immediately afterward someone passed under my window whistling loudly and unmelodiously. The selection of the unknown serenader was that pretty little thing which describes the end of a perfect day.

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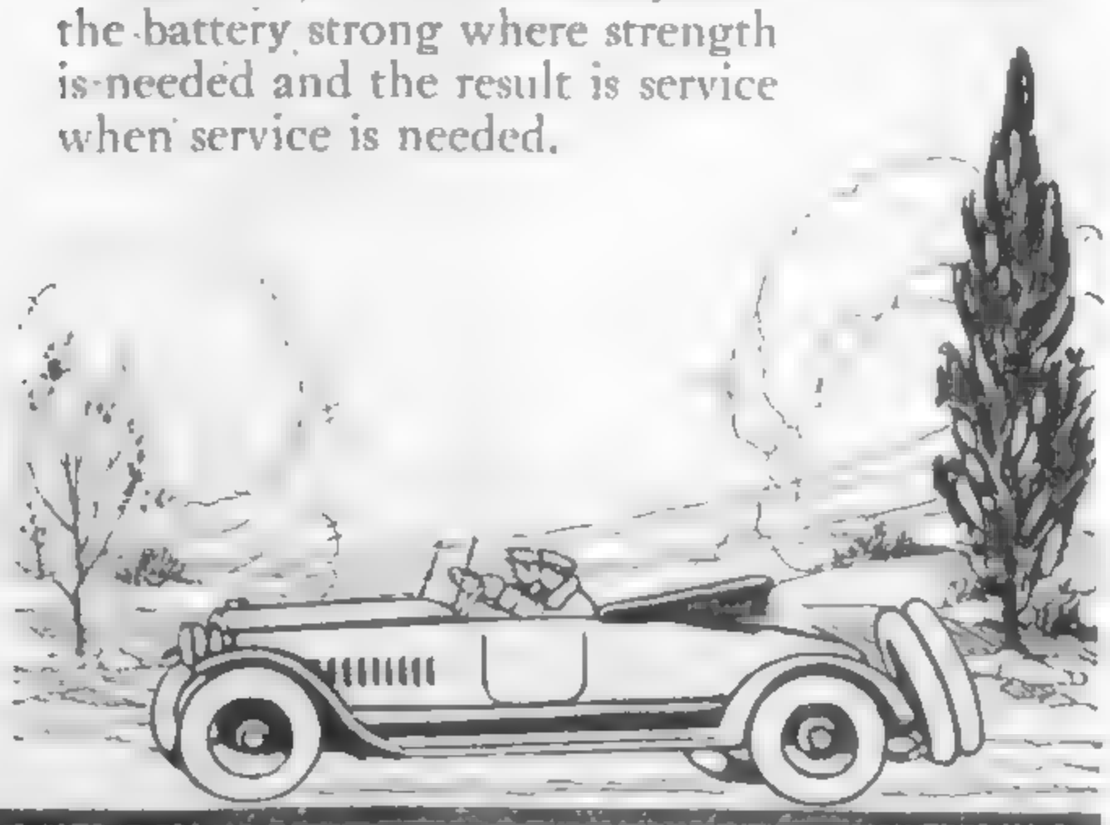

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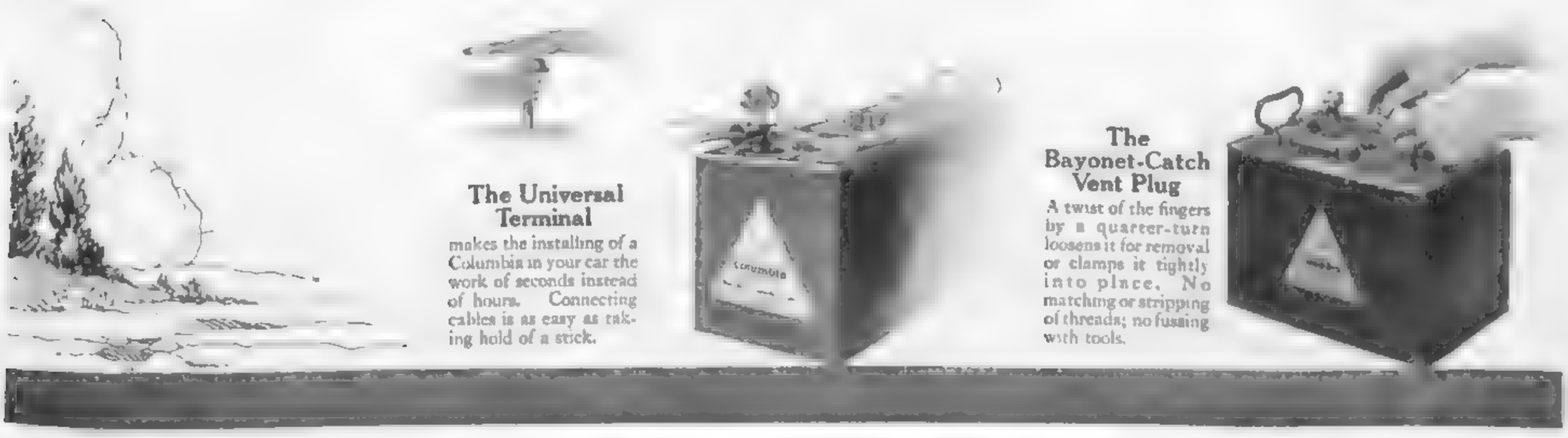

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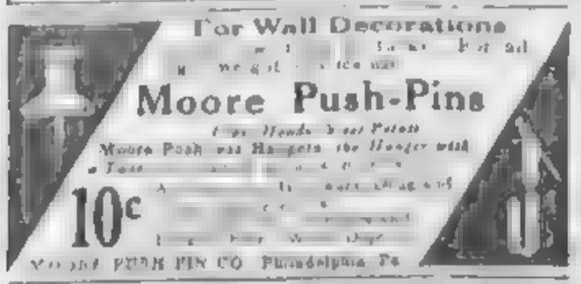

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SWAT THE SPY!

(Continued from Page 15

Gossip can do no good and may do a great deal of harm. Just because you fail to receive a reply to your communication is no reason to suppose that attention has not been given it. Either there is no foundation for suspicion or the Government, as frequently happens, is permitting the spy to operate so as to catch his accomplices too. Your duty is done when the authorities are notified.

All doubts, it must be remembered, are resolved by the Department of Justice, which conducts prosecutions through United States district attorneys. And no one is interned or indicted without thorough investigation. Innocent persons need have no fear that mere suspicion will be accepted as proof.

Most difficult to detect of all spies is the man in uniform. The penalty is death, of course; but this never has deterred the master spy. Some of them are now foolishly relying on the theory that America is too good-natured to execute a spy even if found in its own army or navy. Thus far there have been a few instances of men who impersonated officers. These have proved to be crooks and swindlers intent on fraud and robbery. But some real spies are believed to have enlisted in the American Army. Several persons who qualified for commissions through the officers' training camps have been suspected of other than patriotic motives. In cases where investigation has not brought evidence sufficient for severe punishment those whose loyalty has been doubted were ordered into inactive service.

Curiously enough, fewer complaints of enemy activity have come from American cities where German colonies are located than from cities where other large foreign elements reside. This is attributed to the fact that the American citizens in the first-mentioned communities have since the outbreak of the war been especially watchful, and also to the fact that the German-Americans, most of whom have pledged their allegiance to their adopted country, omit no opportunity to demonstrate their Americanism.

Beware of German Waiters

German waiters, however, have come under suspicion, particularly in Atlantic and Pacific ports. Our Government agents frequently have noticed the remarkable solicitude that waiters have shown at tables where military matters were being discussed. Something was wrong with the tablecloth. A saltcellar was missing. An extra knife had to be procured. There always seemed to be some excuse for loitering, and one detective actually caught a waiter who was presumably adding up checks simply taking down in shorthand a conversation designed especially for the occasion!

American citizens who possess information valuable to the enemy should be most careful about discussions in public places. Children and women messengers are often used in the German spy system to send communications to and from barred zones. Immoral women whose ideas of loyalty and patriotism have been warped by their conscienceless lives also have lent themselves to German schemes and plots. One girl, in whom Von Rintelen placed the utmost confidence, reported daily to the authorities, and brought about his arrest. And from that case the Government learned half what it knows to-day of German spy methods.

Commercial spies are numerous and well trained. They are apparently engaged in innocent transactions for the last fifteen or twenty years they have been keeping the German Government advised on the progress of American industries. The business of secret communication is second nature to them. They are the class with which the cable censors have most to deal.

But the greatest menace to America is not in the spy who conveys military and naval information to the enemy across or under seas. After all, the United States is three thousand miles away from the conflict, and German spies abroad in Great Britain and France, where the opportunities to smuggle news through neutral countries and by means of the skippers and seamen on neutral ships that pass to and from enemy ports are much more numerous than in the United States. America must be on guard against a more subtle enemy than the military spy—the enemy propagandist.

The ordinary conception of a propagandist is either a German who makes public speeches or one who writes pro-German communications to the newspapers. All this was true before the United States became a belligerent. The means now used are more indirect but no less vicious. Destruction of property is more easily curbed than the destruction of a nation's spirit. And to that end the insidious operations of the enemy are to-day dedicated.

Germany's avowed purpose with respect to the United States is to produce serious divisions of opinion. The German General Staff from the start has argued of its numerous enemies: "Those whom we cannot destroy we shall divide." History alone will tell how great a part paid agents of Germany had in producing the chaos now regnant in Russia. Italy was almost subverted, but was saved in time. Efforts to detach France and constant pleadings with Japan are open secrets. Both nations have loyally revealed the manner of that intrigue. Therefore, when the United States of America, most powerful of all Allies, most resourceful, most wealthy in men and money—entered the lists, the German Government at first scoffed. "What can they do, with the Atlantic Ocean between us and the submarine so effective?" But neither distance nor the torpedo is invincible.

Berlin's Underhand Methods

Now the battle goes further—to the heart of America's strength, the democracy that pulses in the veins of the Republic. "If poison can be infused into the blood of America," reasons the German tactician, "her institutions will weaken, her hand will falter, her mind will grow sluggish and her counsels disordered." Brains resident in Berlin may set forth the purpose; but brains resident in America, familiar with our ways, acquainted with our strong points and our weaknesses, must execute that purpose. We are fighting not merely enemies without but enemies within.

The German line of attack changes as events or circumstances require, but substantially it strives to make as many Americans as possible believe these things: That America has no business in a European war; that the capitalists of Wall Street brought it on; that we are trying to impose on Germany a democracy she does not want; that Germany never has declared war on us; and that we are inseparably entangled with the Entente Allies in a war of conquest. If you say, "Yes, but how about the Lusitania?" the answer invariably is: "Oh, that's a technical question, military necessity, a rule of war, something to negotiate over but not to go to war about." Lives of men, women and children are always technical questions with the German General Staff—especially the lives of others!

Examine the German-language newspapers during the first few months of the war, read carefully some of the seditious literature that daily comes to the office of the attorney-general, and the arguments summed up above are emphasized and reemphasized with an amazing uniformity. It is the German plan of campaign—the first offensive of the German psychological drive.

So plainly is this mode of attack the product of the German General Staff that confirmation came recently in a cable dispatch direct from Berlin which our own censors inadvertently permitted to pass through and which hundreds of American newspapers printed without stopping to analyze. Here is the press dispatch as it was printed in our newspapers:

"BERLIN, Sunday, Nov. 25, via London, Nov. 28. A report received from the Western Front describing the American troops in action says:

"'Independent American units have been thrown in the trench line. The felt hat has given way to the English-fashioned steel helmet, and the whistling and bursting of shells have become familiar sounds to American ears. For the first time since they have been participating as independent contingents the Americans have tasted hand-to-hand scuffle. But this time the shells did not merely fly over their heads but into the very trenches they had selected, and presently, with an infernal noise, these things which the young soldiers believed to be a firm protection began to quake and burst.

"'And hard on the heels of this a firm attack by our onrushing Bavarian reserves forced the way into the American trenches, and musket shots and hand grenades relieved the artillery fire.

"'Our new opponents made a most determined defense, and desperate hand-to-hand fighting set in. Butts of guns, fists and hand grenades were freely brought into play and many fell to the ground before the rest gave up resistance and surrendered. After a bare hour the German storming troops were back in their trenches with booty and prisoners.

"'There they stood before us, these young men from the land of liberty. They were sturdy and sportsmanlike in build. Good-natured smiles radiated from their blue eyes, and they were quite surprised that we did not propose to shoot them down, as they had been led in the French training camp to believe we would do.

"'They know no reply to our query "Why does the United States carry on war against Germany?" The sinking of American ships by U-boats, which was the favorite pretext, sounds a trifle stale. One prisoner expressed the opinion that we had treated Belgium rather badly. Another asserted that it was Lafayette who brought America French aid in the war of Independence, and because of this the United States would now stand by France.'"

First notice the reference to the English-fashioned helmet, a remark calculated to appeal to the radical Irish or extreme anti-British feeling in this country. The Germans have tried not a little to put over the idea that America was fighting England's war. Note, further, the flattery of our "sturdy and sportsmanlike" young men with "good-natured smiles," intended to show the affectionate attitude of the German toward the American, against whom, the German propagandists adroitly argue, even in this country, that the Imperial Government has never declared war.

The final paragraph of the dispatch discloses the purpose of the whole thing: "Why does the United States carry on war against Germany?" German agents have not ceased their efforts from the beginning to prove that Wall Street drew America into the war and that this country really had no grievance. Germany's own arguments are put in the mouths of American prisoners, and the propaganda itself is deliberately sent back to the United States for American consumption!

Subtle Propaganda

For months the United States hasn't received a line of news directly from Berlin, and the very first thing that is permitted to leak out—a German report of Americans in action at the Front—is too much like news to be thought anything else; and the man who framed the dispatch in Berlin succeeds in getting it printed in hundreds of American newspapers and read by millions. It is precisely such a subtle propaganda that agents of Germany are carrying on in the United States. Why is America at war? Indeed, there are many people who do not read the newspapers closely and who, taking only a superficial view of even the most vital problems of their own country, are easily misled by specious arguments. The loyal American citizen who wants to fight pernicious propaganda should inform himself thoroughly on all the points raised by the German agents or their indirect representatives. And it must be remembered that there are many genuine Americans who conscientiously argue the views so frequently espoused by the German propagandists.

A Wall Street war? Does anyone think for a minute that the men, women and children who have been drowned without warning were traveling at the behest of financiers? Did the right of a noncombatant to journey on the high seas, a right admitted by Germany yet abrogated by military necessity, come from any group of citizens? Wasn't it the heritage of the nation itself? To yield a single right meant to submit to German domination. It meant to sacrifice the life of the nation itself and render valueless forever its influence in the civilized world.

(Continued on Page 65)

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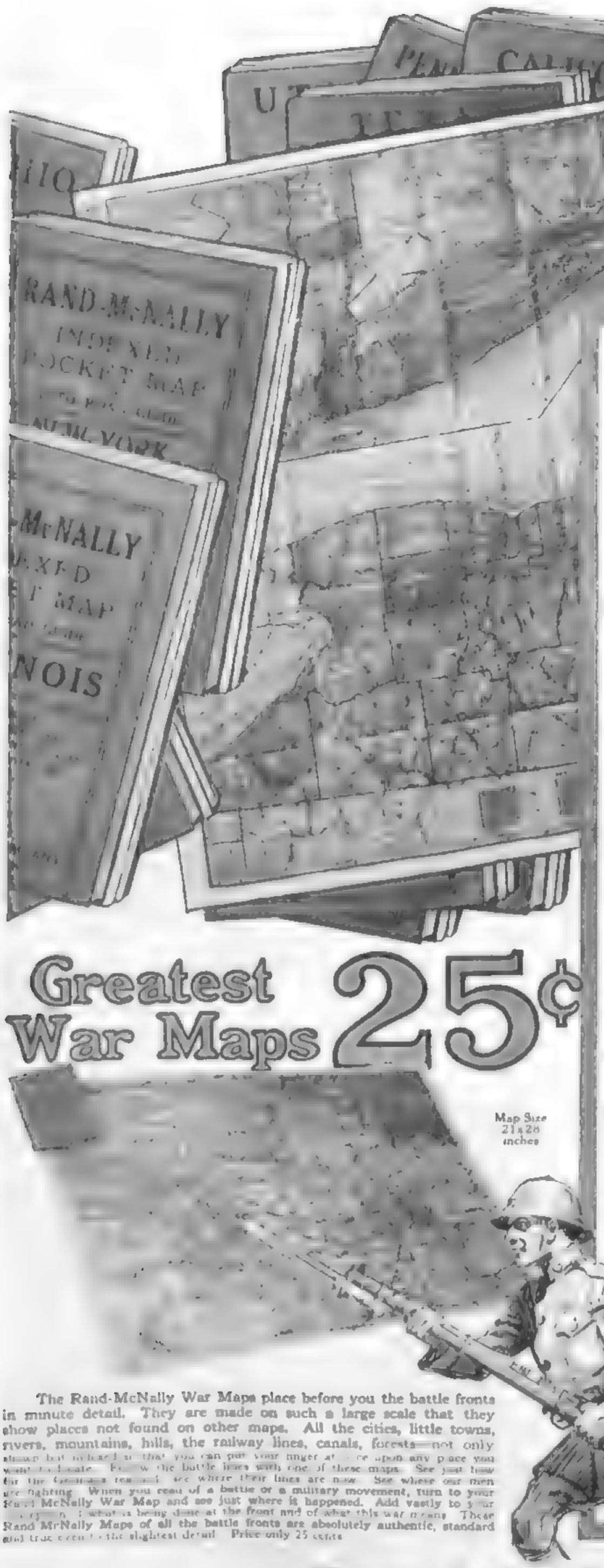

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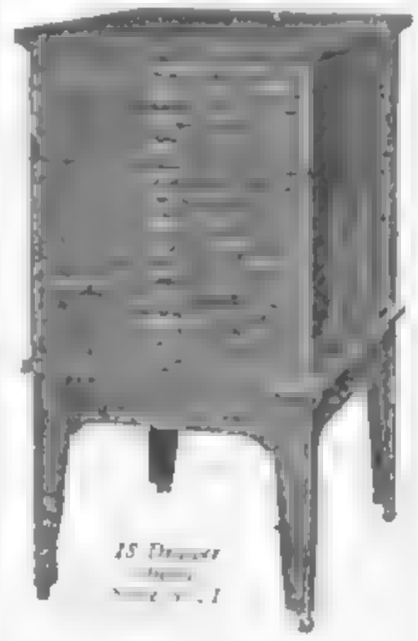

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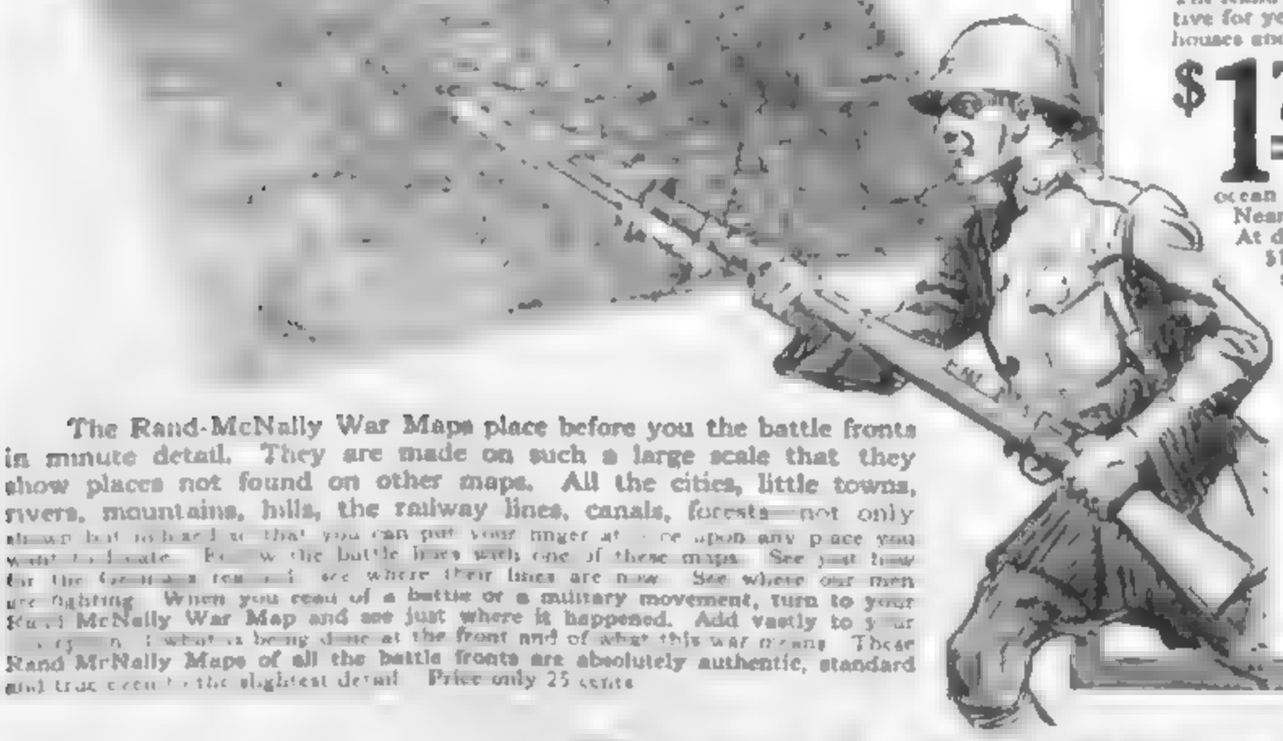

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DEPARTMENTS

(Continued from Page 62)

As between a craven obedience to German rule on the sea and a stern refusal to submit to the command of an arrogant government, the President and the Congress of the United States, obeying a patriotic people, made war.

Of course from Germany's viewpoint it is eminently desirable to say the whole controversy about sinking American ships is a trifle stale. So is it to the German purpose to make the people of the United States forget the purport and implications of the famous Zimmermann note. And unfortunately many Americans have forgotten—and dozens of men you meet on the street cannot even recall what the Zimmermann note was—so casual has the average American's interest been hitherto in international affairs.

Loyal citizens can remind their neighbors, especially the misguided ones who think America had no grievance, just what such things as the Zimmermann note mean in terms of America's right to exist as a free country. While the United States Government was attempting to negotiate a settlement of the vexed submarine controversy, while, indeed, the President of the United States was endeavoring to bring about peace, something Germany pretended to seek, the Imperial Government's foreign secretary was sending instructions to the German minister in Mexico to involve Mexico and Japan in a war against the United States. Americans had heard talk of a German invasion and had ridiculed it. They had read books of Germany's plan to conquer the Entente and then violate the Monroe Doctrine in the Western Hemisphere—but no evidence existed. Suspicions were many but proofs unhappily too few. Suddenly the United States intercepted Herr Zimmermann's note to the German minister in Mexico and the whole plot was revealed. No longer was there any doubt what the Kaiser meant in his conversation with Ambassador Gerard when he said: "After this war I shall brook no nonsense from America." And in answer to that challenge the words of President Wilson in his war message will never be forgotten. "The time has come," said the President, "to conquer or submit. For us there can be but one choice. We have made it."

Free Speech Permitted

Education on the issues of the war is the best plan of counter-attack that the Washington Government has devised against enemy propaganda. Suppression of obvious German propagandists is necessary, but the arresting of American citizens of the anti-war type is not a real cure. Suppression in this instance may tend to confirm the German-made impression that the United States does not feel sure of her ground, that she cannot justify her entry into the war. The policy thus far in some cases has been to let American citizens who oppose the war talk as loudly as they choose. Only the loyal Americans must talk louder and at the same time expose the character of the other argument and its direct relation to Germany's plans.

In a debate as to the merits of the German or American case the average citizen of this country will have no difficulty in making up his mind. The trouble is that the enemy propagandists have had it very much their own way. Americans have not bothered themselves to refute fallacies. They must, however, meet them now on every occasion.

For what Germany wants to do is to prevent labor from keeping on good terms with capital, to cause endless strikes and industrial disputes, to spread germs of discontent among ship employees, to carry back and forth tales of alleged profits and inspire demands for higher wages, foment mutual antagonisms, cause food panics and food riots, destroy munition plants and factories—in short, to do everything that will prevent America from getting to the Allies the ships, food, munitions and supplies they need to insure victory.

To call a labor leader pro-German or an enemy agent is in nine cases out of ten absolutely wrong. But to trace the subtle manner in which enemy agents have through devious ways influenced a labor leader to call a strike just as frequently leads back to German agents or sympathizers. With hundreds and thousands of agents no one can be occupied in anything that is too trivial some day to cause trouble. Enemies are quietly slipped into the laboring communities to talk against the employer to argue against the war, to call it a rich man's affair and to deplore the hardships of the workingman. Capital and labor are hard things to reconcile in times of peace. Not all industrial discontent is due to the war. But true patriotism demands that both employers and employees shall be the more careful not to lend themselves consciously or unconsciously to enemy plots.

Socialism is the best vehicle the Germans have found. The trend of the age is socialistic. It is so during all wars. Many of the socialist leaders are not aware that they are mere puppets for German agents.

"I don't know a single German. I never would listen to one," remarks an indignant socialist. "I have believed in socialism for twenty years."

But Mr. Jones, who has been a socialist in time of peace and is exultant over the growth of the movement to-day, does not realize how enemy agents have filled the homes of American citizens with fallible arguments about the war and have resorted even to the districting of communities wherein slowly but gradually the seeds of disloyalty have been sown by Americans who believed themselves right in their views because no dissent or dispute rose from any near-by quarter.

Poison in Small Doses

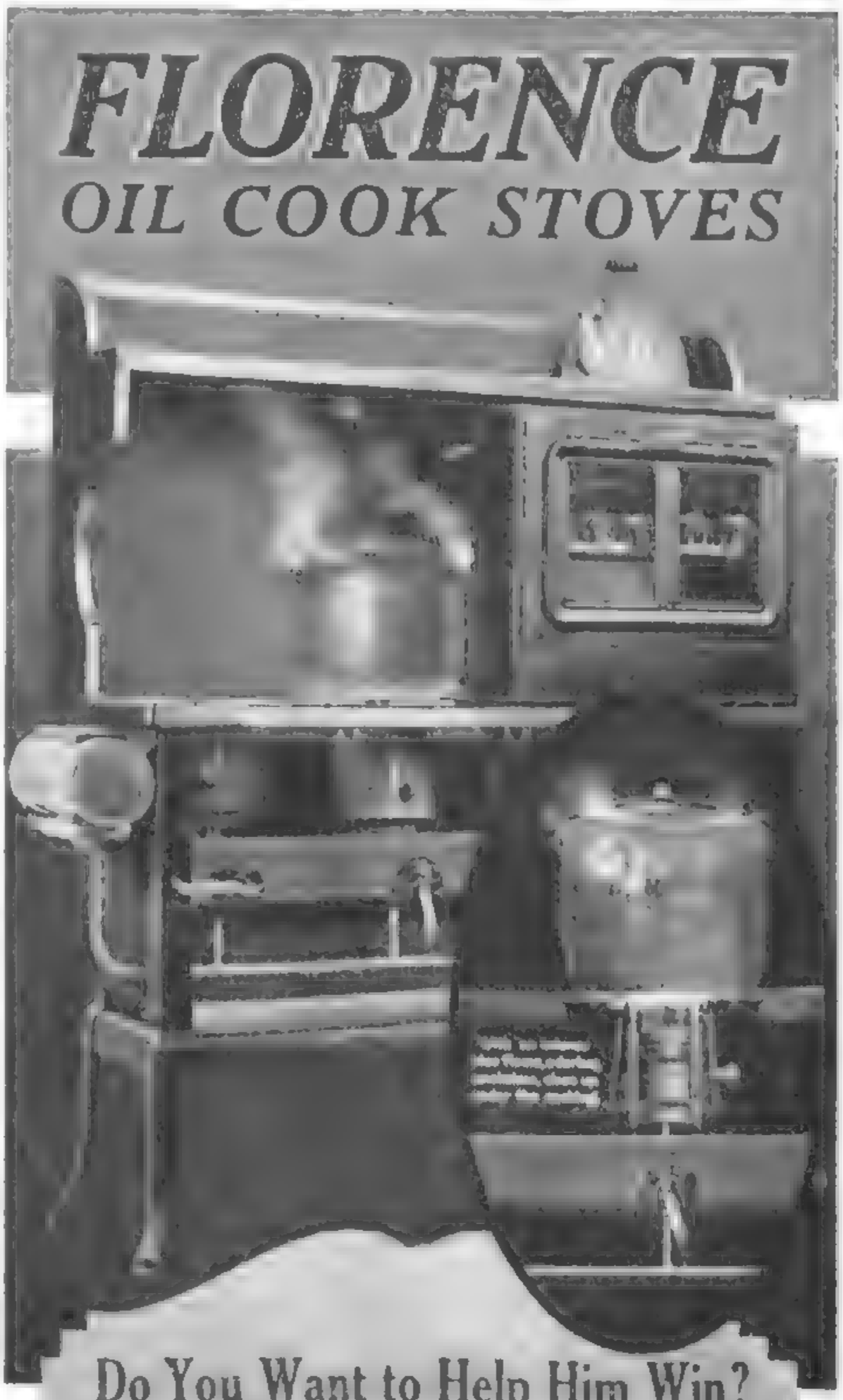
Many millions of our people read newspapers and magazines, but many millions, especially among the immigrant classes, do not get their opinions from newspapers but at the corner stores and saloons, lodges and family gatherings. The mouth-to-mouth method and quiet tip are especially successful when the intention is to spread war lies. The barber or the bartender drops a casual remark: "I hear there was a big battle yesterday and ten thousand Americans were killed"; or perhaps he says: "I just heard from a customer that a battleship has been blown up"; or maybe: "You have no idea how many of our soldiers are sick."

War lies are particularly malevolent. England and France had them too. They have, however, been circulated with remarkable ingenuity in the United States. Taking advantage of the shortage in sugar, for instance, the Germans started a drive on salt and matches. A few persons purchased the entire supply of certain stores in each of several cities. Later, when in the natural course customers asked for these articles, the shopkeepers had none on hand. In quick time word was spread of the new famine. Soon what had previously been an ample supply was exhausted and hoarding produced even a greater shortage. American citizens should not be fooled by such tactics. Hoarding food and supplies is one way to assist the very purpose of enemy agents.

Stories of the most fanciful character have been invented to destroy faith and confidence in the honesty of the Government and in the agencies engaged in conducting the war for the people of the United States. Lies have been spread describing epidemics, scenes of terrible suffering in the camps, overfeeding and underfeeding of troops, graft in fuel and food administration, the sale of Red Cross supplies, the waste of public moneys, and—worst of all—alleged letters "from the Front" telling of serious losses to our men, sea disasters and untold hardships. To repeat these lies is to strengthen the propaganda of Germany.

In one case a yarn was simultaneously started in several cities to the effect that Joseph Patrick Tumulty, private secretary to the President, had been sent to Fort Leavenworth Prison. Mr. Tumulty paid no attention to the propaganda, but the story recurred so often—people even wrote letters to President Wilson about it—that the White House issued a formal statement exposing the German game.

Why was the tale about the President's secretary circulated? To prove that all sorts of high crimes and misdemeanors were being committed in Washington under the cloak of the censorship, and to promote disaffection among Irish-Americans. Department of Justice officials have been trying to trace these stories to their point of origin, but so skillfully have they been planted that it takes no end of energy to run them down—and the Germans would like to send our detectives on as many wild-goose chases as they can. Unfortunately loyal Americans have given impetus to the German scheme by repeating the Tumulty story and other war lies. Both the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of War



Do You Want to Help Him Win?

Do you want to bring your son back safely? Do you want to help him win this war?

You can at least contribute a rifle for one of our soldiers—by saving cartridge belt and all—by helping to save coal.

Coal is more important to a gunpowder to America's contribution to the war. We must win, and to win we must save coal—50,000,000 tons of coal.

There is plenty of kerosene—and kerosene is one of the most convenient and economical forms of fuel.

Using kerosene in a Florence Wickless Blue Flame Cooking Stove is like using gas. You turn a lever, quickly a match and get a clean, hot flame close to the cooking. No wick to trim, to get uneven, to smoke and smell. Instead, a flame that is clean, odorless, and intensely hot, hotter than you would believe possible, regulated by a simple lever that shows just where to put the dial to get very hot, moderate, or simmering heat.

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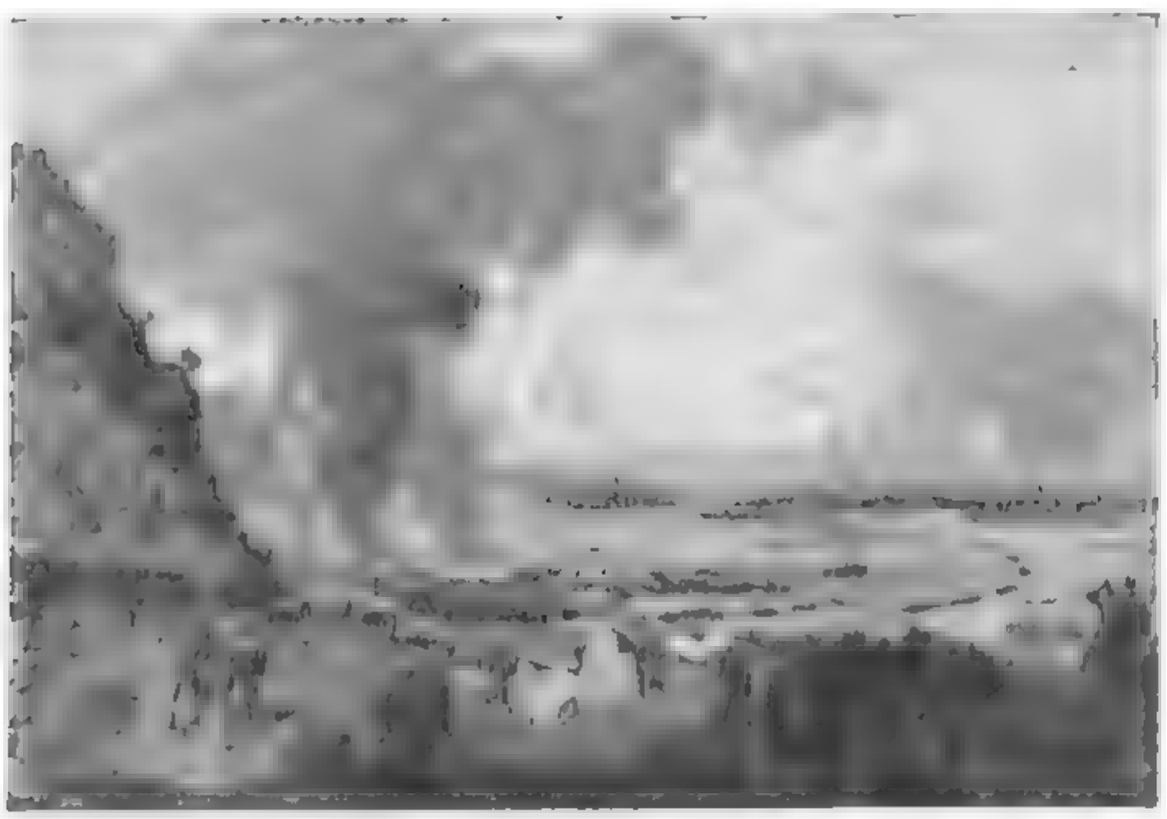

We Must "Follow-Up"

The story of the Gallipoli withdrawal is a tale of inadequate support. Like Salamanders clinging to the red-hot bars of a fiery furnace, the boys of Australia and New Zealand clung to the slopes of Anzac. Desperately, heroically they clung. No troops under any circumstances ever displayed greater soldierly qualities or upheld more sacredly the best traditions of England's Army. But they had to withdraw because the "follow-up" was not there.

To some of us it has been given to march with the columns of troops that go to France. And to others it is given to wave Godspeed. But he who marches and he who stays is equally a citizen of the world's mightiest republic and equally responsible for its success in this greatest of undertakings.

Then let us at home turn from our flag waving and consider how necessary we are, how useful we must be. Those who go to fight cannot hope to win by naked bravery and we cannot hope to win unless every individual at home does *all* he can. We must have no Gallipoli.

The Bell System is only one of the myriad great and small industries which are co-operating that nothing be left undone to keep a constant, efficient stream of men, guns, ammunition, food, clothing and comforts flowing to the front.

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have pledged themselves to reveal at once any unfavorable news. In the absence of official announcements the American people have been asked to be wary of unauthorized reports no matter by whom circulated. For it is very easy to distribute rumor. One always gives it on the word of somebody else—and that somebody else is either imaginary or very difficult to find when once you start to run a rumor down.

By these lies the German Government seeks to spread terror in America, to dispirit our people, to depress them, to fill their minds with horror and their hearts with despair; to make them weary of the war and to influence them thereby to bring pressure to bear on their chosen representatives in the Government to end the struggle at a time when it is favorable to Germany to have it ended.

Not a word, however, do enemy agents say about the menace of another war begun five or ten years after the present war is concluded, if perchance this one ended without the extermination of German militarism, if peace merely permitted of a truce while all the belligerents caught their breath, recuperated and went at it again. German propagandists are always urging an immediate negotiation for peace, and many Americans who love peace are receptive to arguments of this kind because they do not readily see what a German peace means.

Therefore, people in all walks of life can assist the Government in explaining to their friends and neighbors, who cannot or will not seek light on such matters themselves, what are the dangers of a premature peace, what are the issues that brought war to America, what has been the menace to the freedom of this republic and what it will be in future generations unless militarism, with its costly taxation for armaments, is once and for all rendered futile. It was this militarism which conceived of spy systems for times of peace as well as war. It was this militarism which treacherously played with the soft-spoken words of the United States Government and at the same time sought by secret plot to align Mexico and Japan in hostile combination against us. Peace is coming—but only when the world is rid of such pernicious institutions and a free government has risen in Germany composed of liberty-loving individuals like ourselves, coveting the territory of no neighbor, tempted by no spirit of imperial conquest, menacing the lives of no peoples, but anxious to live happily in a place under the sun without begrudging similar solar rights to other nations.

THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Certainly not!" I said firmly, ignoring a nudge on the policeman's part. "He left before you came—there was ample time. It is not of the least consequence, anyhow. Again, I beg your pardon"; and as she inclined her head I bowed and closed the door.

"I trust, Mr. Bayne, that you are satisfied at last." This was the St. Ives' manager, and I did not like his tone.

"I am satisfied of several things," I retorted sharply; "but before I share them with you will you kindly tell me your name?"

"My name is Ritter," said he with dignity. "I confess I fail to see what bearing ——"

"Call it curiosity," I interrupted. "Doctor, favor me with yours."

The doctor peered at me over his glasses, hesitated, then revealed his patronym. It was Swanburger, he informed me.

"But, my dear sir, what on earth ——"

"Merely," said I with conviction, "that this isn't an Allies' night. It is *Deutschland uber Alles;* the stars are fighting for the Teuton race. Now let's hear how you were christened"—turning to the house detective, who looked even less sunny than before, if that could be.

"See here, whatcher giving us?" snarled that somewhat unpolished worthy. "My name's Zeitfeld; but I was born in this country, don't you forget it, same as you!"

"A great American personality," I remarked dreamily, "has declared that in the hyphenate lies the chief menace to the United States. And what's your name?" I asked the representative of law and order. "Is it Schmidt?"

"No, sorr," he responded, grinning. "It's O'Reilly, sorr."

"Thank heaven for that! You've saved my reason," I assured him as I leaned against the wall and scanned the Germanic hordes.

"Mr. Ritter," said I, addressing that gentleman coldly, "when I am next in New York I don't think I shall stop with you. The atmosphere here is too hectic; you answer calls for help too slowly—calls, at least, in which a guest indiscreetly tells you that he has caught a German thief. It looks extremely queer, gentlemen. And there are some other points as well ——"

But there I paused. I lacked the necessary conviction. After all I was the average citizen—with the average incredulity of the far-fetched, the melodramatic, the absurd. To connect the head-waiter's panic at my departure with the episode in my room, to declare that the floor clerks had been called from their posts of set purpose and the halls deliberately cleared for the thief—were flights of fancy that were beyond me. The more fool I!

By the time I saw the last of the adventure I began that night—it was all written in the nth power, and introduced in more or less important rôles the most charming girl in the world; the most spectacular hero of France; the cleverest secret-service agent in the pay of the Fatherland; and, I sometimes ruefully suspected, the biggest imbecile of the United States in the person of myself. I knew better than to call any idea impossible simply because it might sound wild. But for the moment my education was in its initial stages; and turning with a shrug from three scowling faces I led my friendly bluecoat a little aside.

"I've no more time to-night to spend thief-catching, officer," I told him. I had just recalled my dinner, now utterly ruined, and Dunny, probably at this instant cracking walnuts as fiercely as if each one were the Kaiser's head. "But I'm an amateur in these affairs, and you are a master; before I go, as man to man, what the dickens do you make of this?"

Flattered, he looked profound. "I'm thinking, sorr," he gave judgment, "ye had the rights of it. Seein' as how th' thafe is German ye'll not set oies on him more—for divvle a wan here but's of that counthry, and they stick together something fierce!"

"Well," I admitted, "our thoughts run parallel. Here is something to drink confusion to them all. And, O'Reilly, I am glad I'm going to sail to-morrow. I'd rather live in a sea full of submarines than in this hotel, wouldn't you?"

Touching his forehead he assented, and wished me good night and a good journey; part of which hope went unfulfilled, by the way. That ocean voyage of mine was to take rank, in part at least, as a first-class nightmare; the Central Powers could scarcely have improved on it by torpedoing us in midocean or by speeding us upon our trip with a cargo of time-clock bombs.

III

THE sailing of the King of Italy was scheduled for three P. M. promptly, but being well acquainted with the ways of steamers at most times, above all in these piping times of war, it was not until an hour later that I left the St. Ives, where the manager, by the way, did not appear to bid me farewell.

The thermometer had been falling, and the day was crisp and snappy, with a light powdering of snow underfoot and a blue tang and sparkle in the air. Dunny accompanied me in the taxicab, but was less talkative than usual. Indeed, he spoke only two or three times between the hotel and the pier.

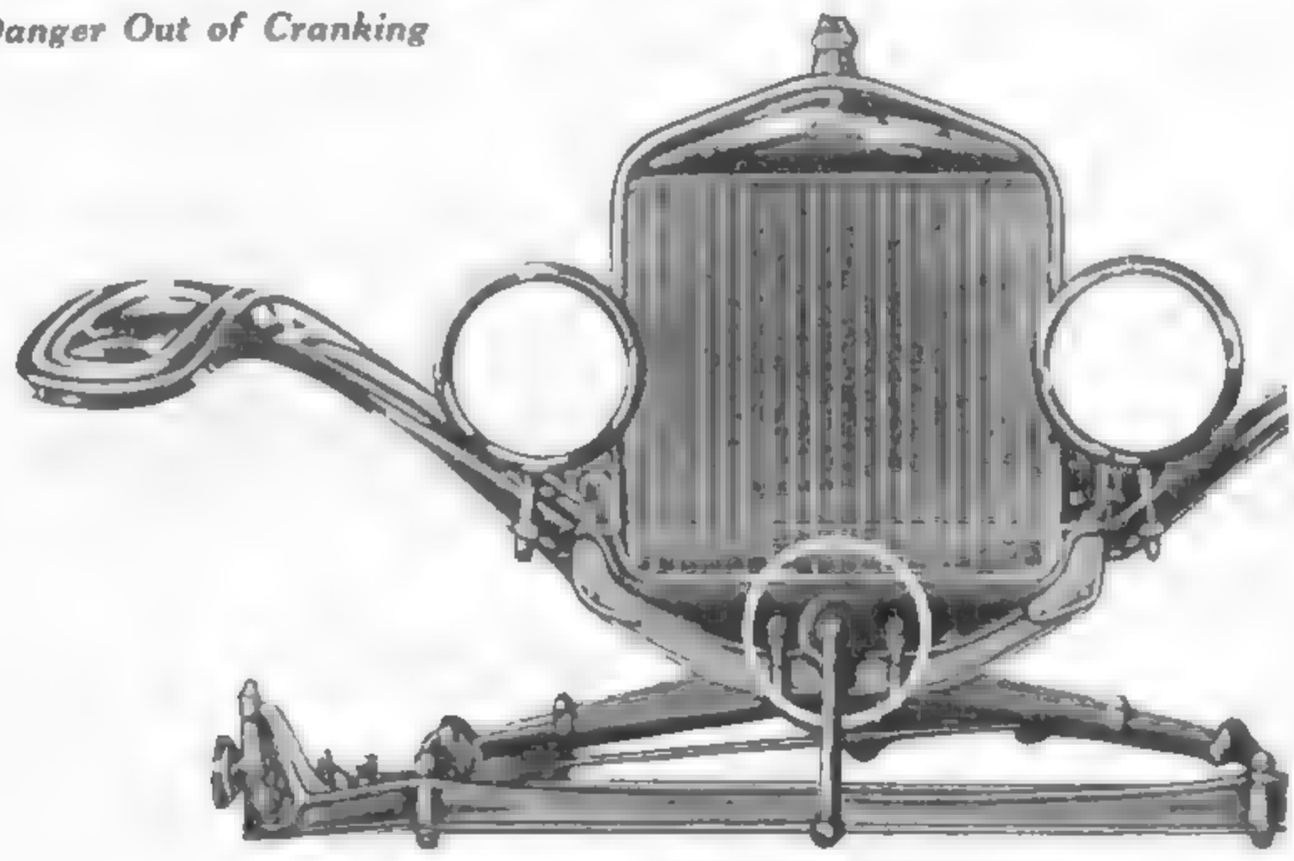
"I say, Dev," was his first contribution to the conversation, "d'you remember it was at a dock that you and I first met? It was night, blacker than Tophet, and raining, and you came ashore wet as a rag. You were the lonesomest, chilliest, most forlorn little tike I ever saw; but, by the Eternal, you were trying not to cry!"

"Lonesome? I rather think so!" I echoed with conviction. "Wynne and his wife brought me over; he played poker all the way and she read novels in her berth. And I heard everyone say that I was an orphan and that it was very, very sad. Well, I was never lonely after that, Dunny." My hand met his halfway.

(Continued on Page 69)

The Carson Safety Crank

Takes Danger Out of Cranking



Especially designed for Fords

You can start your Ford with absolute *safety* in any weather, and under any conditions

With this new crank on your car, you can safely advance your spark and get quicker firing, under all conditions. If your motor back-fires it makes no difference, because the Carson Safety Crank is instantly and automatically released from the crank shaft.

It is *impossible* to be "kicked" by the crank handle if your car is equipped with this new crank.

The Carson Safety Crank, in case of back-fire, is automatically disconnected from the crank shaft.

The largest concern in America bought them for the accident insurance feature alone.

Thousands in daily use, and giving satisfaction.

$7.50 delivered

Anywhere in the United States
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Patented
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Sales territory open in some sections. Write for proposition.

Danger of Injury Eliminated

This new crank in no way tampers with the engine, and in no way alters the construction of your car. It is the regular Ford crank made automatically kickless by our patented device.

A few minutes only are required to install on your car. The crank reaches you complete, with full instructions for installation.

These features make it the most valuable improvement yet offered to the Ford Automobile.

SAFETY—Advance your spark fully and fearlessly; connect crank handle by customary pressure; crank your car as usual, and your motor starts without danger from back-fire.

SIMPLICITY—The mechanism of the Carson Safety Crank consists of three parts of case-hardened steel. There is nothing to get out of order. It is practically indestructible.

SERVICE—In addition to eliminating all danger from back-fire, the Carson Safety Crank is ready to start your motor more quickly and safely under all conditions because you can get quicker firing.

SATISFACTION—The safety assured, the quicker starting made possible, the ease of operation, and the sturdy mechanical construction, combine to make the Carson Safety Crank give the utmost satisfaction.

EFFICIENCY GUARANTY:

If for any reason, after ten days' trial, a purchaser is not satisfied, the purchase price will be promptly refunded in cash, and carrying charges both ways paid upon return of the crank to the manufacturer.

DEALERS:

Wire for Carson Safety Cranks if you have not ordered. A simple demonstration proves absolutely convincing. Dealers throughout the United States are ordering from 5 to 100 at start. Selling on sight to majority of Ford owners. Circular gives full details and particulars. Write or wire for Carson Safety Cranks.

The price, delivered anywhere in the United States, is $7.50. If your nearest dealer has not yet stocked, mail the coupon and we will send crank by express, prepaid. $8.50 delivered in Canada.

Carson Manufacturing Corporation, Richmond, Va.

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Enclosed find $7.50 for a Carson Safety Crank which I purchase under your guaranty of satisfaction or money back.

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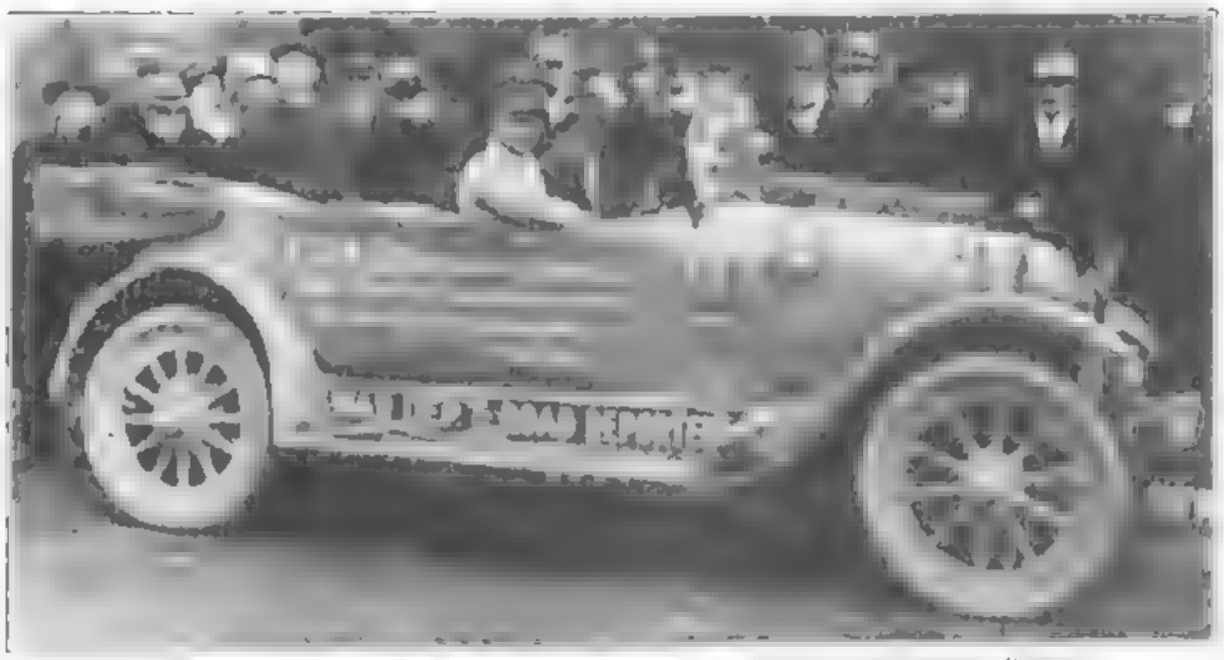
The Cheapest Insurance Against Accidents to Ford Drivers

Another Great Victory Scored



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Elgin Six

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4-Passenger Roadster.
Sedan Model, $1645.
All Chassis Uniform.
117-inch Wheelbase.
Valve-in-head Motor.

Chicago to the Pacific Coast and back—twice across the Rockies—no chance to touch the engine—no chance to even look at clutch or transmission—that is the latest wonderful record of the ELGIN SIX.

Valve-in-head Motor never faltering on steepest inclines, in deepest mud nor heaviest sands—

Clutch holding on mile after mile of steepest mountain climbs—

Brakes holding fast on mile after mile of downward plunges—where *slipping meant death*—

What eloquent proof of the 100% *stamina* and *dependability* of the ELGIN SIX.

And Economy—19.4 Miles to the Gallon of Gasoline

ENGINE, clutch and transmission SEALED, performed *without adjustment—without repair*—for two solid months of continuous travel.

The car ran perfectly in the freezing, rarefied atmosphere above the clouds; and *cooled* perfectly in 132 degrees of desert heat.

A broken fan-belt—compelling the car to travel a thousand miles homeward *with a still fan*—a performance almost unbelievable—added a crucial test.

This stock car was selected and placed under *seal* by the Chicago Motor Club as an Official Road Reporting "Scout Car" and traveled under the auspices of the American Automobile Association and the Detroit Automobile Club.

In the Service of the U. S. War Dept.

But the greatest honor was conferred upon the ELGIN SIX when Secretary of War Baker, in a personal letter, appointed it "Official Scout Car" to report transcontinental road conditions to the War Department for emergency movements of troops and supplies.

A car exactly like the one which made this great world's record (which was one of our regular stock cars) may be purchased of any Elgin dealer for $1095.

To Dealers:

Successful dealers are coming fast to the Elgin Six because

1. The car, popular in price, beautiful in line and finish, perfect in action, sells readily and makes friends everywhere.

2. Our factory additions, just completed, give us a 100-car a day capacity—*plenty of cars.*

3. Located in the world's greatest shipping center, Chicago. No matter what freight congestion at other points—*guaranteed deliveries.*

See us at the National Automobile Show in Chicago. Let us show you why the Elgin, "the World's Champion Light Six," is the car for you to handle, providing your territory is open.

Write or wire Dept. 31 today concerning an appointment

Send for booklet describing this world famous record.

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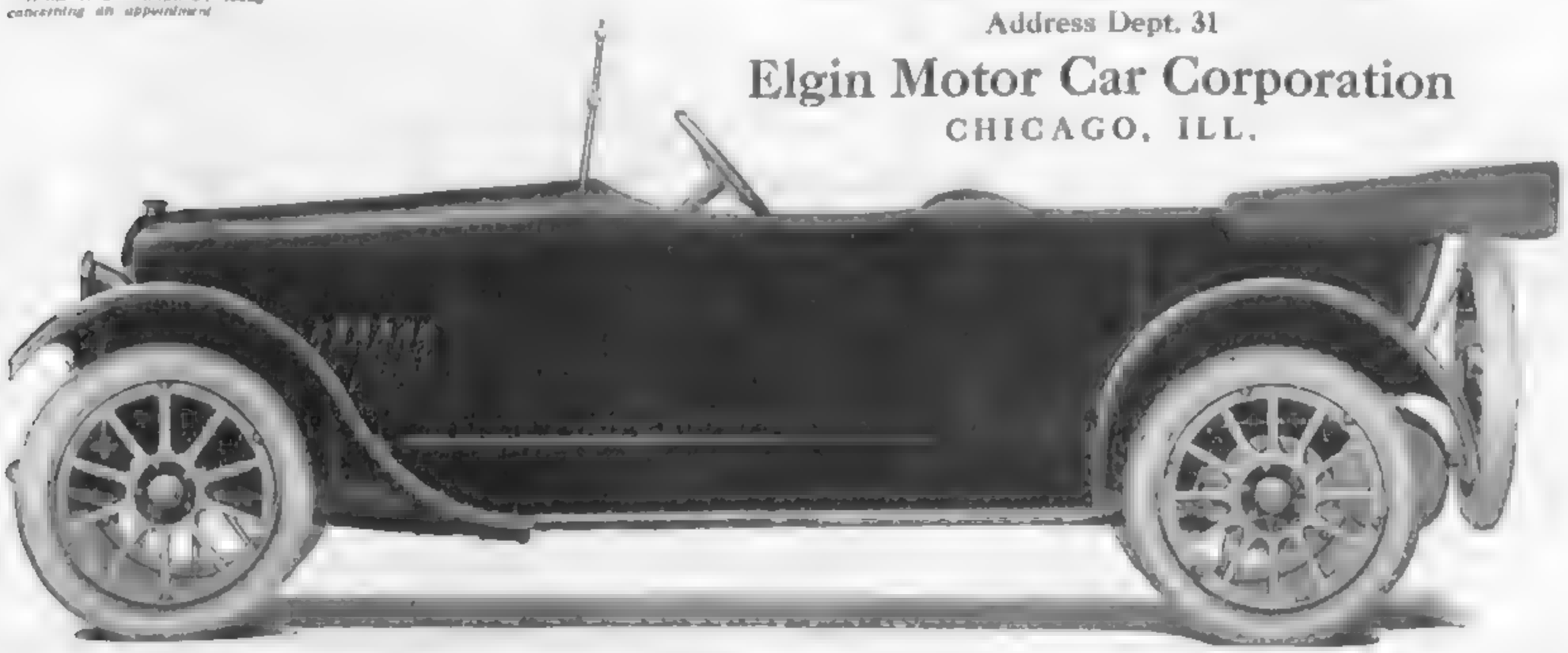


(Continued from Page 66)

The next time he broke silence was upon the ferry, when he urged on me a fat wallet stuffed with plutocratic-looking notes. "In case anything should happen," ran his muttered explanation. I have never needed Dunny's money—his affection is another matter—but he can spare it, and this time I took it because I saw he wanted me to.

As we approached the Jersey City Piers he seemed to shrink and grow tired, to take on a good ten years beyond his hale and hearty age. With every glance I stole at him a lump in my throat grew bigger, and in the end, bending forward, I laid a hand on his knee.

"See here, Dunny," I demanded, not looking at him, "do you mean half of what you were saying last evening—or the hundredth part? After all, there'll be a chance to fight here before we're many months older. If you just say the word, old fellow, I'll be with you to-night—and hang the trip!"

But Dunny, though he wrung my hand gratefully, and choked, and glared out of the window, would hear of no such arrangement—repudiated it indeed with scorn.

"No, my boy," he declared, "I don't say it for a minute. I like your going. I wouldn't give a tinker's dam for you, whatever that is, if you didn't want to do something for those fellows over there. I won't even say to be careful, for you can't if you do your duty—only, don't you be too all-fired foolhardy, even for war medals, Dev."

"Oh, I was born to be hanged, not shot," I assured him, almost prophetically. "I'll take care of myself, and I'll write you now and then ——"

"No, you won't!" he snorted with a skepticism amply justified by the past. "And if you did I wouldn't answer; I hate letters, always did. But you cable me once a fortnight to let me know you're living—and you send an extra cable if you want anything on earth!"

The taxi, which had been crawling, came to a final halt, and a hungry horde, falling on my impedimenta, lowered them from the driver's seat.

"No, I'll not come on board, Dev," said my guardian. "I—I couldn't stand it. Good-by, my dear boy."

We clasped hands again, then I felt his arm resting on my shoulder, and flung both of mine about him in an old-time, boyish hug.

"Au revoir, Dunny; back next year," I shouted cheerily as the driver threw in his clutch and the car glided on its way.

Preceded by various porters I threaded my way at a snail's pace through the dense crowd of waiting passengers, swarthy-faced sons of Italy, bound for the steerage by their looks. The great gray bulk of the Ré d'Italia loomed before me, floating proudly at her stern the green-white-and-red flag blazoned with the Savoyard shield. "Wave while they let you," I apostrophized it, saluting. "When we get outside the three-mile limit and stop courting notice you'll not fly long!"

At the gangplank I was halted, produced my passport, and exhibited the *visé* of his excellency, the Italian consul general in New York. Next I strolled aboard, was assigned to Cabin D, and informed by my steward that there were in all but five first-class passengers, a piece of news that left me calm.

My carefully limited baggage looked lonely in my cabin; I missed the paraphernalia with which one usually begins a trip. Also, as I rummaged through two bags to find the cap I wanted, I longed for Peters, my faithful man, who could be backed to produce any desired thing at a moment's notice. When bound for Flanders or the Vosges, however, one must be a Spartan. I found what I sought at last and went on deck.

The scene, though cheerful, was not lacking in wartime features: A row of lifeboats hung invitingly ready; a gun, highly dramatic in appearance, was mounted astern, with every air of meaning business should the Kaiser meddle with us en route. Down below, the Italians, talking, gesticulating, showing their white teeth in flashing boyish smiles, were being herded docilely on board, while at intervals one or another of the few promenade-deck passengers appeared.

The first of these, a shrewd-faced, nervous little man, borrowed an unneeded match of me and remarked that it was cold weather for spring. The next, a good-looking young foreigner—a reservist, I surmised, recalled to the Italian colors in this hour of his country's need—rather harrowed my feelings by coming on board with a family party, gray-haired father, anxious mother, slim bridelike wife, and two brothers or cousins, all making pathetic pretense at good cheer. Soon after came a third individual, a dark, quiet, watchful-looking man, personable enough, save that his shoes were a thought too gleamingly polished, his watch and chain a bit too luminously golden, the color scheme of his hose and tie selected with almost too much care.

"This," I reflected resignedly, "is going to be a ghastly trip. By Jove, here comes another! Now where have I seen her before?"

The new arrival, as indicated by the pronoun, was a woman, though why one should tempt Providence by traveling on this route and at this juncture I found it hard to guess. Standing with her back to me, enveloped in a coat of sealskin with a broad collar of darker fur, well gloved, smartly shod, crowned by a fur hat with a gold cockade—she made a delightful picture.

There was a haunting familiarity about her. She teased my memory as I strolled up the deck. Then snapping the bag shut she turned and straightened, and I recognized the girl to whose door my thief-chase had led me at the St. Ives.

It seemed rather a coincidence, my meeting her again. "I wouldn't mind talking to you on this trip," I reflected, mollified. "The mischief of it is you'll notice me about as much as you notice the ship's stokers. You're not the sort to scrape acquaintance, or else I miss my shot!"

I did not miss it. So much was instantly proved. As I passed her on the mere chance that she might elect to acknowledge our encounter I let my gaze impersonally meet with hers. She started slightly. Evidently she remembered. But she turned toward the nearest door without a bow.

The dark, too-well-groomed man was emerging as she advanced. Instead of moving back he blocked her path, looking—was it appraisingly, expectantly?—into her eyes. There was a pause while she waited rather haughtily for passage; then he effaced himself and she disappeared.

Striking a match viciously I lit a cigarette and strolled forward. Either the fellow had fancied that he knew her or he had behaved in a confoundedly impertinent way. The latter hypothesis seemed on the whole the more likely, and I felt a lively desire to drop him over the rail.

Time was passing; night had fallen. Consulting my watch I found it was seven o'clock. I had been aboard more than two hours. An afternoon sailing, quotha! At this rate we would be lucky if we got off by dawn.

The dinner gong, a welcome diversion, summoned us below to lights and warmth. At one table the young Italian entertained his relatives, and at another the captain, a short, swart-faced, taciturn being, had grouped his officers and various officials of the steamship company at a farewell feast. The little sharp-faced passenger was throned elsewhere, in lonely splendor, but when I selected a fourth table he jumped up, crossed over and installed himself as my vis-à-vis. Passing me the salt, which I did not require, he supplied with it some personal data of which I felt no greater need. His name was McGuntrie, he announced; he was sales agent for the famous Phillipson rifles, and was being dispatched to secure a gigantic contract on the other side.

"And if inside six months you don't see three hundred thousand Italian soldiers carrying Phillipson's best," he informed me, "I'll take a back seat and let young Jim Furman, who thinks I'm a has-been and he's the one white hope, begin to draw my pay! You can't beat those rifles—when the boys get to carrying them old Franz Joseph's ghost'll weep! Pity, ain't it, we didn't get on board by noon?" he digressed sociably. "I could've found something to do ashore the four hours I've been twiddling my thumbs here; and I guess you could too. Hardest, though, on our friends the newspaper boys—did you know they were out there, waiting to take a flashlight film? Fact. They do it nowadays every time a big liner leaves. Then if we sink all they have to do is run it, with 'Doomed Ship Leaving New York Harbor' underneath."

To his shocked surprise I laughed at the information.

"Think it's funny, do you?" my new friend reproached me. "Well, I don't; and neither did the folks who had cabins taken, and who threw them up last week when they heard how the San Pietro went down on this same route! We're five plumb idiots, that's what we are—five crazy lunatics! I'd never have come a step, not with wild horses dragging me, if it hadn't been for Jim Furman being pretty near popeyed, looking for a chance to cut me out and sail. We've got fifteen hundred reservists downstairs, and a cargo of contraband. What do you know about that as a prize for a submarine?"

"We—" I said vainglorioously, "I can swim."

My eyes were wandering, for the girl in the fur coat had entered, with the dark, watchful-eyed man—was it pure coincidence?—close behind. The steward ushered her to a table; the man followed at her heels. I dare say I glared—I know my muscles stiffened. The fellow was going to speak to her! What in blazes did he mean by stalking her in this way?

"Excuse me," he was saying, "but haven't we met before?"

The girl straightened into rigidness, looking him over beneath her lashes. Her manner was haughty, her ruddy head poised stiffly, as she answered in a cold tone: "No."

He was watching her keenly. "My name's John Van Blarcom," he persisted.

Again she gave him that sweeping glance. "You are mistaken," she said with indifference. "I have not seen you before."

He noticed curtly. "My mistake," he admitted. "I thought I knew you." And turning from her he sat down at the one unoccupied.

"So it's Van Blarcom," whispered my ubiquitous neighbor. "And the Italian chap over there is Pietro Ricci—the steward told me so. And the captain's name is Cecchi; get it? And I know your name, too, Mr. Bayne," with a grin. "The steward didn't know what was taking you over, but I guess I've got your number all right. Say, ain't you a flying man or else one of the American-Ambulance boys?"

I mustered the feeble parry that I had stopped being a boy of any sort some time ago. Then lest he wring from me my age, birthplace and the amount of my income tax I made an end of my meal.

On deck again I wondered at my irritation, my sense of restlessness. The little salesman was not responsible, though he had fretted me like a buzzing fly. It was rather that I had taken an intense dislike to the man calling himself Van Blarcom; that the girl, in spite of her haughtiness, had somehow given me an impression of unease—of fear almost—as she saw him approach and heard him speak; and above all, that I would have liked to flay alive the person or persons who had let her sail unaccompanied for a zone which at this moment was the danger point of the seas.

My matter-of-fact, conservatively ordered life had been given a crazy twist at the St. Ives. As an aftermath of that episode I was probably scenting mysteries where there were none. Nevertheless, I wondered—though I called myself a fool for it—whether any more queer things would happen before this ship on which we five bold voyagers were confined should reach the other side.

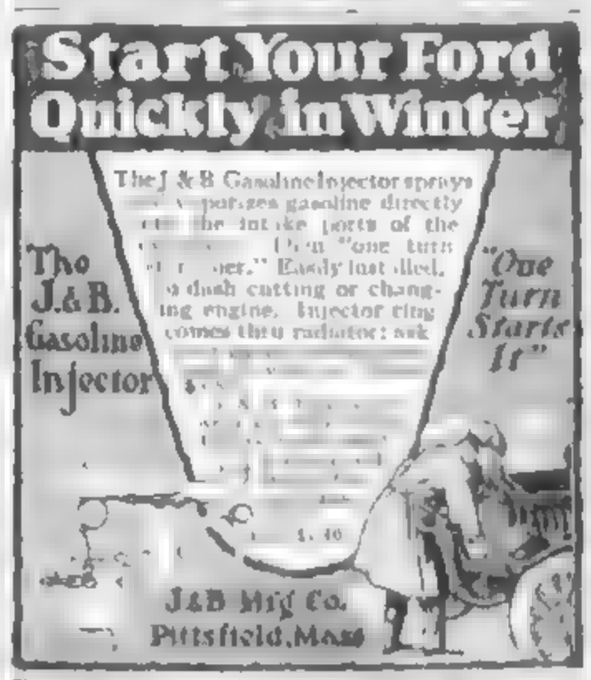
They did.

IV

TOWARD nine o'clock to my relief it became obvious that the King of Italy was really going to sail at last. The first and second whistles, sounding raucously, sent the company officials and the family of the young officer of reserves ashore. The plank was lowered; between the ship and the looming pier a thread of black water appeared and grew; a flash and an explosion indicated that the possibly doomed liner had, as per schedule, been filmed.

The details of departure were an old tale to me. As we swung farther and farther out I turned to a newspaper, a twentieth extra probably, which I had heard a newsboy crying along the dock a little earlier, and had bribed a steward to secure. Moon and stars, to-night, were lacking, but the deck lights were good reading lamps. Moving up the rail to one of them I investigated the world's affairs.

From the first sheet, the usual staring headlines leaped at me. There were the inevitable peace rumor, the double denial, the eternal bulletin of a trench taken here, a hill recaptured there. A sensational rumor was exploited to the effect that Franz von Blenheim, one of the star secret agents of the German Empire, was at present incognito at Washington, having spent the past month in putting, to our disadvantage, his finger in the Mexican pie;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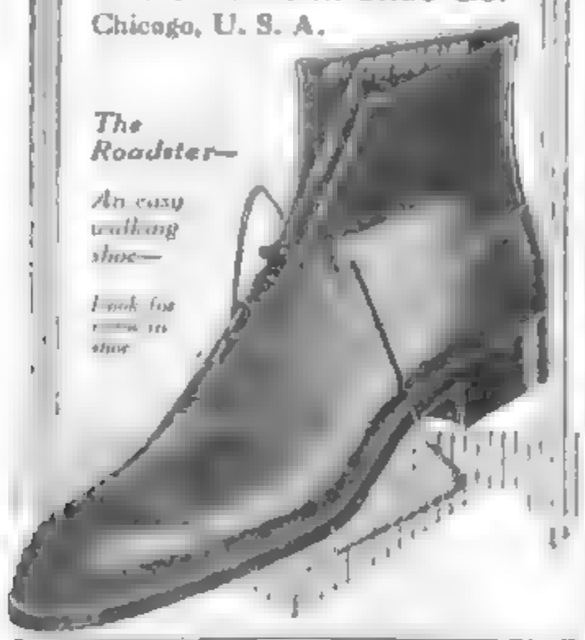

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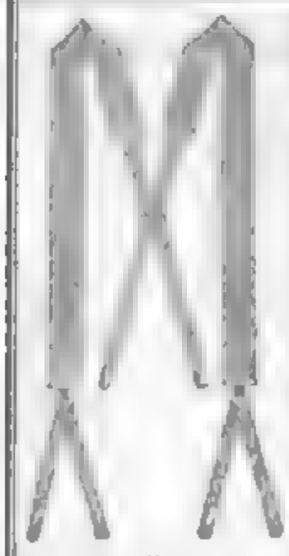

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while on the last column of the page there figured the photograph of a distinguished-looking young man in uniform, together with an announcement that promised some interest, I thought.

"War Scandal Bursts in France" I read. "Scion of Oldest Noblesse Implicated—Duke Mysteriously Missing"—in diminishing degrees of scarehead type. Then the picture, with a mien attractively debonair, a pleasantly smiling mouth and a sympathetic pair of eyes; and in due course, the tale.

"Of all the scandals to which the present war has given birth," I read, clutching at the flapping ends of the sheet, "none has stirred France more profoundly than that implicating Jean-Hervé-Marie-Olivier, Count of Druyea, Marquis of Beuil and Santenay, and Duke of Raincy-la-Tour. This young nobleman, head of a family which has played its part in French history since the days of the Northmen and the crusaders, bears in his veins the bluest blood of the old régime, and numbers among his ancestors no fewer than seven marshals and five constables of France.

"A noted figure not alone by his birth, his wealth and his various historic châteaux, but also by his sporting proclivities, his daring automobile racing, his marvelous fencing and his spectacular hunting trips, the Duke of Raincy-la-Tour has long been in addition an amateur aviator of considerable fame, and it was to the French Flying Corps that he was attached when hostilities began. Here he distinguished himself from the first by his coolness, his extraordinary resource, and his utter contempt for danger; and became one of the idols of the French Army and a proverb for success and audacity, besides attaining to the rank of lieutenant, gaining, after his famous night flight across Mulhausen for bomb-dropping purposes, the affectionate sobriquet of the Firefly of France, and winning, in rapid succession, the Military Medal, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and the Cross of War with palms.

"According to rumor the duke was lately intrusted with a mission of exceptional peril, involving a flight into hostile territory and the obtaining of certain photographs of defenses much needed for the plans of the Supreme Command. With his wonted brilliancy, he is said to have accomplished the errand, and to have returned in safety as far as the French lines. Here, however, we enter the realm of conjecture. The duke has disappeared; the plans he bore have never reached the generalissimo; and rumor persistently declares that at some point upon his return journey he was intercepted by German agents and induced by bribes or coercion to deliver up his spoils. By one version he was later captured and summarily executed by the French; while his friends, denying this, pin their hopes to his death at the hands of the enemy, as offering the best outcome of the unsavory event.

"The family of the Duke of Raincy-la-Tour has been noted in the past for its pronouncedly Royalist tendencies, the attitude of his father and grandfather toward the republic having been hostile in the extreme. It is believed that this fact may have its significance in the present episode. The occurrence is of especial interest to the United States, in view of the recent ——
Continued on Page Three."

Before proceeding I glanced at the pictured face. The Duke of Raincy-la-Tour looked back at me with cool clear eyes, smiling half aloofly, a mere hint scornfully, as in the presence of danger the true Frenchman is apt to smile.

"I don't think, Jean-Hervé-Marie-Olivier," I reflected, "that you ever talked to the Germans except with bombs! They probably got you, poor chap, and you're lying buried somewhere, while the gossips make a holiday of the fact that you don't come home. Confound 'current rumors' anyhow, and yellow papers too ——"

"I beg your pardon," said a low contralto voice.

The girl in the fur coat was standing at my shoulder. I turned, lifting my cap, wondering what under heaven she could want. I was not much pleased, to tell the truth—a goddess shouldn't step from her pedestal to chat with strangers. Then suddenly I recognized a distinct oddness in her air.

"Would you lend me your paper," she was asking, "for just a moment? I haven't seen one since morning; the evening editions were not out when I came on board."

Her manner was proud, spirited, gracious; she even smiled; but she was frightened. I could read it in her slight pallor, in the quickening of her breath.

My extra! What was there in the day's news that could upset her? I was nonplused, but of course I at once extended the sheet. "Certainly!" I replied politely. "Pray keep it"—and lifting my cap a second time I turned to go.

Her fingers touched my arm. "Wait! Please wait!" she was urging. There was a half-imperious, half-appealing note in her hushed voice.

I stared. "I'm afraid," I said blankly, "that I don't quite ——"

"Someone may suspect. Someone may come," urged this most astonishing young woman. "Don't you see that—that I'm trusting you to help me? Won't you stay?"

Wondering whether by any chance I looked as stunned as I felt, I bowed formally, faced about and waited, both arms on the rail. My ideas as to my companion had been revolutionized in sixty seconds.

And then, beside me, the paper rustled. I heard a little gasp, a tiny low-drawn sigh. Stealing a glance down I saw the girl's face shining whitely in the deck light.

I had no idea of speaking, and yet I did speak. "I am afraid," I heard myself saying, "that you have had bad news."

She was struggling for self-control, but her voice wavered. "Yes," she agreed; "I am afraid I have."

"If there is anything I can do ——" I was correct but reluctant. How I would bless her if she would go away!

But she obviously did not intend to. Quite the contrary! "There is something," she was murmuring, "that would help me very much."

There, I had done it! I was an ass of the common or garden variety, who first resolved to keep out of a queer business and then, because a girl looked bothered, plunged into it up to my ears! I succeeded in hiding my feelings, in looking wooden.

"Please tell me," I responded, "what it is"

"But—I can't explain it." Her gloved hands tightened on the railing. "And if I ask without explaining it will seem so—so strange."

Doubtless, I reflected grimly. But I had to see the thing through now. "That doesn't matter at all," I assured her civilly, through clenched teeth.

She came closer, so close that her fur coat brushed me and her breath touched my cheek; and her eyes, like gray stars now that they were less anxious, went to my head a little, I suppose.

"This paper," she whispered, holding out the sheet, "has something in it. It is not about me; it is not even true. But if it stays aboard the ship—if someone sees it—it may make trouble —— Oh, you see how it sounds; I knew you would think me mad!"

"Not in the least."

"I can't destroy it myself," she went on anxiously. "He—they—mustn't see me do anything that might lead them to—to guess. But no one will think of you, nobody will be watching you; so, by and by, will you weight the paper with something heavy and drop it across the rail?"

My head was whirling, but a graven image might have envied me my impassivity. I bowed. "I shall be delighted," I announced banally, "to do as you say."

Her face flushed to a warm, wild-rose tint as she heard me promise it, and her red lips, parting, took on a tremulous smile. "Thank you," she murmured in frank gratitude. "I thought—I knew you would help me!" And she was gone.

Resentfully I reminded myself that mysteries were suspicious; that honest people seldom had need of secrecy; that idiots who, like me, consented to act blindfold would probably repent their blindness.

Without further mental parley I went down to my cabin, where I routed out from among my traps a bronze paper weight as heavy as lead. Wrapping the mysterious sheet about it I brought the package back on deck. There was not a soul in sight; it was a propitious hour.

To right and to left the coast lights were slipping past, making golden paths on the black water as our tug pulled us out to sea. The reservists down below were singing *Fuori gli Stranieri*. I dropped my package overboard, watched it vanish—and turned, to behold the sphinxlike Van Blarcom, sprung up as if by magic, regarding me placidly from the shelter of the smoking-room door.

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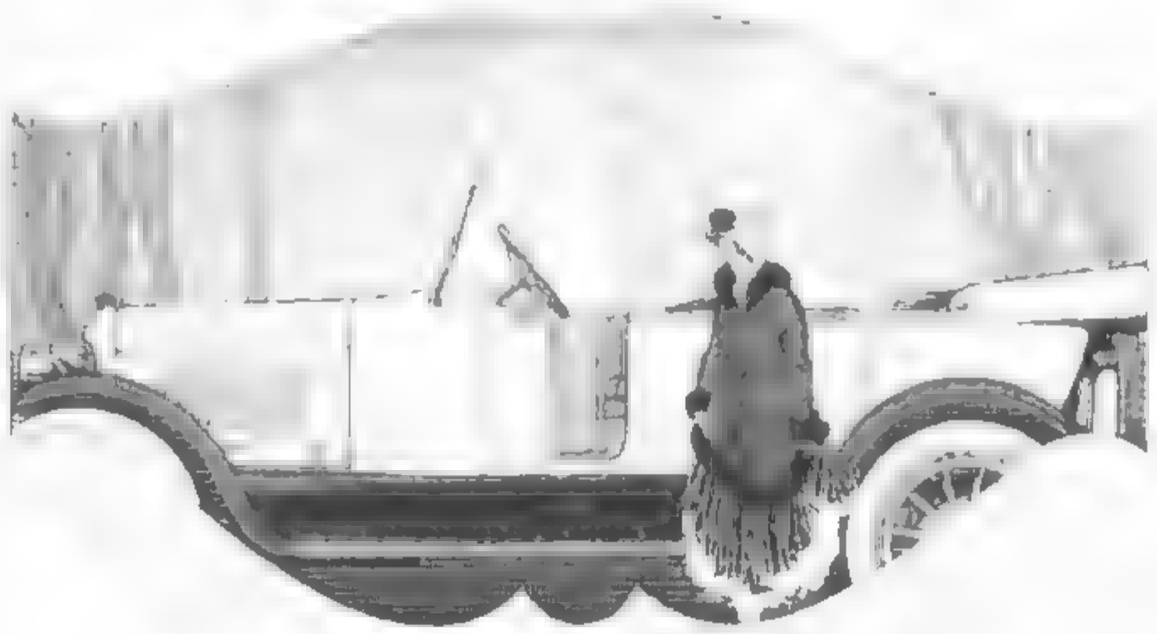

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COMMODORE ERROLL'S SUBSCRIPTION

(Continued from Page 17)

one of us would look at another and shake his head. We squinted our eyes at Pinkerton and chuckled at Esterley when they tried to pretend that we might so much as move the old packet from her anchorage.

Yet we went on with the work steadily. We cleaned the boilers and fished the boiler stays. We hammered the twisted grate bars into some semblance of their original form. We dredged the seepage and the dust out of the bunkers and cleaned the bilges. We scraped the decks and washed the woodwork. Out of our own stores we peevishly gave up to the commodore's harsh demands treasures of rope, wire, paint, tar and canvas. Day after day we laboriously loaded coal sacks into the small boat and took them out and sweated them to the bunker hatches. We fetched fresh water by the cask and filled her tanks. We patched and spliced and cursed and blasphemed. We flattered ourselves that any minute we might quit and throw up our job. We laughed at the incredible imbecility of our self-appointed task and winked when the commodore threatened us with penalties for slacking. It was a huge joke, this; a tremendous and uproarious prank.

Yet, to our astonishment, the hour came when the Hampton Roads was ready for sea. Her ancient cable was buoyed and a fresh one lay faked on the forward deck. Her anchor was under her bow. A puff of steam feathered the top of her funnel and deep in her bowels shovels clanged and slice bars thumped. The last boat was coming off, laden with what we had hastily packed. The station was being abandoned to the astonished natives, at whom we goggled and chuckled, keeping from them the secret of the burlesque we presented to the serene sky. On the bridge the man we called—with our tongues in our cheeks—Commodore Erroll strode back and forth, a tremendous hat on the back of his gray head, a square-skirted coat about his flabby waist, his bellowing tones conveying to us the necessity for haste and efficiency. Among us Esterley went about, calm and mysterious, giving his orders in a queer voice, affecting authority and competence. And we could imagine how the joke went below, where Pinkerton stood stripped to the skin under the rusty valves, his eye on the wavering needles of the gauges, waiting for the cracked gong to ring his tottering engines to their final task.

"We'll catch the tide just right to fetch us on the beach at Randall's four hours from now," Sam Todd murmured in my ear. "To-morrow morning we'll be back on Bothwell Beach writing home."

Above us the big whistle broke its silence of years in a hoarse and mournful call, which echoed across the little bay and came back to us subdued and plangent. The commodore looked down on us and waved his arm. Esterley suddenly leaped into activity. His loud cry answered that gesture, interpreting it:

"Heave away, sir!"

The winch stuttered, coughed and took hold. The cable rattled inboard. Esterley stood in the very bows and looked down anxiously, watching the shackles as they appeared. Suddenly he turned to us and said simply:

"'Vast heaving!" He lifted his hand to his mouth and hailed the Old Man on the bridge. "All's clear, sir!" he sang tunefully.

Somewhere in the hull of the Hampton Roads a gong sounded. The steamer drifted a little ahead, still answering the impetus given by her anchor. Then a rapid rumbling shook the deck on which we stood, and there arose a soft murmur round the cutwater, of water rippling. Two slight, slim lines traveled out to either side across the smooth waters of the bay. The bows

"It May be a Year Before We Get Another Mail," Sam Said Suitenly

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ABSOLUTE accuracy of dimension in making machine parts is impossible—and unnecessary. Real efficiency means only such accuracy as the *purpose* demands. To go *beyond* that point means waste. Roller bearings, for instance, must be highly accurate. The axle of a farm wagon need be only approximate in size. As *absolute* accuracy *is* impossible, it is necessary to determine the permissible *variation* from a given size in machine parts.

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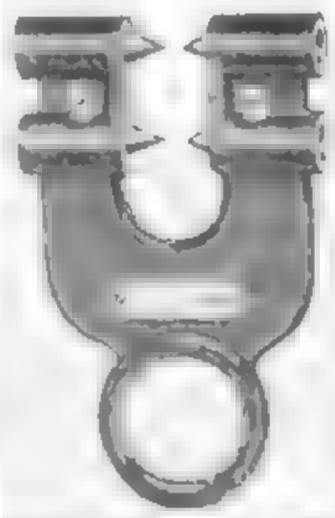
If America is to meet European competition after the war, she must fight skill with skill. She, too, must learn the value of the limit gage. GTD Limit Gages protect you from loss through the screw which "jams" and parts that won't assemble. And, mark this well, the secret of *low assembling costs* is found in the use of the limit gage. A boy can gage the product of an automatic machine at the rate of, say, several hundred an hour. "Guessing it's all right" *can* be stopped—and "*Knowing it's all right*" can be made the order of the day.



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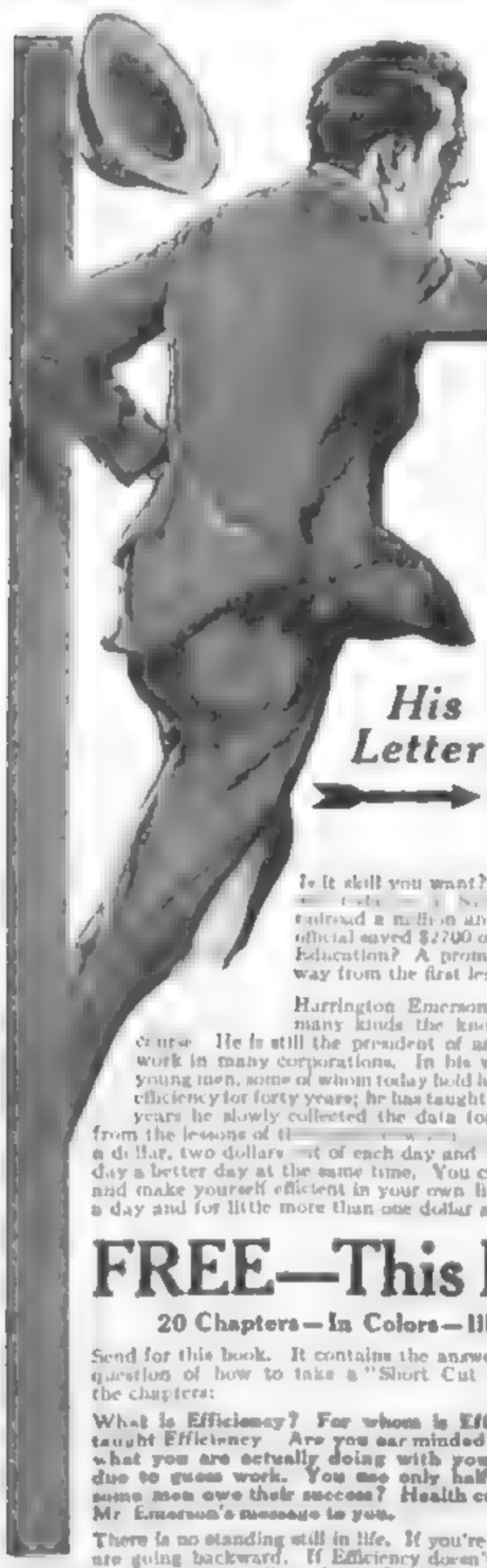

Herbert P. Mee, Material Accountant of the Southern Pacific Railroad at Los Angeles, California, aimed at nothing and hit it—*until*—but let him tell his story himself

His Letter

[illegible] people, I was [illegible] for better things [illegible] to get the [illegible]
I aimed at nothing and hit it
I performed each task [illegible] fairly well and then lay [illegible]
Paragraph One, Lesson One of your

Course in Personal Efficiency

started me to thinking. Th[illegible] I have never ceased to do [illegible] had done nothing else for me than [illegible] with the price paid. But it did more [illegible] benefit, I have an increased capacity [illegible] periors were not slow to recognize. [illegible] I am relieved of my old duties [illegible] the information [illegible] through this [illegible] ple given over to pessimism, loss of interest and with apparently weakened vitality and ambition will get the jolt of their life reading the Course through

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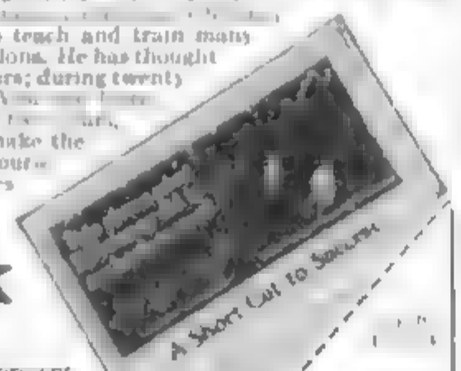

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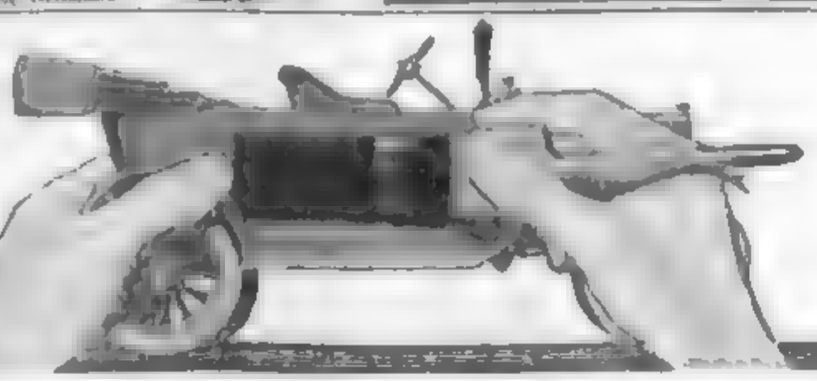

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swung slowly till they held in front of them the pass to the open sea. There they steadied. That night the last glimpse of land shut down behind us. The Hampton Roads was steaming into the East. Our jest had become earnest.

For a week we made our slow progress across the world, lighted by the bright stars at night and scorched by the blazing sun in the day. The sea was like glass and lay in blinding sheets of azure to the sea line. The movement of the steamer was an almost imperceptible rise and fall; a soundless lifting up on some huge, slow swell; a gradual letting down into a hollow whose slope was miles in length. The monotony of our routine was unbroken. We worked the period of our watch on deck, stopped at the sound of eight bells, and drowsed where we were, dazed by the tremendous adventure upon which we had embarked.

The following week we roused ourselves a little. A fresh breeze shrilled in the rigging and a quick chop tossed our vessel in a lively manner. The commodore had fashioned us, by the mere force of taking us for granted, into an orderly crew. Our tasks were simple and we had learned them. The weariness drew out of our bones. We began to chaff each other, to appreciate the joke on ourselves.

"Now what do you think of yourself?" Sam Todd would demand of each of us, twisting his face into a grimace expressive of great amusement; and we would toss our hands in an easy gesture of bravado, as much as to say "Oh, well! Who cares?"

But one day he dropped down beside me and remarked soberly:

"Has it come to your mind that when we land in San Francisco we shall have to do something?"

"Do something?" I repeated.

"Yes," he retorted—"make good. The commodore has put us in a nice hole. We've got to play up to him when we reach the Coast. We've got to make good."

He was right, of course. I never was more provoked in my life. Here I was, steaming across the Pacific in a filthy old tub, carrying out a joke on an old man, and it might cost me my life in a trench in Europe! I cursed heartily.

"There's a chance," Sam remarked stolidly. "Pinkerton happened to mention that this old packet is opening up like a sleazy handkerchief. In that case ——"

Thereafter I studied the weather anxiously and found that I wasn't alone in peering for signs of a change from the perfection we enjoyed. I discovered Esterley craning his neck and staring into the depths or tilting backward to discern a speck in the sky. Pinkerton came up from his engines and scowled, smelling the breeze. It was, we silently agreed, incredible that so old and rotten a craft should survive to accomplish the dream of a crazed dotard.

There was no doubt that the commodore was dotty. His ponderous manner, his solemnity, his careful observance of his own dignity as commander, his meticulous shooting of the sun at noon, and his carefully planned observations of a star at night, showed that he took the whole business in earnest. To him the unseaworthy old Hampton Roads was a full-powered and able steamship, swiftly going to her distant port; and we were youthful, ardent patriots hasting to the rescue of our stricken country. He was not aware that we were daily losing our speed, sinking a little deeper, edging a particle closer to the brink.

We crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude and dropped a day from the calendar.

"Bang goes Thursday!" said Todd, rolling his eyes maliciously on us as we huddled in our damp bunks in the half deck. "Yesterday was Wednesday and to-day's Friday. I'll bet we'll never see another Thursday either. That's the commodore for you! To steal a whole day from us when we need all we can get!"

"Shut up!" Burton growled sullenly. "I took a peek at the glass a while back. It's falling!"

We lay in our bunks and studied the motion of the steamer anxiously. Was the sea rising? Had the wind increased? One of us hooked the door wide open so we could view the night sky. The stars shone mockingly in on us. We went to sleep with muttered imprecations.

I was dragged from my bunk and slammed against the bulkhead by a ruffian whom I recognized as Esterley.

"Wake up, you dummy!" he rasped. "All hands!"

We tumbled out and dashed on deck, and the gale took us by the throat. We could see nothing but a dark welter of smoking sea and wild sky.

"Get along there!" bellowed Esterley. "Relash the anchor! Snug the boats in their slings!"

We were obedient. And when the job was done we crawled back into shelter, angry and disturbed. "What the deuce?" we seemed to demand of one another as we wrung out our clothes and sorted out our much-mixed belongings from the tangled mess underfoot.

Daylight told us little more. The sea was blanketed with vapor, the sky was heavy with bulging clouds, and the wind screamed steadily in the rigging. Now and then the Hampton Roads would dip her bows into a hunching swell and fling tons of water back to roar along the decks. Again she would twist and lurch into a sudden hollow with sickening irresponsibility. The engine-room men, coming off watch, glared at us out of their soot-rimmed eyes and muttered hoarsely of choking pumps and yielding boiler stays. Even Esterley, who had never since his appointment as mate so much as acknowledged he had once been our associate, condescended to drop a word about buckling beams. We knew, at last, that our adventure was nearing its tragic close.

That day passed, and toward evening we began to look with some astonishment at the figure of the Old Man, who kept watch on the bridge. Someone said he hadn't been down in twenty-four hours. Our native steward told us he had eaten nothing and drunk nothing.

"Drat the man!" said Sam Todd through pallid lips. "He thinks he can save this bally old packet! D'y' ever hear of such foolishness? Can't he ever see a joke?"

To our astonishment another morning dawned and we still lived. The commodore was still at his post, wrapped in a great coat, cap pulled down over his eyes, hands gripping the rail. Those of us who had stood a watch at the wheel remarked on his calm voice, which all through the night had rung down to us, telling us what the murk ahead held of menace and danger.

"The old boy is a seaman of sorts," Burton acknowledged. "How he keeps this old ark afloat is beyond me!"

We spoke in whispers of the events we had witnessed that night, while the steamer plunged and careened and thudded her weary and drooping bows into the unceasing assaults of the seas. We were perfectly aware that sooner or later our vessel would give up and go down as simply as a stone; but it intrigued us to observe what the old fellow would do; how long he would maintain his imperturbable dignity.

Night came again and the tempest redoubled its fury. The gale was now an incredible scream, high-pitched and prolonged; the sea a mass of tumultuous and giddy crests. Each hour brought us closer to the end. The boats were racked away in flinders. The masts buckled and shredded in the collars of the stays. Below the engines barely turned, groaning and complaining; while the boilers seethed and hummed and the fires flared and smoldered in the vain endeavor to raise the pressure in the gauges. And above and below the encroaching water poured steadily and inexorably, rising inch by inch above the floors, invading the bunkers, swishing over the plates, cascading down the frames.

"The Old Man's come off the bridge and is at the wheel h'imself," Todd announced, jamming himself into the galley just ahead of a sweeping sea. "Just came down as cool as if he was invited to dinner and took the wheel without so much as by your leave!" Presently he added, over his coffee tin: "He can steer."

"She's riding easier, anyway," said Burton.

This was true. In an hour we knew the worst was over, so far as wind went. And the commodore's miraculously sensitive hand on the wheel made little of the rising sea. Morning found us more cheerful. Only Pinkerton showed a morose face.

The weather grew fair immediately, and by sundown we were steaming over a smooth surface, with only a tremendous swell to mark the gale that had passed. But we shook our heads at one another. There was no concealing the fact that the Hampton Roads had suffered mortal injury. She was afloat; her engines were turning over; she was progressing toward our destination. But in the depths we

(Concluded on Page 77)

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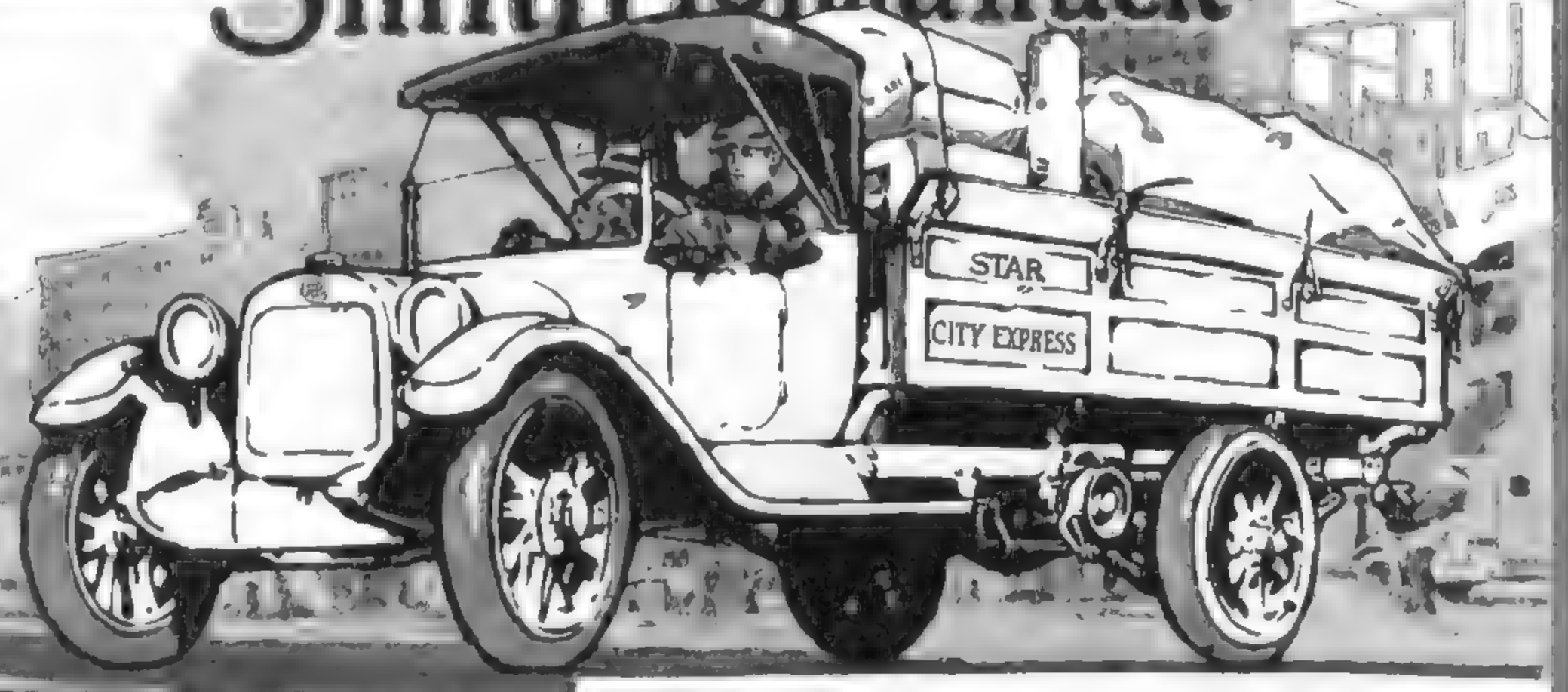

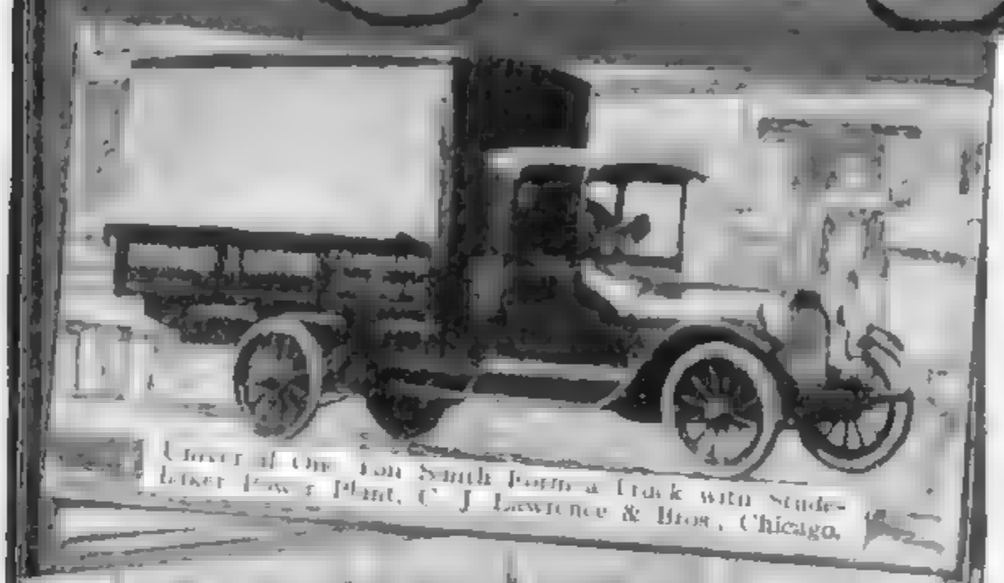

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(Concluded from Page 74)

heard the clack of the overloaded pumps and knew the water was gaining.

"Now isn't it just like the commodore to quit and go to sleep?" Todd demanded of his world in an aggrieved voice. "Stays up for three days and nights; then says it's fair weather and toddles off to bed like a man who's done an honest day's work. And here the miserable old tub's sinking under our feet! What does he expect us to do? All our boats are gone. Expect us to find whales enough for so many Jonahs?"

Yet, in spite of all our growling and scoffing, the Hampton Roads kept afloat. We crept onward hour by hour, interminably decrepit; our speed was a scant six knots an hour. The pumps clanked and thumped and clattered; the sea seeped in; the deck sank nearer the water; and we stood double watches till our eyes burned in their sockets with utter weariness and our muscles ached unendurably. We hated the Old Man, who, once more on the bridge, looked superciliously down on us and whipped us to our unspeakable and useless toil.

In a week we made barely nine hundred miles. We were still two thousand from our port. We staggered about the decks and asked one another why we were such asses as to obey an insane old man who had got us into a pinch we'd never get out of. Then a voice broke in on our self-consciousness. A steamer was in sight.

Instantly we dropped everything and slapped our thighs. We were saved! An hour—two hours—and we'd be tucked up in snug berths in clean cabins on board a liner. The news reached the fireroom, and they came up with shouts. We stood along the bulwarks and peered under the sharp of our grimy hands at the distant bulk so rapidly approaching.

"China boat!" cried Todd at last. "I know her kind—Victoria to Hong-Kong direct, old sons! We'll be drinking good-by to the Hampton Roads in good liquor tonight."

But as we watched we saw that we had set no signals. The lot of us ran to the chart room to get the flags. We were met by the commodore, a revolver in each hand. His fiery eyes scorched us.

"Get below!" he roared. "All of you! I'll run this part of the ship!"

We started to expostulate. He drove us before him, careless of our curses, our prayers and our imprecations; huddled us into the engine-room entrance and down the greasy ladders. He slammed the big door on us, and Pinkerton snatched us to himself and imprisoned us in the fireroom.

"Shovel coal, you sweeps!" he snarled.

We raged helplessly. We set to work. We raised steam desperately, trying to blow up the boilers. We'd show him! The crazy fool! Instead, Pinkerton came in and smiled benignantly.

"You've got the pumps to fetching the water faster than it's coming in," he croaked. "We'll be doing nine knots if you keep on."

Sam Todd leaned on his shovel and rolled his eyes.

"Now what do you think of that?" he demanded with acrimony.

We didn't think. Life had been snatched out of our grasp. We were in the midst of the ocean with a madman over us. We freshened the fires and grinned cunningly at the gauges. We'd blow the whole business to hell!

I slept at last in a corner of the fireroom, my head in ashes. Two days later Esterley came down and said brusquely: "You fools, behave yourselves now. On deck with you!"

Will you believe it? We went sulkily, like children defrauded. Once more in the chill air, we stared at the Old Man on the bridge and shook our fists at him.

"Drat him!" panted Todd, almost beside himself. "He never knew we were going to blow him and his rotten old packet into the hereafter! What can you do with a fellow like that?"

Two more days passed. We were nearing the American Coast. After all, we began to think we might make it! We planned the sinister things we should do to the commodore. "Wait till we get him ashore!" said Todd mysteriously.

But that night the Hampton Roads swam out of the darkness of a starless sea into a field of brilliant light. We stood and stared into the glare of that sudden searchlight, which rested on us steadily, inclusively. In response to the loud gongs rung in the engine room the steamer ceased to struggle ahead. She drifted slowly before the slow seas, always in the glare. Then a glistening dark shadow moved close to us, taking shape as a destroyer. The Hampton Roads ceased to move through the water.

"Who are you?" cried an authoritative voice from the imperious newcomer.

Above us the commodore's voice rang out in reply:

"American steamer Hampton Roads; Bothwell Beach to San Francisco, sir."

We heard a muttered chuckle from the destroyer. Someone was highly amused at our appearance. Then the same voice spoke again:

"You're in trouble, captain? You seem to be deep in the water."

"Who are you?" demanded the commodore calmly.

"United States patrol boat," was the answer. "What can I do for you, captain?"

We peered up at our bridge. The commodore seemed at a loss. We raised our voices in a chorus of pleading. He answered by speaking to the destroyer:

"Will you send a boat over, sir? Mine are all gone."

Immediately a boat swept out from the shadow of the patrol vessel and into the glare in which we floated. It slipped alongside, and an officer leaped over our low rail, nodded to Esterley, and went straight to the bridge ladder. We heard him greet the commodore and say:

"What can we do for you, sir?"

Old Erroll came to the rail and looked down on us. We saw his face white in the searching flame. His voice was clear and steady:

"I have come from Bothwell Beach, down in the South Pacific, to bring up a subscription to the American Government's war loan. You will please explain to your superiors that I did my best under the circumstances. My vessel is—er—old; sinking, in fact. I hope it may not be misunderstood—my doing no more. But it seems that all I can do is to subscribe at this time."

The eyes of all of us were fixed on the old commodore. He seemed to be slowly subsiding to the bridge deck. His voice was growing weaker, his utterance less distinct. The youthful officer was puzzled.

"Subscribe, sir?" he repeated. "I don't understand."

He turned a quick, curious glance down on us. Sam Todd met that look defiantly, rolling his eyes in their dark sockets.

"Now what do you think of that?" he said clearly. "Of course the Old Man subscribed! Here's his subscription, down here—eight of us."

The Hampton Roads dipped her bows deeply and we saw the figure of the commodore sink to the bridge. He lay there, his white face upturned in the glare of the searchlight, the officer kneeling by him. Then the officer rose and looked down on us again.

"The captain here is dead, I'm afraid," he said.

The steamer again dipped her bows; did not lift them; lay over slowly. The officer glanced hastily round and leaped down among us.

"My word!" he breathed. "Quick work there, boys!"

We tumbled into the destroyer's boat without a backward glance and its crew pulled away desperately as the Hampton Roads boiled downward. The destroyer loomed above us; and a moment later we were on her decks. We turned quickly and stared out into the path of the searchlight. We saw nothing but a field of foam. Round us the crew of the warship rustled sympathetically.

"There goes our Old Man!" Esterley said in a choked voice, and dropped one arm across my shoulder.

We clipped off our caps and bowed our heads. Then the deck of the destroyer surged to the thrust of her tremendous engines and we were swung off into the darkness.

"Too bad!" murmured Pinkerton. "He ought to have lived to do what he hoped to do. Dear old commodore!"

"Dratted old commodore!" cried Sam with a sob. "Do what he hoped to do! Hasn't he taken down with him our four thousand dollars we got together to subscribe? Now we've got nothing—except to volunteer and fight."

He put his head shamelessly on my shoulder and wept. An officer appeared, compassionately solicitous. "Now we'll fix up you men as comfortably ——"

Sam raised his twisted dirty face. He brought his hand up to salute:

"Eight men, sir. Ready to enlist!"

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2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

[illegible] Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. [illegible] ing mix and sift flour, soda, s[illegible]

Quaker Oats Sweetbits
The Oat Macaroon

1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon butter
2½ cups uncooked Quaker Oats
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs and Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

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THE RUSSIAN ARMIES IN REVOLT

(Continued from Page 7)

go the more problems they must face, and with the responsibility they grow more moderate in tone—until they seem too moderate to the fellows at the bottom; and then new agitators come climbing up to push them out. It is like a herd of buffaloes out there on your American plains: The lean starved animals make a rush and so push out to the front of the herd; there they find rich grass to eat, and so they soon grow sluggish—until more lean beasts from behind come rushing on and shove them out.

"I remember one big meeting we had of a special army congress, called to decide upon whether or not to restore the death penalty. It was in a railroad station with a huge arched roof of steel. The place was packed with soldiers, sixteen thousand delegates; and often it seemed to shake with the roar of cheers or angry voices. I was the presiding officer and I found it hard to hold them down. I recognized speakers on both sides; but all through the crowd were the Bolsheviki, who knew I was against them. They kept sending up to me letters threatening me with death. At last one note was handed up on which had been scribbled: 'If you don't let me speak in five minutes I will shoot you from where I stand!'

"To this the soldier's name was signed. I summoned him to the platform, and then I read his note aloud. The chap was beaming with delight, because he thought he had me bluffed. But I said: 'I have brought you up here to tell you that you cannot speak, my boy! Now begin to kill me!' After that the poor devil was nearly mobbed. I then announced to the whole crowd that after the meeting I should walk back to my quarters along a certain road, in order to give a fair chance to all those who wished to take part in the shooting. The result of the long discussion was that we voted for the death penalty. But the faction against it was so strong that they have made trouble ever since. The question is far from settled yet.

"And so it was with Korniloff's command that no army orders from now on should be discussed in the lower committees, but only at a congress representing the whole army. The army committee approved of this, but we have not yet been able to bring the whole mass into line.

"The real test of our new discipline came with the order for an advance. Two weeks ago our army congress voted for an offensive, and then at once came the tussle to get the mass of troops to agree. We worked literally day and night; and when the time came it seemed, at first, as though we had succeeded. When the first line went over the top they ran forward at such a pace I had all I could do to keep up with my men. We took two lines of trenches and at some points even three, advancing for three miles in all. But then was shown our weakness. For the first line had been composed of the minority, whom we could trust. The second line, thrown into disorder by shells from enemy batteries, refused to advance. So we waited out there all day and all night, and then were driven slowly back."

Committee Rule

"We had learned our lesson. The mass of our army was not yet ready for an offensive. And so, in the two weeks since then, we have simply tried to hold our line as best we can, and meantime continue to build up our discipline. It is hard to see ahead these days; but at least we know we have made a start.

"As to our higher officers, we have of course removed all those who would support the Old Régime; but this has not meant deposing every general who is conservative. For myself, when I hear a general addressing the soldiers loudly in favor of the Revolution, and so receiving tremendous applause, I at once get an uneasy notion—first, that he is not a real fighter; and second, that he is not sincere and may soon be shouting as loudly against the Revolution, and possibly winning as great applause, because he is so eloquent. We want blunt leaders, men who are fighters and do not care to interfere with politics. We want such men to have control in matters of army strategy; but, on the other hand, I am sure the troops could not be held together without the committees we have formed. The committees are needed constantly to explain all orders to the men, and so to act as go-betweens between them and their officers.

"The Russian soldier is like a child. It is hard to say which way he will turn before all this is over. But, no matter to what excesses he may go in the next few months, if he ever gets into as big a mess as there was in those early days last spring I think he will turn back to us. In my regiment, at the start, the soldiers came to me and said: 'Where are we going to get the grub? How ought we to organize? You know all about such things. Help us get this started.' And so they made me chairman of their regiment's committee. When they found they could trust me there they sent me up to the army committee; and from there they sent me here. And here, in the All-Russian Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, one-third of the soldier deputies wear on their breasts the white cross of the university graduate."

I was given a third view of conditions at the Front by a man in the ranks. In Petrograd one afternoon, coming into the Tauride Palace, headquarters of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, and making my way through a dense crowd of soldiers who were loudly arguing, I went into an inner room; and there I talked with a tough little man who was dressed in an old brown uniform, worn threadbare, patched and covered with stains. He had a red, round, determined face and wore glasses over small twinkling eyes. He had been in America two years and he spoke broken English earnestly.

Spy Work in the Army

On his own story he did not dwell. In 1905, a boy of twenty, he took part in that first revolution; and later, when it was put down, with several hundred thousand others he was sent to Siberia. From there he escaped through China and went to San Francisco. For a year he worked in Montana mines and later drifted to New York. When the Revolution broke out he started at once for Russia. Arriving there and learning of the chaos in the army, he enlisted as a volunteer. He was soon at the Front; and, working his way into the confidence of the men, he became one of the many speakers who, under the control of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, endeavored to restore the morale.

"We knew it would be very bad," he said, "for Russia to drop out of the war if Germany came out on top. So we have gone the limit to make our fellows understand. I have been on the Riga Front. When I went there first it was a mob. The soldiers were abolishing almost every law in sight. At first they were all talking in crowds; but then they chose committees and things got a little better. When officers gave small orders now, most of the soldiers would obey; but if there was any order to fight, the deputies must meet and decide. Things got better; then they got worse. The higher officers were the limit. They said 'We won't help you—it's no use!' Most of the under officers helped, but even then it was no cinch.

"On the Riga Front it was like this: First, there were honest-to-God Bolsheviki who wanted peace and a big revolution—quit fighting and make a new Russia right off. They said to our fellows: 'This war would be over to-night at six-thirty if it weren't for England!' They said Kerensky had sold out to the bourgeois English Government, which would not give up German colonies and wanted things all her own way in the East. They said: 'No rich bourgeois are your allies, no matter where. This Revolution is going all wrong. You did it—now they take it away. So go back and take Russia for yourselves. Then the German soldiers will do the same, and in a few weeks it will be like that all over Europe.'

"Well, with these honest-to-God Bolsheviki were German spies who sneaked round and from the German trenches wooden guns shot bundles of papers across to our fellows. And the Germans talked like this: 'We want peace—we ain't got any scrap with you. Go on back to your homes and we'll go back to ours. We're dead sick of this war—it's for nothing now except for the bourgeois in England. Your new government does what London says.'

"And the counter-revolutionists handed out the same line of talk. 'This disorder is

(Continued on Page 81)

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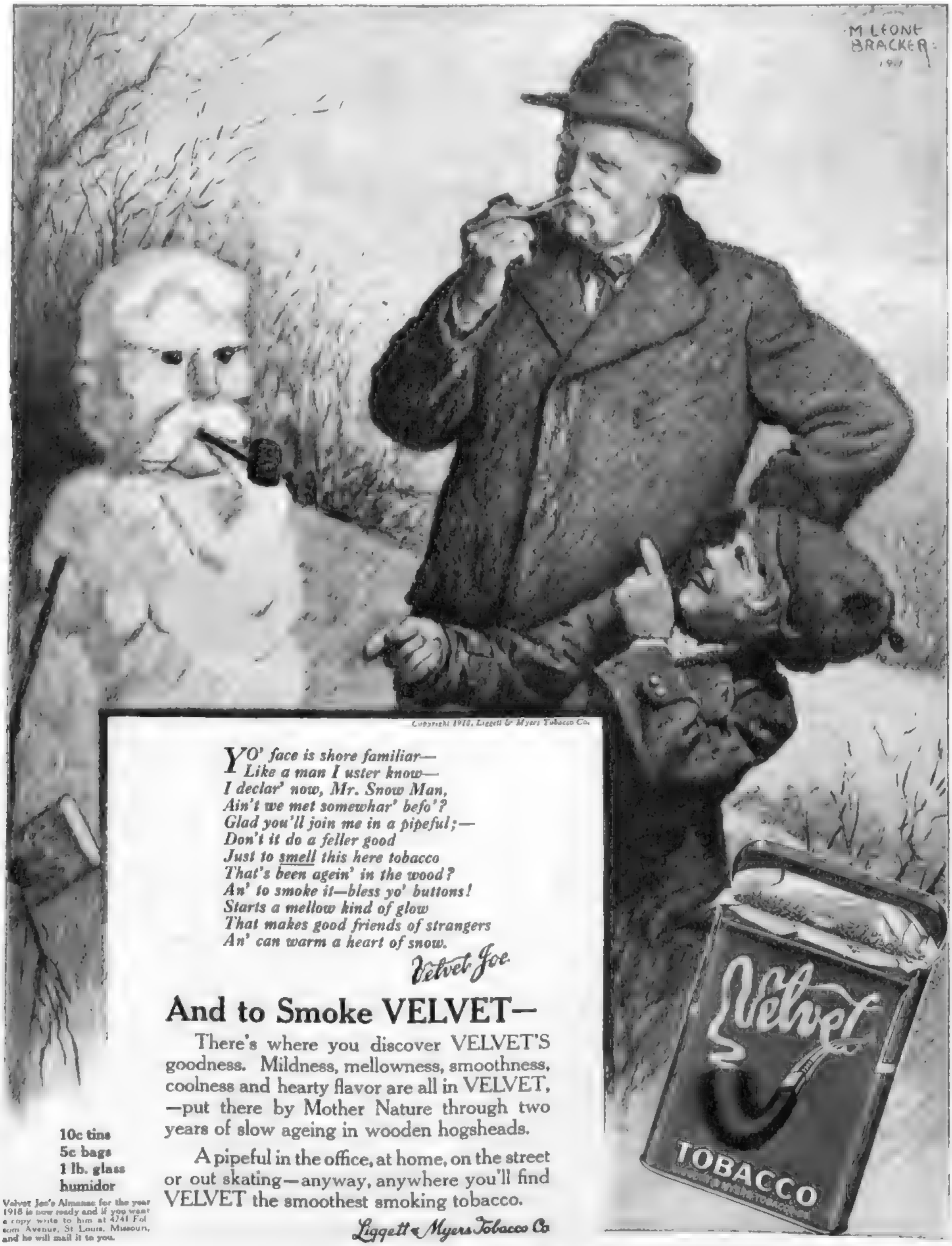

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Like a man I uster know—
I declar' now, Mr. Snow Man,
Ain't we met somewhar' befo'?
Glad you'll join me in a pipeful;—
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(Continued from Page 78)

bad,' they said; 'it's bad! The Old Régime was better for you—it would have made peace this summer. But your new free government is getting you killed for England. A hell of a government that is! Come on, boys—back to the Czar!'

"We were up against all this line of talk, and the Bolsheviki papers were handed round by millions. Kerensky now has shut them off; but all the things they said and wrote have stuck in the minds of the soldiers.

"The fellows are tired—they are tired! They have had three years of it and they want to go home. We work and work; but it's a slow job. I tell it to you for a fact—on the Riga Front the discipline is worse than it was two months ago."

He was to start back at eleven that night on a train so packed with troops that if he got a seat he would be lucky. The next day he had to make speeches to two divisions of soldiers who had refused the week before to go back to the trenches. I tried to get some pictures of the strange turbulent life he had led for two months, day and night, always moving about, getting snatches of sleep in crowded trains or in automobiles, forever facing hostile crowds.

Teaching by Word of Mouth

"Oh, yes; I go," he told me. "I go to base towns and talk to the boys, or out to the Front and get together the fellows who are in the reserves. I talk to two hundred or to five thousand. No difference—it's always the same; they never like to hear me. I am no fool; so I learn how to say a few nice things to make them feel good, and then they often cheer me. But the minute I get to the word fight, right away they begin to shout at me. Other soldiers jump up from the crowd and begin to talk against me. Then they all get into bunches and everyone talks. Often they won't let me talk at all. They say: 'If you talk we will kill you!' I call the bluff—get away with it; but that's all the good it does.

"One crowd of fellows shouted: 'We don't want you to talk to us! We want you to fight with us! You are coming to the trenches, my boy!' More of their bluff. But I spit and say: 'Hell, yes! Sure, I'll come!' So I go out to the front line. There was not much fighting—only a little. I was there ten days and between shots I talked right along. I said we must keep in the war till we had the Kaiser asking for a job in the subway in Berlin. And after three days and nights of this talk some of the fellows changed their minds. I had them where I wanted them. But then the Regimental Committee kept me in one company. They said to themselves: 'This guy is a bug—he's a disease! We must keep him in one place or he'll spread!' So they kept me there for quite a few days. Then I got one of the fellows to send for me a telegram up here to the council—and back came a wire and I was let go. I went on about my business.

"But it's bad business, all the same. Any minute the fellows may go home. Will they fight through the winter? There ain't a chance! I tell you these boys are tired. They are tired! They have fought three years—they don't know what about; so they want to go home. The only way that I can see how they will ever fight again is some very big danger to Russia."

In addition to such men in the army, Kerensky had enlisted the support and cooperation of many groups and organizations that were working for the war. The leading spirit in one of these was from Moscow—"a man of the Moscow type," as I heard him called by Russians. It meant that he was the practical kind. Of medium height and build, he had alert and vigorous eyes. He wore glasses; and he had black hair and a small mustache. He spoke almost perfect English, with a rapid nervous force, for an hour or more one evening over tea and cigarettes. Here, in brief, is what he said:

"When the war broke out I offered myself as a volunteer, but was refused on account of my eyes. So I started organizing the work of receiving our exchanged prisoners who came back home from Germany. Tens of thousands came through our hands, many of them in bad condition—ragged, crippled, sick and dying. There were also those who had escaped. In the three years before the Revolution nearly fifteen thousand had escaped from Germany. And these chaps appealed to me. Most of them had come from the farms and the factories and mines where the Germans work their prisoners. To escape from such places and to make one's way across Germany and get home a man has to take his life in his hands. And fifteen thousand got away!

"Then came the Revolution and the troubles in the army. And that gave me my idea. To talk to those shouting, mutinous soldiers you need a man of unlimited nerve and quick thinking. I said to myself: 'My escaped prisoners are such men; for to escape from Germany a man must think quick what he has to do each minute in the day and night.' So I started on my plan. Since the Revolution began eleven hundred such men have escaped; and I organized them as fast as they came. We formed a special committee and got permits from the Council Staff to let them all go down to the Front and talk to the soldiers—for two months; only two months, because, unless he is trained to the job, a man's voice and his ideas give out after that much talking.

"Well, for two months I had each man go along the lines telling the soldiers that this idea of Germans being their brothers was all rot. They described the German brutality and the tyranny of their system both in the army and all through the land. They said: 'The German Government's system is bad for the world and must be fought until its sharp teeth are all pulled out. Not till then has Russia a chance to be free. The Kaiser will never leave us in peace. He talks lies to you now, so that you will stand off and let him defeat all your allies. But then he will turn his armies on you! And so, tovarisch, this is the truth. We know it is not a pleasure to die; we know because we have been near to death; we are not soft gentlemen, talking to you. But we say you must do as we have done—make war upon the Kaiser!'

"Well, so they have talked; and their work has been hard. You Americans should understand that the Russian soldier is as brave as any soldier on the earth; but all men are human, and in no army will many men die unless there is iron discipline. And to restore that takes time—and more time. We keep three hundred speakers always at the Front, and we back them up with leaflets—about five hundred thousand in all giving the facts—plain, ugly and bare: the testimony of prisoners as to the conditions in the German prison camps and in the factories and mines where our fellows are worked to death."

The Commercial Invasion

"We keep three hundred men at the Front and the remaining eight hundred in their homes; for as soon as one of our men at the Front gets all worn out with speaking we send him back to his village to rest. And we say to him: 'You have learned not only the bad in the Germans but also the good—their strong points, their up-to-date methods and technical skill on their farms, in their factories, mills and mines. You have had a chance to see just the things that make Germany strong against Russia. You must talk of that in the villages. For all you have learned is just what we need to defeat the Germans later on. For the Germans will try to conquer us in commerce, make us buy their goods and remain as we are, a nation of ignorant peasants!'

"And our men are talking like this in small villages all over Russia. Their letters pour in from everywhere, telling me how they are teaching their friends the real strength of the Kaiser. And this teaching is quite as important as the talking they do at the Front. For when the war is over, America and the Allies on one side and Germany on the other will contend for a Russian alliance. And the Germans will make a shrewd, clever propaganda here. Secretly they will start schools all over Russia—'Russian schools'—but they will be German! 'Russian newspapers'—German newspapers!

"Twenty years ago French was spoken here three times as much as German, but now German is spoken more than French. How was that done? By accident? No. With the Germans there are no accidents. It was the effect of their careful plan to control Russia's destiny. More Germans can speak Russian to-day than all other foreigners combined; and still more will learn Russian and will come here, to teach and preach and write their *Kultur*—and to sell their goods; to sell so cheap that our people will give in and buy.

"So you should win our friendship now. I do not want to say this as a threat. I speak as I do because I myself am so eager

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800 in Cleveland	

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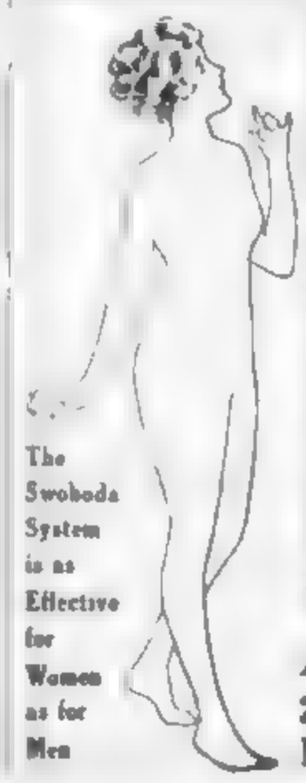
Swoboda has written a wonderful explanation of the human body and its evolution. This book explains Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It explains the Swoboda theory and laws of mind and body. It startles, educates and enlightens. It explains as never before the reason for the evolution of the mind and body. It tells how the cells and their energies build the organs and the body, and it tells how to organize the cells beyond the point where nature left off for you. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain through reading all of the books of science and philosophy on the subject of the body and mind, because it explains principles that have never before been explained by scientists or philosophers. It is impossible to duplicate elsewhere the information it gives, and the value of the information is beyond estimate.

Swoboda has written a simple, but the first really scientific and philosophical explanation of the actual evolutionary cause of old age. This essay is a classic. It will stand for all time throughout all ages as the first basic and real analysis of evolution and ageing of the cells of the human body. It explains the psychological and evolutionary errors and elements involved in the production of ageing. Without being compelled to study text books on psychology, philosophy, biology, histology, etc., you will through reading this brief analysis learn fully what is nature, when is nature not nature, what is the cause of growth, maturity, evolution and decay. Swoboda has the happy faculty of being able to put a whole science into a comparatively few words. This essay will interest not only men and women who are merely interested in avoiding the nightmare of old age, and those who realize consciously that they are growing older in body, but it will also interest the scientist, the philosopher, the psychologist, as well as the pure speculator on the subject of life. I predict that every man and woman will read this work and profit by it. It is the A, B C of perpetual youth. It will mean astonishment to the scientist. It brings confusion to those who practice self deception. It brings embarrassment to those who believe old age necessary. It seems bold, but this is only the effect of misconceptions concerning the necessity of old age.

The Fountain of Youth *—the pursuit of perpetual youth—has always been very alluring, but here we have a guide to its source. No intelligent human being will need coaxing to drink of this fountain, for its spirit gives life, and arrests decay and destroys the nightmare of old age. Perpetual youth will mean to the human race more than is in the power of any human being to estimate. Imagine what it will mean to double, treble, or even quadruple the length of human life and multiply human energy.*

You owe yourself a reading of this essay on the Swoboda philosophy and science. It will put you favorably in touch and in harmony with your creative forces. You will harness them, capitalize them, and employ them. The result will amaze you. This essay which Swoboda has written and copyrighted will be sent to you free of charge and free of all obligations to Swoboda, if you will write for it. Just write your name and address on this page, tear it out and mail it to Swoboda, or draw a ring around your name on your letterhead, or merely send a postal, giving your name and address. Do it today. Read it, and learn how to be perpetually young, for you cannot afford to live an inferior life and to grow old. Address



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for your friendship. I know what it can mean to us and to all the ideals that we both hold. Help us—help us all the time—no matter what our armies do. Have patience and try to understand the troubles we are facing. Our country is in a great Revolution. It is hard for our Government to act—for they must explain; they must always explain. They can use little time to build a new nation, for they must explain to the people first.

"And most of the people are slow to see. To the mind of the average peasant the very word government sounds like a curse. So our present leaders must stop and explain—to the army, to the cities and to all the villages. It is like a tragic Sunday school. A great new religion must be explained. So where are the men with both the minds and the time to do the practical building? That is where we need help from America."

I have tried to give the viewpoint of those who believed in explaining everything as they went along, and so building up a government based on the consent of the governed. And, in their words, I have tried to give an idea of the Russian soldier's state of mind—the reasons why he was ready to hear the Bolsheviki.

As to the Bolsheviki themselves, their attitude toward the war has been sketched in my preceding article. Briefly repeated it is this: They believe that a real revolution in Russia cannot be accomplished while the nation is at war, for the needs of war and revolution are directly opposite. Moreover, the Bolsheviki believe that by proclaiming to the world a revolutionary peace they will soon get a response from the masses in Germany and Austria, as well as in England, Italy and France. All last summer, they told me, they were in weekly touch with the extreme radical leaders in Germany and Austria; and from what they heard they firmly believe that, as soon as the pressure of war is removed, the lid will fly off in Germany and the proletariat will rise.

This point of view directly clashed with the viewpoints of Kerensky and of his supporters, including the most progressive of the bourgeois leaders and the more moderate socialist groups that made up the majority of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. They believed it dangerous to count on a revolution in Germany, and that the only way to attain security for free nations was to continue in the war until the German Government should agree to a peace without forced annexations or punitive indemnities. And from all I heard last summer I think Kerensky and his friends might have won out in the army had it not been for the activities of a third and more conservative group.

This third Russian faction had rallied round Korniloff, the noted Cossack general, who believed that no improvement could be made in army discipline until the soldier committees were wholly done away with. He felt that most of the trouble had come from those first "fatal orders" of the new government last spring, abolishing the death penalty and proclaiming that all soldiers could choose their own officers.

The Overthrow of Korniloff

Korniloff and his supporters worked to restore an iron discipline. With the slow progress of Kerensky's plan their pressure rapidly increased; and when at last Kerensky agreed to restore the death penalty at the Front, Korniloff ordered wholesale executions of mutineers. More than once whole battalions of soldiers were slaughtered by machine guns, and the stiffened dead bodies were stood up in rows along the fences, with placards on their breasts to announce: "I was shot because I was a traitor to Russia!"

For a time this method seemed to succeed, and Korniloff's power grew so fast that the more conservative elements turned to the Little Cossack General as the strong man of the hour, who was to lead the nation out of disorders and on through war to victory. His adherents were by no means confined to reactionary elements. The so-called bourgeois liberals, and even considerable sections of the working people in the towns, were sick to death of confusion and wanted a strong leader.

Moreover, they knew that Korniloff was against the Old Régime. And meantime in the villages there were millions who both approved of continuing in the war and were also deeply hostile to the radicals in the towns, whom they lumped all together under the term of Bolsheviki. These peasants gave small welcome to deserting soldiers. I visited scores of villages in which deserters did not dare to show themselves in the daytime, but kept in hiding in the woods.

"Do you see that stick?" asked one old peasant, pointing to a heavy gray club lying on top of his brick stove. "That's for my son if he deserts."

Korniloff's power came to a climax late in August at the Moscow Conference, where he made a speech demanding the utter abolition of committees in the army. His speech was greeted by a storm of cheers from the bourgeois factions there; but Kerensky and the socialists stuck to their former policy. So Korniloff, two weeks later, resolved to take things into his own hands. With possibly two divisions of his Cossack followers, on whom he felt sure he could depend, he advanced on Petrograd.

I was there at the time, and he came so near that one night we heard his first big guns. But the fighting stopped almost as soon as it started; for when his Cossacks were informed that they had been brought to overturn Kerensky and his government they revolted, almost to a man, and placed Korniloff under arrest.

In brief, the strong-arm method proved an utter failure. Later on it may succeed; but at that time and at that stage of the Russian Revolution it was shown to be without support by the rank and file of the army. Moreover, it caused a reaction, a tremendous radical wave, which undid Kerensky's work and led to the recent rising of the Bolsheviki. How long they will stay in power it would be idle to prophesy. They may succeed in their attempt or they may be out of office before this article appears. Meantime I can try to give only some of the possibilities.

The Changing Storm Center

The Bolsheviki may wholly fail. Before they can make peace with Berlin, or even after it has been made, they may be ousted from power at home. For, though the mass of the Russians are sick of war and would welcome peace, they are also sick of disorders; and they may find that the same government which is trying to stop the war will also stop their railroads and their industries as well, and bring them wholesale famine, arson, pillage, civil war.

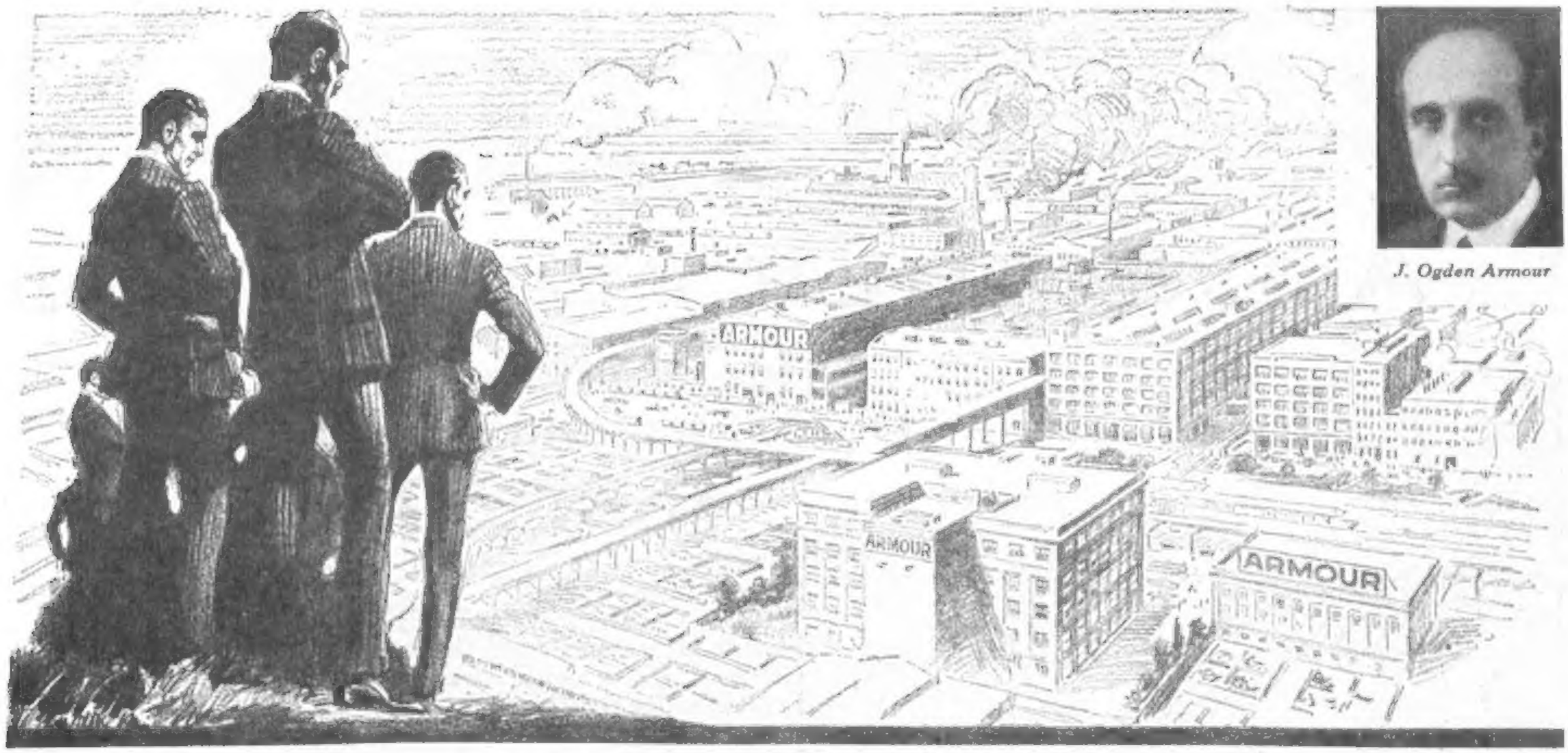
From such conditions they may be glad to escape through another government, even a dictatorship, which, with the help of the Allies, will meet their immediate problems at home, on condition that the Russians agree to continue doing their part in the war. Nor is this pressure from the outside merely one of material aid. There are millions of people in Russia to-day who are keenly sensitive to the pressure of public opinion throughout the world. They clearly see the issue involved in this struggle between the liberal nations and the two great autocracies, and they will give their prompt support to a movement for driving on the war.

Even the Bolsheviki themselves may find the German peace terms so harsh that they will refuse them. For these extremists are sincere. Of course there are German agents among them; but there are German agents, too, in every Russian faction. The honest-to-God Bolsheviki is out for a real revolution, in Germany as well as at home; and if now, to his offer of peace, the government of the Kaiser replies by offering terms of a conqueror, the Bolsheviki may resort at once to a propaganda for the war as violent as their former agitation for early peace.

Again, if the Germans do offer terms that Lenine and his colleagues will accept, the latter may not be able to carry the nation behind them. Certain large sections may split off. There may be civil warfare and the breaking up of Russia into several nations. A Cossack republic in the South may continue the war on Austria.

Finally, in spite of all the obstacles now in their way, there is just a chance that the Bolsheviki may succeed both in making an early peace and also, through securing the support of the more moderate socialist and labor groups, in building a radical government which shall meet, at least in a measure, the urgent needs pressing at home.

If that happens Russia will become a great storm center of revolt, from which will go forth an influence that may perhaps change profoundly not only the German autocracy but all Europe in the next few years. For where is the prophet who can be sure what the next stage of this war will be?



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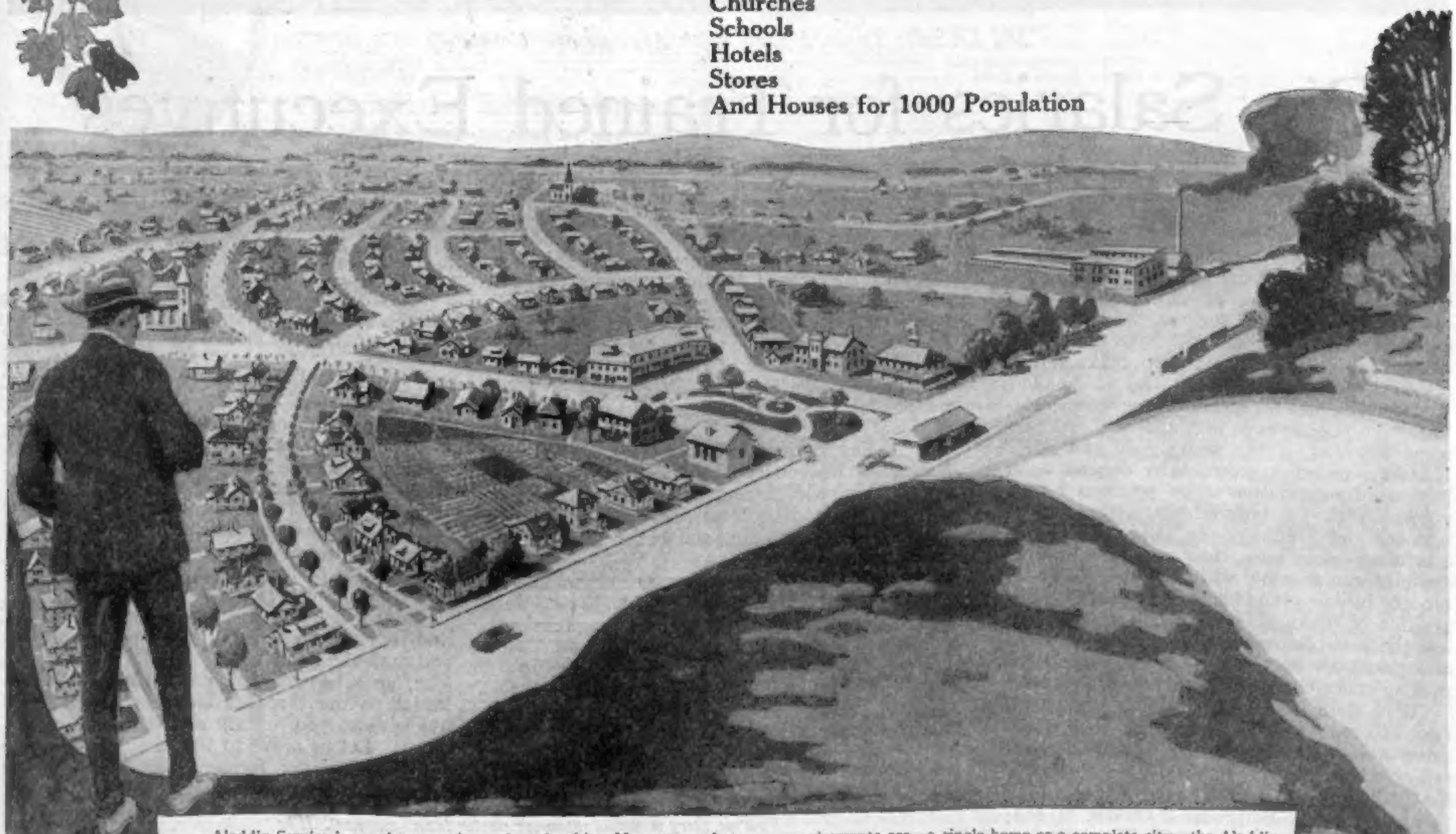

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